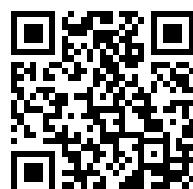

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK AND MAGAZINE.

BY

J. HANNUM JONES,
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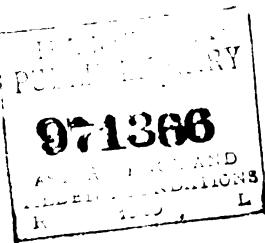
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Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.

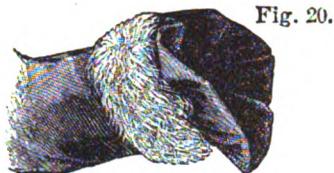


Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

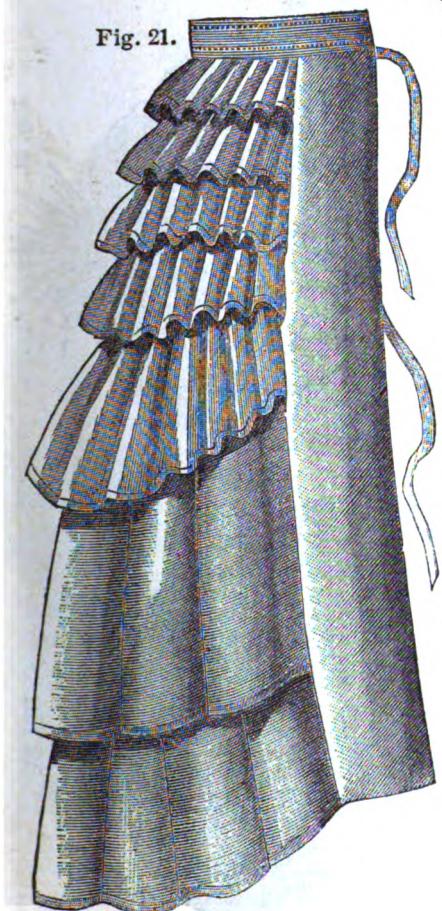


Fig. 22.

Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.



Fig. 29.



BIRDS IN THE NIGHT.

A LULLABY.

Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN.

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Andante, ma non troppo lenio.
mf dolce.

1. Birds in the night, that soft - ly call, Winds of the night, that
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep little bird and

strangely sigh, Come to me, help me. one and all, And murmur, murmur, murmur,
dream not why, Soon is the sleep but God can break, When angels whisper whisper,

Murmur ba - by's lul - la - by! Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la - by,..... Lulla,
Angels whis - per, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la - by,..... Lulla,

The above can be obtained in Sheet-music form, from W. H. BONER & CO.,
of 1102 Chestnut street, this city. Price, 40 cents.

BIRDS IN THE NIGHT.

p

lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla - by! Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run.
 lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla - by! Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run.

Fair may the day be, When night is done. Lul - la - by ba - by,

While the hours, run, Lulla - by, Lu - la - by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by

Ending. 1

by, Lul - - - la - by

ppp

Fig. 31.

Fig. 32.

Fig. 30.



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME CIV. No. 619.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY. 1882.

MOCK JEWELS.*

BY INO CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER I.

"Hie thee from the window, Janet. Why guest thou staring at the passers-by? Most of all, at young Grant Clifford. Did I not bid thee keep thyself from his glance till thou couldst dazzle him with thy beauty?" And the man glowered fiercely at his companion.

The girl shrank close against the wall, but she said boldly :

"He saw me not, father. Such as he stoop not to look through the interstices of a humble hovel."

"To thy books again, thou silly child; a twelvemonth hence he will lick the dust for thee."

Thus admonished, the girl bent over her task, her glorious eyes veiled beneath their jetty lashes, her clear olive complexion kindling with the glow which burned at her heart, and sent up flashes of feeling over her cheek and brow.

She was not a child, nor yet a woman; but she felt in every vein the consciousness of rapid development thereto, and she longed to hide her face and revel in antepast of what her father proudly hoped for her.

The old man watched with a half smile the sensitive swell of the ruddy nether lip. He chuckled to himself as he again resumed his work, his Jewish eyes snapping with grim pleasure as he awaited the result of his experiments.

It would seem that to have left the metropolis with its dust and smoke, they had done so with the hope of purer air, and freer life. But they had only drawn themselves from its slime and infection, to cuddle down in corresponding filth at its outmost precincts, as the brute carries his bone away, in greed of exclusive possession. The walls of the house were low and dingy;

the furniture scant to meanness. The windows were curtained with old newspapers, with here and there a shred torn out. An opening in the roof let in what light and air they had; and the glimpse of the summer sky thus afforded, was Janet's only realization of nature's beauty and glory.

Secluded in her fresh youth as any wife of an Eastern harem, this girl was yet not without her dreams of the outside world; and she felt that she was fitting herself for its pleasures, for she had her father's promise that her eighteenth birthday should find her in the enjoyment of wealth and freedom.

A quiet German lady came to the house daily to give her instruction. And she was growing a strange mixture of outward grace and inward deceit—the absorption, no doubt, of the evil and filth around—as the yellow water-lily, springing from the stagnant pool, may attract the eye by its flaunting leaves, yet is nauseous from the vile odor it exhales.

The room was not without its treasures. An old box stood in one corner ostensibly as a seat; and although few entered that mean abode, and the padlock was turned to the wall, old Kirbytaite glanced nervously at its iron ribs, and adjusted the yellowed cushion. Bits of gold-leaf were strewn over the floor, like the foliage from a sun-kissed maple; and the fumes from the crucible rendered the air hazy as the atmosphere of dreamy Indian summer. All day, and into the weary night, old Kirbytaite toiled and waited, but as yet without success.

"Paste! Vile paste still, with all my care!" he cried, contemptuously. "By our father Abraham, I will yet wrest from out this stuff its highest possibility! To be defeated now were cowardice."

Many a false gem, less beautiful than the one he had condemned, had by its deceitful glitter passed for true. What could he do that he had

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not already done? The hydrochloric acid and calcined potash were pure—the sand from the very forest of Fontainebleau! His mind was stored with stolen secrets as to processes; and the deep things of chemistry were to him an open book. He understood also the nice art of veneering diamonds.

At last he seemed to have caught an inspiration, for he took up his minute scales with renewed interest, and stealthily relieved his strong box of some of its precious store. He denied himself sleep and refreshment. He was hungry and weary but for one thing, and that was nearing accomplishment. A double paper was put up at the window; Janet was locked within her room, the outer door trebly bolted, and the light of the far-off star excluded, lest its truthful vision should search out the artifice.

Another week, and the circles about his eyes gave place to rings of joy; and with a smile, noticeable for its rarity, he called his daughter to him.

"Now, girl, thy all depends on thy keen judgment here. Use thine eyes to what extent thou wilt," he said, removing the cover from the velvet casket, on which reposed two diamonds, almost dazzling her with their brilliancy.

The excited color flashed into the girl's face. The avarice of her nature leaped into her eyes, and she put her hand forth to grasp the treasures.

"Stay thy hand, Janet," said the delighted father; "one is true, the other false. I leave you to confess me soon, which may be worthy of a royal coronet. And hark thee, maiden, if thou discern the true, thine own it shall some time become."

"Because," he added to himself, "by this bribe I shall bring out the truth." And, lifting the skyward curtain, he went out, leaving Janet alone with his gems.

The girl bent over them with straining gaze.

"I *cannot* tell!" she whispered. "Ye beautiful bits of glory, which of ye is pure in native lustre? Which, built up of darkness, transformed to very light? I doubt me if my father knows, but by their relative positions." And with trembling hand she exchanged the places of the two gems. "If I have divined the truth, no surer test can be applied than that my father can himself be duped."

"I have decided on this, father," she said, pointing at the one nearest to her, while the startled color came and went in her cheek, lest he detect her stratagem.

"Ha, ha! my maid, thou art well deceived. An Eastern alchemist might doubt his own trained vision, and sell his all for such a gem as this. Thou hast lost thy treasure, girl, for thou hast pointed out the false and deemed it true! Beware thou whisperest my secret! This power of imitation shall make us rich, and place thee

on level with thy proud betters. In all thy counterfeits, see that thou outshine the genuine."

"Point me out the difference, father."

"The difference, girl! Seest thou not, thou fool, that if there *be* a difference, my toilsome work has been in vain?"

"*Thy* work, father!" she replied. "I had thought some great thing must come of all thy labor and study; and yet not long ago I read that 'Chemistry has failed to produce a colorless gem,' and thou hast achieved the hitherto impossible. Of these twin drops of liquid light, *one* thou hast made!" grasping his hand with pride and joy.

"Nay; thou dost, with woman's haste, but force conclusions," replied the Jew; "my utmost skill has but served to make deceptive paste rival the native gem."

And the old Jew laid away in the strong box what he supposed to be the real gem, while the other cast its pure lustre over many an imperfect semblance of itself. And Janet, despite her joy, smiled to see how, in practising deceit, her father had been so signally deceived.

CHAPTER II.

"Ravenstream" had for many years been the home of the Hamiltons. Like every other dwelling-place—whether it be the fisher's cot by the sea, or the costly inland palace—it had its distinct and separate history. It also had its influence and its character.

The last owner of the house, finding that he must soon fall a victim to insidious disease, in casting about for an heir to his proud name and estate, sought out the family of a distant relative; and, after a month's sojourn with them, returned and dictated his will, leaving "Ravenstream to Louisa Hamilton, aged twenty-one, in trust for her brother, Lawrence Hamilton, until said Lawrence should attain the age of twenty-five; then to him, and his heirs forever."

It was late in the afternoon of a warm day in June, when the new owners of the quaint country-seat looked first on their strangely-acquired home. Lawrence jumped from the carriage, and rushed over the grounds with boyish eagerness. The ladies stood for a moment looking silently about. How quiet everything seemed! Not a sound, save the song of a bird. And no flowers anywhere—only the long, waving grass.

And a little sigh fluttered over Louisa's lips.

"I did not think your face would cloud so soon, or I never would have consented to bury myself alive in this wilderness," said her mother, in a fretful voice.

"We could hardly do otherwise, mother; I rejoice that we found favor in Mr. Hamilton's

sight; and I glory in his noble legacy to my brother."

"Then what is the matter?"

"Nothing, mother; only I almost wish we had come in the brightness of the morning. See how long and dense the shadows are that fall athwart our path; and Lawrence seems half purposely to walk in them, till the auburn tinge of his hair grows raven, as it were, with quenched sunlight."

"You are the most absurd creature I ever saw, Louisa. If there is anything pleasant about the place, it is the shade. And as for Lawrence, I dare say he is like most boys, always wishing to be where he should not."

Louisa roused herself, and darting on before her mother, entered the house and threw open the blinds of the lower rooms. The soft rays of the setting sun—glad of opportunities to gild—burnished to hopeful beauty each unfamiliar thing. She ordered the tea-table prepared in the long, cool dining-room, and stood awaiting her brother, as flushed with exercise he leaped the hedge.

"Is it not charming, Lawrence?" she asked, with enthusiasm.

"Well, yes, I believe it is, Lou, in a solemn way. Don't you fear, sis, it will be rather slow, tenting out here with the night-owls?"

"Nonsense, brother," she said, gayly, though a quiver of dread shot across her heart; "pleasure cannot pass too slowly; our trouble is to get a satisfying taste of it before it is gone forever."

"Well, sage sister, that may be true; but give me champagne with its sparkle and vim, and you may sip at your leisure of tamer wine," the youth replied, as he laughingly pulled his sister through the lower window.

"I beg you, brother, not to make even jesting allusions to wine-drinking."

"I crave your gracious pardon; try salt, then, as a simile. I warn you I'll not partake of that seasoning in this house, till I have passed judgment on its accommodations."

They went together through the apartments, the youth making characteristic comments by the way. There was an appearance of roominess everywhere, but not of barrenness. The window draperies were looped in rich folds from ceiling to floor, and there was no stinting of the carved furniture which seemed to have been planted against the walls. The rare pictures were in massive frames, burdened with aristocratic grandeur; and the mantel ornaments were solid and secure.

"These Hamiltons never had any sisters or wives; I wonder if they had a mother?" said Lawrence, recognizing the lack of feminine taste in the arrangement of the rooms.

"I'll tumble out some of this antediluvian stuff, if it has not taken root," he exclaimed;

"that is, with your permission, ma'am," he added, with an annoyed tone.

Louisa laughed lightly. "Everything is exceedingly rich, and in wonderful keeping, brother."

"Yes, but abominably gloomy, and unbearably dull."

"That is because it has a past which is not ours. We find only unmeaning echo, where we would have association. Henceforth this is your home. You begin now to make its history, and laden it with memories. You will soon become interested in your school, and will form pleasant friends."

She might have added that they were but a few miles from the city; but this she would not suggest. The lack of something in her brother's character, which she had felt and Mr. Hamilton appeared to have recognized in the restrictions of his will, had caused her to urge speedy removal from their town residence to this new home, as a means of securing him a few years of exemption from worldly allurements. She had herself made much sacrifice in coming; but she was willing to give up her gay life for a quiet humdrum sort of existence, if need be.

"I have selected this for your sanctum," she said, throwing wide the door. "Do you think I wasted my time, the hour before you came in?"

"Why, Lou, you have taken the stiffness out of this rheumatic old stuff, with a few of your dainty touches. And here are all my pet belongings. How you ever managed the boxes, I cannot tell; but it's downright cozy and home-like, I know that," seating himself in the easy chair she had placed by his study-table; and drawing her into his lap, he kissed her cheek.

"You are the very best sister, a good-for-nothing fellow ever had, Puss," throwing back his sunny hair, and forcing a look of resolution into his handsome eyes, he said with much feeling, "I'll try to deserve some portion of your love and care."

"Thanks, dearest brother. You *must* be grand and noble; because of our great hopes of, and our great trust in you."

And they went down together, both for the moment happy and assured; Louisa, in her brother's dawning manhood; Lawrence, in the arbitrary pride of will, that *should* shape his course which ever way he would.

CHAPTER III.

It was not easy to be the guiding spirit of such a family. The mother had grown nervous and irritable, since the support of her husband's arm had been taken from her—the youth, left without a father's restraining hand—herself young, with little of life's experience, and hitherto, with none of its care.

The impress of the place too, seemed ineffaceable. How should she give it new significance, and make it to be an inspiration and an augury, as well as a stronghold and retreat?

Among their earliest acquaintances in the neighborhood was Mrs. Beckwith, a lively little lady, who lived in the adjacent place called "Ashcroft." Her husband was twice her age, and whether she fluttered around him like a bird and called him her "grizzly angel," or ran about with her young friends, he was content if she was happy.

She seemed especially attracted toward the new comers at Ravenstream, and soon a warm friendship was established between the two families. There scarce could be two women of the same rank more unlike; one—bending every thought and act to a deep purpose; the other—"without the shadow of an aim," as she gaily said.

"I wonder if I had better tell you something, Louisa?" Mrs. Beckwith said, as she came dancing into her friend's room before sunrise, her fluffy curls blown about by the breeze, and her cheeks flushed with rosy life.

"I should think so, indeed; when you've sprinkled your slippers with dew, and soiled your white robe in coming to tell me, there's something to tell."

"Oh, well, then perhaps I ought," looking ruefully at her rumpled plumage; "but it is such a surprise! I wanted to bring him over and take you by storm as he did me; only, he is resting from his journey—the obtuse, unsympathizing fellow—when I have been waiting two hours for another sight at his face."

"Who is *he*, pray? If you were not married, I should think—"

"Oh, but you need not. Not mine, at any rate," interrupted the sprightly lady. "You sly puss, why did you not tell me you had captured my brother?"

"I certainly am innocent of any such flagrant act. I did not even know you had a brother," was the quiet reply.

"You dear precious wet blanket, you! I'll confront you with this false statement, when I bring Grant over bodily to speak for himself. He says he knows you, and I believe he likes you, having traversed half the universe, and yet kept your image fresh."

Louisa was used to her friend's badinage; but she colored a little as she asked:

"What was your maiden name, Mrs. Beckwith?"

"It is a profound secret, my child," laughed the gay lady.

"I cannot think of any gentleman friend, whose relations I do not know," said the perplexed girl—"unless," she added—"unless it is—I wonder if it can be?"

"I am quite sure it can be, *and is*," said her

companion, her eyes twinkling as she noted the flush which shot over Louisa's face. "I counsel you to wait and see," and she gathered up her dainty garments and tripped over the lawn.

For two days Louisa was kept in ignorance of the new-comer's name and title. She would not go to Ashcroft, and the little mistress thereof, in a spirit of mischief, kept aloof from her. But one day she surprised her at her gardening, and had her deftly blindfolded, before the gentleman, who had been challenged to a race, could come up.

"Now guess who it is."

Louisa knew by the firm step on the walk that he was right before her, and the hot blushes surged over her face.

"I am Grant Clifford, Miss Hamilton," said the gentleman, seeing that she was really annoyed. "I had no thought of entering your presence so unceremoniously. Will you assure me that you believe this, and that you are not sorry I am come?"

"I believe you, and I am not sorry," she replied, blushing vividly, as she emerged from her veil, "like the sun bursting from a temporary cloud," Mrs. Beckwith remarked, *sotto voce*. Then very audibly, "Is he the hero of your dreams, mine friend?"

Her brother gave her a commanding look, then turning to Louisa commenced a conversation which put her entirely at ease.

Louisa Hamilton had met Mr. Clifford the year before, while on a visit to the city. She was pleased with his frank nature and genial manners. And, as the summer went on, and she came to know him better as the brother of her friend, she yielded him the warm admiration he evidently sought.

He was a young man of leisure because of wealth, and was thereby constantly exposed to temptation in its most insinuating forms. Yet thus far he had escaped its power, and walked steadily on in manly uprightness.

Louisa had attracted him by her fresh girlish nature. Without seeming to have marked out a career, he felt that there was a deep undercurrent in her character toward usefulness and beneficence. He held her above the many vain beauties who fluttered about and paid open court to him, as though girlhood were but a shallow stream, that tended only toward the one engulfing ocean.

He wooed her in his own peculiar way. He did not seek her with the rush of fervid passion that would alarm its object; or, when cooled, chide itself for its own want of forethought. But, by a revelation of his own character, he endeavored to give her just grounds for confidence and esteem. And he carefully weighed, with a precision one would have hardly thought a lover capable, each pure virtue and delicate feeling, as

it passed in timid array before him, as one might pass judgment on the colors of prismatic combination, ere risking admiration of the perfect whole; or strike separately each note of the octave, ere realizing the symphony linked in harmonious chords.

CHAPTER IV.

How the summer went on with its throb and sparkle, and its imperishable record, too! How capabilities were developed, powers enlarged, and every available measure seized upon that would enhance the beauty of Ravenstream, and the happiness of its possessors—not that beauty was lacking, or enjoyment, only that the one had need to be enlivened, the other secured, and ballasted, and bound.

Louisa found her course, as regarded the management of the place, perplexing. A score of times a week she would strike some path which looked clear and straight, to find herself suddenly hedged up. It seemed impossible to hit upon the golden highway between laxity of duty and an assumption of authority. Lawrence had arrived at that disagreeable age between boyhood and manhood, holding the distractions and discomforts of both estates, with the generosities of neither. He felt under a yoke, because he *would* pull the other way; under the ban, because he miscalled liberty. He resented the covert insult to his dignity, and fretted that his judgment should be made subversive to a girl's. He made no real outbreak, but he tacitly put himself in a position of defiance. He called his sister "prime minister of the household," and "comptroller of the family;" yet he held himself aloof from her restraint.

Louisa's most prominent virtue was her love for her brother, yet it annoyed Clifford more than anything apparent in her character. Perhaps it was the selfishness of his nature culminated at this point; for, in his frequent evening visits, he felt that her desire to entertain Lawrence was paramount to her wish to give him pleasure. With always a delicate deference toward him, she yet sang her brother's favorite songs first, and allowed him victory in a game of chess. But when in contest of game with himself, she proved a most skillful opponent. And one night, in his vexation, he inwardly accused her of amiable deceit; and deceit of any kind was, in his mind, an unpardonable sin. But he disabused himself of this unworthy thought of her when she said to him, frankly:

"I will reinstate my piece in the old position; I fear I took unfair advantage in making the move when your thoughts were distracted."

Clifford crimsoned, and upset the board.

"I believe, Miss Louisa, you read the workings of my mind, as you do the chances of the game.

I am in a fitful mood to-night; play something, please, to soothe me," he asked, half-tenderly.

She looked thoughtfully at him, then commenced a monody that tranquilized his spirit, as the soft hand of love stays the impetuosity of anger. He expressed his thanks to her through his speaking eyes.

"Come, sis," said Lawrence with boyish abruptness; "if you are going to treat us to requiems, I shall seek a more cheerful atmosphere," and he rose to leave the room.

A startled color flashed into the sister's face, and with a deprecatory glance at Clifford she began a lively air, which called from Lawrence the doubtful compliment:

"You are a perfect brick, Lou."

Clifford was too really vexed to conceal his feelings, and he rose hastily, saying:

"I bid you all 'good evening,'" and was gone before remonstrance could be offered.

"Whew! what's the matter now?" asked Lawrence, as Louisa, with the lively notes still vibrating under her fingers, burst into tears.

"Let her cry, my son," said Mrs. Hamilton. "She deserves whatever pain she may feel, for thus trifling with Mr. Clifford's affections. A man worth half a million, too! I declare, Louisa, I felt like shaking you, when you commenced that silly tune, in face of his expressed wish for a plaintive one."

"Don't scold her, mother; it was all my fault. But what a temper the fellow has! Wrought up to white heat, by a touch of Yankee Doodle! I'll make myself scarce next time he comes, and you can play 'Hark from the Tombs' for his entertainment."

"That would not be like my brother, to desert me when I need his society," said Louisa, smiling through her tears.

"Pooh, sis! You know I was confoundedly in the way."

"Please, Lawrence, do not use such expressions," pleaded the sister.

"What expressions? All the fellows talk so; and very much more so, I can tell you."

"But you are not a *fellow*. You must be a gentleman. You never heard Mr. Clifford use such expletives."

"Perhaps not. But if ever a fellow looked them, he did to-night."

The sister saw that argument was useless; and the family separated for the night—Louisa, to toss upon her couch, a prey to conflicting emotions; Lawrence, rejoicing in the opportunity that might now be afforded him to spend his evenings away from home. The next day he laid a petition before her, in which he called himself her "humble servant," and presented every reason but the true one, why he should be allowed to spend part of his time with Charley Clapp. Charley was building a wonderful ship;

and sometimes the boys would both come to Lawrence's room, and Louisa would join them, and encourage them by her interest and suggestions. Lawrence was too deeply absorbed to laugh at her phrases, which, however nice they might be, were certainly not nautical.

She could not help feeling a little heart-sickness, that Mr. Clifford still withheld his society. She could not seek reconciliation, or apologize even, without giving some reason for her manner; and the true reason she never could put into words. Neither could she say she was sorry. She would not part with what she had gained, for the reclamation of what she had, no doubt, lost. She knew that she could never forgive herself, if through her own selfish gratification her brother should lose his love for his home.

One night, as Lawrence went out for an evening with Charley, he met Clifford in the act of passing the door, and, with a boy's impulsiveness, he called out :

"I say, Mr. Clifford, you would not go by if you had seen Louisa cry that night she made you angry. It was my fault; you should not be hard on her."

"Thank you, Lawrence; you prove yourself worthy to be her brother."

"Confound it!" growled Lawrence, "he need not grind my hand to powder, because I happen to have a pretty sister." But he smiled, as he saw Clifford turn and spring lightly up the steps.

Louisa was alone when Clifford entered. The sound of the bell had not aroused her. She had grown used to disappointment, and sat with her fair cheek resting on her hand. Life, even at its happy dawn, was beginning to seem a little dreary, with only the every-day occurrences wearily repeated. Somehow duty always had a homely coloring, and when pleasures did conflict they took on such fascinating hues!

But it was the contrast, no doubt. Should she find fault with the azure of the summer sky, because the departing sun shot up crimson waves of glory athwart the deepening blue—that would yet hold its own—intensified and star-gemmmed, when the gorgeous tintings had melted silently away. But the sunset tinges were more than reflected in her face, as on looking up at an approaching step, she found herself face to face with Clifford. He was not the subject of her reverie, she silently argued. Why should her heart throb thus tumultuously as he still held her hand and looked into her very soul, to find some counterpart of what his eyes revealed to her.

Where was the calm current of her life? Would the deep-cut channel preserve its true course, spite of all the riotous upheavals? Where was the deep, steady blue? Would it keep itself beneath the roseate colorings that seemed to cast themselves adown her future life?

She gasped for breath. Her heart was revealing itself to her awakened vision. She saw its deep, its broad capacities—its tender fibres stretching out toward some strong support. And yet she seemed to see, as her heart-strings wound around this new object, they became unbound and slackened, where their restraining power must needs grow firmer. A vivid panorama passed before her. One figure—wayward, but oh! how dear—seemed hurrying away, ever just within reach of tender reclaim.

Clifford looked on her changing face till he almost feared her answer to the question he meant to ask. In the moment of her recognition of his presence, he knew her heart touched his with glad, deep resonance; but, with coy rebound, it softly swung away; and his heart stood still as hers took on those long oscillations, that were like the strokes of the midnight bell waited for as the turning point from life to death! She seemed a new, strange creature; *not* the gentle girl who should some day come quietly into his home like the breath of summer; but like a great afflatus, forcing to vivid life all latent energies and undeveloped powers. His heart craved hers in that moment of vacillation as never before it had done in the long weeks of almost assured possession, ere his hopes had given way to jealous vexation.

Yet he waited until her tortured face turned toward him again. Then he whispered:

"Will you come to me as my own, beloved?" and opened his arms toward her.

She half placed herself within them, with a frightened look beyond, to see if their inclosure shut out what she must still enfold.

"Don't draw me very close, dear Grant; I cannot promise yet. You'll put our wedding-day afar, that all I wish may be accomplished. Don't you see how the waters of happiness flow to my lips, and are drawn back by a counter-tide?—how the gray shadows swallow the sunlight, as evil would fain blast the good?"

"Where is your calm self, Louisa? You seem to have slipped away, and left me instead a being I scarce recognize; but say you love me, and I will wait until your timid fears are quieted, and you rest secure in my affection."

She did not speak, but laid her head against his breast, and closed her eyes, the purple shadows deepening beneath the long lashes as he kissed them down to a semblance of repose. But soon she was herself again, and when her mother came in, Clifford led her forward for the maternal blessing on the betrothal, that somewhere down their future life looked toward a blissful union.

Louisa felt that the promise was very fair; and her heart kept fresh as the spring all time the winter snows were whitening the broad fields, and frosty fingers were sealing up gurgling brooks. Why not, prithee?—were there not afar, even in this wintry time, climes where verdure failed

not, and rippling streams shook themselves free with laughter? Nay, were there not living well-springs, kept warm by inner fires, kindled by His hand whose touch is life and love?

She had indeed forgotten her misgivings; and Clifford found her ever ready to join him whenever their numerous engagements called them.

They would dash down to the city on a bright, crisp morning, sometimes with Lawrence tucked at their feet, their merry laughter keeping time with the tinkle of the bells; and Louisa's cheek would burn at the frost-kiss, her eyes sparkle like imprisoned diamonds, and the bright ribbon that tied back her hair floated out on the breeze like wings of joy.

CHAPTER V.

Old Kirbaite saw through the rent curtain, and smiled—as fiends smile—mockingly, while laying snares for an unwary soul.

He kept at his work right steadily, alone with deeds of darkness, if thus could be called his power of embodying the light.

It was a cold night in the heart of winter, Kirbaite stirred the embers of his fire, lit his one oil lamp, and sat down to work; not with the nervous expectancy of other days, but with concentrated application. Grim smiles passed over his wrinkled visage, and satisfied twinkles crept into his eyes. A quick knock came at the door; but not until it was thrice repeated did he bestir himself. Then the smile deepened; he concealed his treasures in his strong box, turned the light down, and admitted his visitor.

The youth, for such he was—with scarce the shadow of a beard on his cheek—approached the crucible, and looked on the bits of gold being slowly made malleable. After a while he took them out and began to fashion them with the delicate instrument laid out for his use; while the old Jew watched the skillful fingers, and the color coming and going in his cheek.

"Thy hand is unsteady to-night, lad—thou madest too great haste in seeking me, or else thou fearest to go on in what thou hast undertaken. Thou should'st weigh well whatever thou pursuest; and if thy girlish heart fail thee, turn weakly back."

The youth cowered a moment, and pushed back his work; then he half-rose as if to leave the room. But the impulse toward the right seemed to be checked, for his eyes flashed out a gleam of brute courage, and he replied:

"I do not fear, or turn back."

"Thou hast decided well. Bend thine ear hither."

And the youth leaned forward, until the bright rings of his hair mingled with the lustrous locks of his companion, and listened to the insinuating proposal so skillfully worded that the edge of the

evil was taken off, or polished to a semblance of the right.

"You'll find me ever brave," and he again set about his task; and the old man, steeped in deceit, looked on, and the pale star glanced down, growing further off in its tender twinkle as the night slowly gave place to day.

For shame! weak youth, that under its truthful scrutiny thou couldst mar the unspotted page spread out before thee; and write thyself, with thine own hand, accursed!

Winter was gradually melting into spring, and blades of grass thrust up their emerald crowns for a bit of sunny gilding. Icy fetters unclasped themselves from brook and streamlet, and let the singing waters free. Yet it was too chill for outdoor rambles, and Clifford and Louisa were oftenest seated cozily at home.

Lawrence latterly had spent much time in his room; and his sister was gratified that he had taken up the study of chemistry. He entered upon his experiments with breathless anxiety, lest the result should not be what he anticipated; and it was amusing to witness his delight at his success in what was already a foregone conclusion. Clifford sometimes went with Louisa to her brother's room, to encourage and assist him.

One evening Mrs. Beckwith came over with Clifford for a quiet hour, and the ladies chatted over their work, while Clifford tangled their worsteds. Lawrence came down from his room in much perplexity, and growled out his discontent.

"Never mind, brother," said Louisa; "sit down with us, and we will unravel the mystery for you by-and-by."

"I guess you'll have all you can do, sis, to unravel the green and yellow yarn Mr. Clifford is twisting up," said Lawrence, as he bowed to the visitors and took a seat.

"Sure enough! Why, Grant, what possesses you to get them in such a snarl?"

"I don't know. I had a fancy to call myself the dull green, and you the bright yellow. You see how nicely they intermingle," he added, as Louisa crimsoned with pleasure.

But just then the balls dropped suddenly from Clifford's hold, and rolled to extremely opposite parts of the room. Mrs. Beckwith, Lawrence, and his mother laughed; Grant looked annoyed, but Louisa grew deadly pale. It was all chance, she knew, and the thought which came to her was absurd, but still it came; the two lines of bright thread across the carpet encompassed Lawrence only, and from that point spread widely apart.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Beckwith; "I dare say they will roll together again—the course of true love, you know."

"Well, I'll get out of the way. There—now

Mr. Clifford, draw them in, and see if they won't get into that inextricable snarl which typifies matrimonial life."

They all laughed, but with different feelings. After running about into by-paths, the experiment proved successful—the two balls coming together at last. Yet something in Louisa's eyes, as Clifford's sought them, saddened him, and he laid down the balls with the intricate mesh he had woven still binding them together.

"Well, Lou," said Lawrence, "if I had remained up stairs this would not have happened. I will leave now, by your grace."

"Fie, Lawrence!" said Clifford; and after much persuasion, he sat down.

After a while the conversation fell upon jewels, and Clifford took out his watch. It was antique in style, and elaborate in workmanship, and set in pure diamonds. They all examined it with admiration, handling it cautiously, as though it were too precious to be touched by every-day fingers—Louisa expressed as much.

"I think I have the same feeling," replied Clifford, "for I seldom carry it. I don't know why I brought it here to-night. I usually lay it away, and use a less valuable one. This watch, with a magnificent set of diamonds, are heirlooms in my father's family. Grace has the set, but she never wears them, as she considers them to belong to my bride; is not that so, dear?"

"Yes, brother; but I sometimes think they should be re-set. The present setting is so massive; and modern taste is for less gold about a pure gem."

"I fear a slight setting would be dangerous, Grace—jewels of pure water easily cut the gold away. But Louisa shall decide the matter whenever she shall name the happy day."

The gentle girl's face was a picture. But Grace said naturally :

"Certainly, brother—I would leave it all to her. You would want the style modernized, Louisa, would you not?"

Louisa flushed again. "No, Grace, dear; if my opinion is ever explicitly asked, I should say let them remain in their pristine grandeur. I am sure you value them for the sake of the persons they have adorned, more than for their intrinsic worth, great as that may be."

"Thank you," said Clifford; "you have expressed my feeling in regard to them; and nothing could be more beautiful than the design of the present setting."

"I wonder," said Louisa to Grace, "that in these days of burglary they have not been stolen."

"Oh," said the little lady, "I treat them with apparent carelessness. I lay them in my linen-drawer. No one would look for a lady's gems outside of her jewel-box. Grant puts his fine watch in an old cigar-holder in his bureau, while the other hangs of nights ostentatiously beside

his bed. But come Grant; that wonderful time-piece of yours must indicate rather a late hour;" and they rose to go, Louisa following them into the hall.

"Good-night," said Grant; "I am to leave for a few days on the early train. I'll stop at the door and bid you good-bye."

"Nonsense, Grant—she will not be up. Kiss her now; I'll look the other way."

Grant laughed, and drew his betrothed into a warm embrace; but he blushed a little, when his sister asked demurely, if "the performance was over."

A few nights after, Louisa went to her brother's room to ask his escort to a store. He was not in, and she ran down the street to Charley Clapp's to seek him.

"He is not here, Miss Louisa," said Charley; "the ship is finished, and he does not come now. But I saw him go by last night and to-night."

"Thank you; he is with some other friend, no doubt."

Louisa returned home. She said nothing to her mother, but waited until the stroke of eleven, and then grew so uneasy, she felt that she *must* seek him. Where could he be? and where had he spent his evenings when away from home?

She glided like a spirit through the lonely streets, looking steadily into the windows of the liquor-shops that chanced to be open. Once she shuddered, and grew pale, as she saw a party of young men drawn around a card table. What if he should be there! But he was not. Oh! where could he be? And then she chid herself. Had she no more confidence in her brother than to suppose him among the vile? Her heart withheld the answer, and she went on, scarce knowing whither.

Grant Clifford had reached the city on the late train, and was driving home. He checked his horse, as he saw the girlish figure dart behind the shop, and fly along, like the shadows the moonlight threw.

"Louisa!" he shouted, seeing something familiar in her movements.

She hid herself from view; and the color came hotly to his cheeks. How could he confound the grace of his pure betrothed with one whose presence would doubtless be an insult to her?—and he dashed on.

Louisa, affrighted, returned home and awaited her brother. An hour passed, and yet he came not—an hour into which were crowded the fears and anxieties that had flitted, with scarce a name, through her mind and about her heart, for years.

At last she went to the window which overlooked the garden. She threw up the sash, and sat down to quiet herself by contemplation of the calm night which had followed the busy day. It laid its holy seal on disturbed and toil-worn spirits. The chill moonlight, too, seemed more

grateful than the rays of the noonday sun—and, unawares, her disquiet became less torturing.

Suddenly she heard a sound in her brother's room, and she smiled to herself. He had returned while she was searching for him, and all her distress had been for naught. She laid her head on the window-seat with a gush of thankfulness, and fell asleep—as the disturbed wave, reaching its height, breaks and ripples unto peace.

When she awoke, it was with a start, as of impending evil. But the moonlight that lay on her hair may have toyed with her brain, and improvised for her delusion the shadow of a familiar human form, creeping stealthily over the lawn, like some banished spirit skirting the borders of Paradise !

CHAPTER VI.

Grant Clifford, on reaching his sister's home, found the family about retiring, and went directly to his apartment. He had not been expected, and his room had not been aired; so he slid back the French window that opened on to the balcony, closed the blind to exclude the moonlight, and sought his couch. He fell into a troubled sleep; and as the night grew on, and wood-sprite and genii held mysterious revel, his own spirit, though held in thrall, was yet half cognizant of its own perceptions.

His couch occupied a recess; the curtains looped back from the ceiling making, if desired, a division between it and the main room. In his state of semi-consciousness he seemed to see, between the folds of the drapery, a figure moving about as if in search of something. Then he relapsed into a dreamy state, and the scene changed—his promised bride was kneeling before some one, as though pleading for a boon reluctantly granted; then there was a reproof—a half-smothered sob, a flash as of light falling on gems, a sharp sound, a hurried movement—and all was still.

A sense of danger started him to the full possession of his powers of action, and he sprang to his feet. There was no one in the room; but the blind was thrown wide—the moonlight streaming in. He stepped out on the balcony. Just losing itself in the distance was the shadow of the girlish figure he had seen on his way home, he felt assured from the likeness to his betrothed. What could it mean? Had she sought entrance to his room—and for what? He renounced the thought. It could not be his shy, sensitive Louisa. He bethought him of his money and jewels. They were all safe—his watch in its case, the more valued one secure in its hiding-place. He condemned himself for nervous excitement, and again sought repose—as

we 'twixt the foreboding and the calamity rest helpless, if not secure.

He could not account for the reluctance he felt in seeking Louisa's society the next day. Yet, when he called, he wished he had not come, she was so shy and strange—walking about the room in that dim, shadowy way she had taken in last night's dream. He shook himself, lest he were still under the same delusion, and strove to take her in his arms. But she released herself, as though she had no place near the heart on which she had rested so often. She was suffering, he knew—but she would not speak of it; and grieved and pained he left her, hoping the morning would find her her sweet self again.

He was called away for a week; and when, on his return, he looked over his belongings, he found that his beautiful watch was gone, though his other valuables remained untouched. His first impulse was to go to his sister; but a second thought deterred him. He went to the city to take some steps toward its recovery; then he called on Louisa. She had regained her usual manner, and, after an hour's converse, he said to her:

"You remember, dear, the watch I brought here one evening?"

"Yes, yes—what of it?" she asked, spasmodically.

"I think it has been stolen from my room—at least, I cannot find it; and the lock to my door has been tampered with."

Louisa waved her hand for him to stop. "It sickened her," she said, "to hear of crime—and she had something on her mind. If he would listen she would tell him."

He saw that she was suffering acutely. Her lips were drawn, her eyes had an unnatural light in them, and the least sound caused her to start with apprehension. But she commenced with simulated calmness :

"Grant, you may be surprised at what I am about to say—and I cannot explain. Only please to understand that I withdraw from the engagement I made to be your wife, for I never can fulfill it." And her face took on a shade of gray.

"Louisa!" replied Clifford, his frank nature protesting against such a dismissal, "Louisa, do you really mean what you say? Are you in your right mind, that you bid me relinquish my claim on you, whom I love better than my life?"

Her lip quivered, but she grew stern again.

"You have ceased to love me, then?" urged Clifford. "If it is so, I will give you up. But, if you love me still, I will claim you, in spite of everything—despite yourself."

How noble he looked! How her heart tried to escape the pressure of influences which held her back!

"I love you," she said; "I *love* you—but I would sacrifice my heart—almost my soul, for

another than you! Grant!" she called—as giving her a look of reproachful anguish, he turned away.

But he did not hear. There was but one sound in his ears—"another than you!"

The tortured girl fell on her face. She said she would sacrifice her heart—and, oh God! she was being taken at her word. She felt that Grant's misapprehension of her reply would be a help toward the sacrifice. But it was so hard to bear!

She had thought, perhaps, that the loftiness of her self-renunciation would uphold her. It did her resolution and steady purpose. But her heart—her tender, quivering heart—shrank from such harsh support, and lay a panting, stricken thing, too utterly undone to blush at its own weakness. In her vivid retrospect of the past, even in that hour of agony, she could not but recall the time when she had laughed at the thought that winter, with its frost, could banish the likeness of tropical verdure from a happy breast—and now the verdure had blanched to desert sand, and rolled its harsh weight over her, crushing out the buds of happiness, and choking the springs of joy.

It was long after midnight before Louisa sought her room. She would not go till a firm step could carry her, and she could cheerfully take up the duty which both conscience and affection pointed out as her life-work.

The dull night passed on its leaden wings, and the morning came. The trembling heart was steadied, and the helpful hands lifted. But the work, for which there had been such painful preparation, was gone!

Lawrence Hamilton had left the shelter and protection of his home. A note on the table told his sister that though "he loved her, he could not bear her espionage. He was nearing man's estate, and had chosen his future. When he returned he would come rich and famous, as master of Ravenstream. Until then, they need not seek him."

She hid the note in her bosom, and grasped for a chair. A sickening sense of all she had sacrificed for her brother came over her. She had been willing to resign lover and friend, 'that she might bend all her powers to the virtuous moulding of his wayward heart. Had she, by her cautious restrictions, driven him into a worse crime than that she had feared for him? It was all in vain! "Oh, Grant! Grant!" she exclaimed, "it was all in vain!"

Perhaps there is no more bitter experience in life, than to find the gift, brought with such self-denial to the altar, an unaccepted, unheeded thing—doubly worthless, because of no avail for the purpose for which it was offered, and too really set apart from one's own use to be again assimilated with daily life. May be the Omnis-

cient Eye sees somewhere lurking underneath our pain, some self-gratulation that we are capable of so sublime a deed, and the offering becomes to Him an abomination; and He takes a "more excellent way" to bring about the result we hoped for, and lead us to the stand point we thought we had obtained.

CHAPTER VII.

What a blackness there would be, if in marking out the moments one by one as a twelve-month goes by, the sun-dial should take the shadow of crime! and the hour-glass tell, as its sands dropped out, of opportunities lost, and mercies squandered! Yet the record is in some sort being made on the face of nature, and, but for the superabundant sunlight, and prodigality of blessing, a darkness and woe would surely prevail.

We condemn or pity those who go astray; but, if the mysterious influence which an evil mind exerts could be traced, with its consequences, back to where it legitimately belonged, I doubt me if so much injustice toward the weak and wayward could exist in the cold world's opinion, or so many seemingly upright go by their fellow men unpunished.

From the time old Kirbaite saw Grant Clifford riding familiarly with Miss Hamilton and her brother, he easily divined how matters stood; and with his insight into character, he decided it would be an easy thing to bend Lawrence to his will, and use him as a tool or decoy. He read with equal precision the frank nobility of Clifford's nature—his disdain for anything that held in it even the appearance of evil, as also the susceptible soul of the fair girl, who would let her love eat out her heart, sooner than disonor should be linked through her to the object of that love. These things he read from time to time—not as the artist reads who loveth beauty, and desireth accurate portrayal, but as the vampire—hating all the living—gloats as he saps them of vitality, to feed his own corruption.

He commenced steadily with the youth, enticing him with a show of interest into his hut. He gained his confidence, and with plausible sophistry led him on from step to step, till he could scarcely discern truth from error. And in the very heart of the city, to which Kirbaite had transferred his business, Lawrence Hamilton had dwelt since he left his home. He had grown fast in deceit. Kirbaite's specious arguments at first blinded and bewildered him. He was taught that placing the false in position of the true was really no fraud, if one could not be distinguished from the other. When he demurred, the Jew argued that the jewels were held but for ornaments. The money value was nothing to the possessor. It was ill that so much wealth should

be living idle, when such craft as theirs claimed compensation ; and so he yielded.

Kirbaite had sought him as an instrument in an unavowed purpose, but found him a valuable assistant in his daily toil. It was through him that a reputation had been gained, of being the best setter of precious stones in the city. He handled many exquisite gems ; and, by his legitimate business, might have made an easy competence. But his soul craved wealth. Every jewel that could be imitated was removed, and the spurious put in its place ; and more than one fair matron rejoiced in the sparkle of her diamonds, not knowing what expert fingers had tampered with her gems.

Imitation is not a sin ; but the usurpation of truth by fraud, and the dressing up of the valueless to seem worthy of a price of gold.

Kirbaite began to hold his head up haughtily. He was succeeding beyond his highest dreams. In an aristocratic avenue there was arising in brown-stone magnificence a palace, such as the noble of the land might be proud to dwell in ; built, not as was the temple of old—without sound of hammer—but in some sense silently ; the foundation laid, the pillar and cap-stone towering high—quarried and chiseled away from men's eyes, and wrought out of their credulity.

Janet was away at a high finishing school, being glossed over with an acceptable polish, for her position as mistress of the mansion being reared. Well be it, if her flash and glitter gloam not over some steady eyes, grown used to the sparkle of priceless jewels !

A year had developed Lawrence, and changed the brown tinge on his upper lip to a vigorous growth of beard, showing that thus early he had attained to manhood ; though the lines prematurely drawn on his brow gave evidence that he had not entered that noble estate with a fresh, glad heart, and a strong will to uphold the right, and combat the wrong. And yet, in a certain sense, he was helping to elevate the world ; inasmuch as beautiful creations of art—howsoever applied—hold their true ministry. His remarkable talent for fine mechanism had been developed under unhealthy conditions ; and it grew from a noble gift to be an absorbing passion. He needed no incentive to labor ; he was in love with his work. The bits of gold he took into his hand would come out, after a time, a tiny flower with its tremulous petals ; or a bird, lacking only life and song. It was strange, that with his ability to extract the angel from the earthly dross, he had not been lifted to moral purity thereby ; or that his power of evoking grace and excellence, if not an exponent of his nature, had not reflected a redeeming glory—as the crystal water sanctifies the rough rock from which it flows. But alas ! the tendency toward deceit, and inclination toward evil, which his sister early

detected, gave a strong impetus to his love for his work. If, for an honest livelihood, he had been required to fashion what seemed the spontaneous off-shoot of his genius, he would have weakly shrunk away. He had proven himself an apt scholar, if he had failed to learn deception toward his teacher. He worked oftentimes for himself, and concealed the result from the Jew.

Among the gems quietly collected, was the magnificent set of diamonds Grant Clifford had spoken of as the property of his bride. Lawrence knew that they were in all probability waiting for his sister ; but the passion for his illegitimate work, and his delight in the glint of diamond-dust, grew upon him, till he absolutely could not resist the desire to purloin them. And Kirbaite's greedy eyes glowed as he set about a counterfeit of such splendor. Lawrence was no less feverish in the imitation of the setting. He decided that if successful, he would re-set the true gems in their own place, for his own purpose, and restore to Mrs. Beckwith's linen-drawer the counterfeit. This project would necessitate another set of gems to deceive the old Jew. And so, by a triple purpose of deception, he labored all the long days, and experimented through the weary nights, unmindful that each hour as it fled was writing for him a record of shame. How must his attendant-angel weep, that no compunction or regret can yet find place within his misguided soul !

Clifford's watch had been restored to its place, and so mysterious were the circumstances connected with it that the gentleman doubted whether it had been removed at all, and if himself had not been under some hallucination. To his eye it was the same. But the jewels it once held calmly and clearly as a pure soul holds the truth, sparkled in a tiara that some day would help its wearer to dazzle him with falsehood.

CHAPTER VIII.

The humble dwelling which Levi Kirbaite vacated was soon again inhabited, if the two frail creatures who found shelter there could be called occupants. The mother, in the weakness of consumption ; the daughter, Amy, in the incipient stages of that disease, if the fragile form and delicate complexion were any indication. Poverty, too, seemed their inheritance, and life could have been scarce more than weariness. But the love of life is strong, and they struggled on. They had seen brighter days, when Mr. Russell, by a lucrative business, furnished his family the means of living in luxury ; but, like too many, he had lived beyond his profits, and at his death his creditors claimed what was left. From step to step the family had descended in the social scale, when the necessity for labor became imperative. They were no less well educated or refined than

in their days of affluence; but worth is seldom recognized under a garment of poverty. Still, although they were ignored by their former associates, they kept bravely on, until health failing, they were obliged to take humble quarters, and were pushed out of the city into the mean habitation in which we find them.

"Do not be discouraged, mamma," Amy said, as they were left with their scant possessions in the little house. "After I am rested a little, I will brighten up the place. There, it begins to look home-like already," the delicate girl continued, as she rolled the lounge into one corner and spread down a bit of carpet.

"Just lie down, mamma, while I make explorations; who knows what conveniences I may find? And here is a veritable sky-light! If I understood the process of photography, I might set up a gallery," Amy went on playfully.

The mother sighed.

"We will sit under the window for our own pictures, my daughter. The great Artist, who holds the world as his camera, and the sky as his curtain, and by his finger painteth the picture on the prepared paper of eternity, can make no mistakes. There will be no softening drapery—no artful coloring to heighten the effect. Just as we are, daughter, our pictures will be taken on high."

"You have a poet's heart, my mother; but you have failed to say, there will be nothing to disparage, if there is nothing to intensify. The chemicals are pure in God's laboratory, and the paper without a blemish; and shades of thought which bear toward the right, and languid with all their weight, yet lifted; deeds wrested from their purpose, and motives misconstrued, will all be reckoned into the expression He will give, when He impresses us in light upon the truthful background."

"You have penetrated to my thought more nearly than I meant you should, daughter; but I thank you for it. I will not repine while you are my sunlight. But we have little time for sentiment, or anything the body cannot feed on."

"Not so, mamma. The mind need not grovel because the hands must minister to physical wants. I would rather starve, than my soul be impoverished. But I see no need for either. Our rent is small, and we can live on little. This little patch of ground I'll cultivate, and my cheeks will grow brown with healthful exercise. I believe it is what I want, and, mamma, we'll keep a goat, as the people do about here. It takes but little to sustain one, and the milk will nourish you."

"But where will you get your goat, Amy? We have no money to spare," said Mrs. Russell, concealing her disgust.

"I don't know, but you say I have remarkable powers of persuasion; and there must be some

benevolence in these many hearts. We shall do nicely here, until we can get really into the country. I see from my skylight the roofs of several large houses; perhaps there are children whom I may be permitted to teach," and she fluttered around with a show of elasticity she was far from feeling.

Amy Russell had been the pet of a large circle of friends. She won the heart before she was acknowledged to be more than an acquaintance. She twined herself into the affections gently and sweetly, as musical notes blend with the evening air; and the wrench which tore her from her loved ones left many a sore and tender spot, even in their inconstant hearts. It threw her back upon herself, and developed a power of endurance she was hardly thought to possess.

She was proud, too, in her way; not, perhaps, of her position or her character, strictly speaking; but she had that indefinable satisfaction which is the outgrowth of a pure life, nobly lived. She had rejoiced in the love of her chosen friends, feeling that she was worthy of it; but the experience that a change of fortune brought her engendered no bitterness, but rather that humility which is the fruit of the large charity which "thinketh no evil." Misfortune is a mirror that reflects the real worth of our friends, and shows us ourselves without enhancement or distortion.

Amy could not be blind to the fact that her mother was passing away. She needed the delicate viands which were beyond her reach; and if ever a rebellious thought came into the daughter's mind, it was that these could not be furnished.

Her own health, too, was precarious. Her arm was so weak, and her breath so short, that she dared not look squarely at the prospect before her; and hence, almost as much to deceive herself as her mother, she kept up her sprightliness of manner. The weeks of spring and summer passed slowly, in one sense, because of the labor and anxiety counted with them; quickly in another, because each perceptibly shortened the days of a precious life. Amy had found some benefit in out-door exercise; but she was beginning to dread the autumn, with its fall of sere leaf, and its foreshadowing of decay. What should she do when the winter came on, so cold and still, with scant fuel, and scantier provision, and a purse almost empty?

But she chid herself, and went on, believing that He who feedeth the sparrow would care for her.

She threw aside her burden, and stooped to fasten the loosened carpet. A piece of lath that had covered a hole in the floor had been gnawed away, and she went about repairing the damage.

Perhaps it was the answer to her faith, for the sparkle as of a bit of glass caught her attention, and, from curiosity, she investigated a little

further. She almost lost her breath when she saw it was a precious stone. She had been familiar with diamonds in the days of her prosperity, and believed this to be a true gem escaped from its setting. In childish glee she pressed it to her heart. The little point of dazzling light contained such possibilities! The rent could be paid; the store-house replenished; her darling mother invigorated—perhaps cured!

She looked on her now, as she slept, so wan and still that she seemed to have passed that incalculable boundary between repose and hallowed dreamless sleep.

Amy fell on her knees in gratitude. It must be a God-directed discovery. But before her lips could form words of thanksgiving, the thought came to her that the treasure was not hers!

Not hers, indeed; but whose was it? Who had lived in that mean abode that could have possessed so costly a bauble? she asked, as she looked around on the dingy walls and low ceilings.

But the walls would tell no tales of how gems and gold had been commingled there; or how, if every jewel like the one she held had accidentally rolled away, the loss could not compare with what had been relinquished there; or tarnished with such cankered rust as cauterization severe and deep alone could heal.

If she could find the owner, she might receive a reward. She blushed at the thought. But she was in such necessity. It was doubtful if the owner could be found; and the gem might have lain concealed for years where it had fallen, but for her, and no one be the richer for its existence! But she knew the wealth of the mine, and the ocean's treasure for centuries lie hidden; and the multitude of poor, distressed, forsaken, traverse to and fro, and die of want—and the world rolls serenely on, and the ocean swells with its own mightiness—each with its treasure still embosomed; and God knows all the time of it and them! "How lofty are His purposes, and His ways past finding out!"

She looked at her mother, who still slept. When she awoke the last bit of nourishment must be administered. No money in the house. Her work unfinished, and disinclination to accomplish it growing stronger, as the temptation with its changing hues lay before her.

If she could find the former occupant, perhaps he would know to whom the gem belonged. The landlord was collecting rents in the neighborhood, and of him she obtained the address. Her haste was feverish. She called a neighbor's child to sit by her mother, then took the street-cars to Kirbaite's mansion. Excitement gave her strength, and her cheek burned with a hectic glow, when she found that he was evidently a man of wealth.

He was at home, and he eyed her sharply, as

she timidly disclosed her business. He took the gem, and looked searching at it and said, as his hand clasped over it:

"It is mine, girl. What further wouldest thou?"

Amy faltered.

"I thought, for the sake of its value, you would compensate me for restoring it to you. We are poor, and my mother is sick, or I would scorn to expect aught for a just deed."

"Ha, ha! I doubt if it is worth a farthing. But, come with me, and if it prove real, thou shalt be rewarded."

Amy followed the old Jew through street and alley, till they came to the workshop.

Lawrence Hamilton recognized the knock, and hastened to open the door. He started, as the unnaturally bright eye of the delicate girl fell upon him, and a blush crept over his brow, as he resumed his work.

With trembling anxiety Amy watched, as the Jew applied the test to her treasure. She almost fainted, when she saw part of its substance ground away, while the real diamond that did the work remained unmarred.

"False, thou seest, girl—and therefore valueless! I thank thee for thy honest purpose, but cannot pay for counterfeit."

Amy started up. The humiliation of her position kept her from fainting at her disappointment. She glanced around at the room—at its contents—at the youth, with his face grown prematurely old, at the old Jew's similar expression—and with a flash all was revealed to her. She forgot herself—her desperate needs—and stretched out her hands toward the youth, as she said:

"He tells me it is *false*. I almost think 'twere better to be false at heart, than starting true, to gather such defilement."

Kirbaite glared at her, and would have thrust her out; but Lawrence came forward, escorted her to the street, and put her in a car without a word.

He knew not whence she came, or whither she went—or if in all time he should see her again. But she had crossed his path, unconsciously reminding him of his home and his lost truth—as the pale, pink leaf of the apple-tree, wafted by some chance zephyr toward us, takes us back to our play-time in the orchard, and burdens us with its weight of sacred memories.

CHAPTER IX.

There is a tide in the affairs of man—a current, too, in their emotions, which carries them beyond the hope of calm re-flow, and they drift onward toward the shoals, and where the breakers moan above the lost.

In his boyhood home, and at his sister's fire-

side, Graft Clifford's natural frankness and generosity had been fostered, until they were deemed to be the flower and the fruit of a character, which should ripen to a broad, deep benevolence.

He was possessed of rare purity of heart, and could calmly set aside alluring temptations. He abhorred deceit, and was quick at its detection. Yet he left the home of his betrothed that bitter night, with those misconstrued words so rankling in his heart, that any deed, however desperate, would have seemed tame to him.

His love for Louisa Hamilton had flowed with his life, into every avenue of his being. She seemed not so much another, as a part of himself. And now, with labored throb, something like life-blood was oozing, until he was a-gasp for any thing that would fill up the void. A vague doubt as to her worthiness haunted him like a shadow. And in his bitterness he linked his name with all things which the good abhor. He went back to the city, where—like the foam of the sea—men's passions surge, and truth and purity are wrecked.

Kirbaita's vigilant eye had strangely lost its power, if he had failed to see his opportunity. He had watched Clifford's movements for months; and now he was no longer master of himself—another took the guidance of him.

In the guise of comparative youth, and with the pretense of friendship, Kirbaita insinuated himself into Clifford's favor, and led him into scenes of bewilderment, as the unsightly spider weaves his gossamer web to hold the dew as its ornament, or the insect as his victim. Clifford gave himself up to the allurements. He did not participate in aught really criminal, but dallied on the verge of evil, subject to another's will, as fine mechanism receives the lubrication, unmindful to what purpose it is applied.

At last, when his moral vision was obscured, and his imagination inflamed, Kirbaita brought him within range of his daughter's fascinations. He urged him into a theatre, where she sat in the consciousness of power, the center of admiration. The clear olive of her complexion was heightened to the rich bloom of the sun-kissed pomegranate by the glow of excitement and triumph. Her full, ripe lips were swelling; her bust heaving with life and happiness; her jetty hair throwing back from its lustrous folds the glitter of the gems she wore.

Clifford, whose calm judgment had once weighed carefully whatever of attractiveness presented itself to his senses, drank in, with no thought but of delirious bliss, the magnetic beauty of this glorious creature; and when, between the acts, his companion led him to her box for an introduction, and he met the power of those matchless eyes, his infatuation was complete.

From the time of her seclusion in the old hut,

Janet Kirbaita had been looking forward to this hour. Her admiration had been daily fostered for the young man who now almost knelt in her presence.

After Clifford's few words of almost worshipful salutation, Janet fixed her attention upon the stage, while he watched the varying expression of her face, and the tears of feeling which softened the glory of her beautiful eye and hung dew-like upon its fringes—a play in itself, no doubt, but so like genuine sensibility that when, with equal artfulness, she laid her jeweled fingers upon his arm, his own eyes grew misty, and he bent over her with the whispered words :

" You are beautiful as an hour's dream, and as sensitive as a wild-wood flower. Oh, if a hollow show affect you thus, may I not hope your tender heart will quiver at the recital of a real passion throbbed out with each pulse for you ? "

How beautiful she was with her downcast eyes and the droop of her exquisite form, the brilliant jewels shining in her hair and upon her bosom, looking misplaced, as would the clear sparkle of the winter star resting on the brow of the hazy summer night. It was but for a moment. The natural animation of her manner came back, and in the brilliancy of her wit and beauty, Clifford felt himself like the insignificant moth fluttering about the glowing flame.

The scene of this night was a hundred times repeated, with all its bewitching variations. The light, the music, and the flowers heightened the effect, while toning down to enjoyable reality all overwrought emotions and consuming passions. The color of simplicity was given to artifice; the ring of truth to falsehood; all conspiring yet more and more to delude the once steady mind of Grant Clifford; while Janet's alternate favor and indifference enwrapped his soul at times in Elysium, to yield it at others to the woes of Tartarus.

CHAPTER X.

Lawrence Hamilton also came under the spell of the syren's beauty. Finding that absorption in his work was wearing upon his health, he threw aside its thralldom for one evening, and visited the place of amusement that had proved itself so fascinating to Clifford.

At first he was occupied by the play; but after a while he glanced around and recognized Clifford. He took a quick survey of the box, fearing that Louisa might be there and discover him. But the quiet beauty of his sister's face could never glow and flash like the living picture before him. Neither could she ever inspire the passionate devotion that beamed from Clifford's eye. He forgot the actors on the stage. There was another play going on before his eyes—really

developing itself scene by scene—not the mere rehearsal of what had been long ago conceived; and he concentrated his thoughts to understand it. He was too familiar with Kirbaite's every movement, not to recognize him at length under his disguise, and with a mind excited to wonder, he watched, each look and gesture of the party. For the first time there shot across him the thought that his complicity with the Jew's illegitimate business was not altogether an accident. But he failed to fathom the depth of the design.

He was in the very dawn of early manhood. What wonder if every night found him, as this evening, gazing at the group in the private box! He forgot to ask himself why his sister's affianced husband should be there without her; or why the Jew had hidden his true self to seem another. He had mingled but little in society, and had seen but few women in full evening toilet. His sister's tranquil beauty was the type of feminine loveliness to him. What wonder that he yielded himself a devoted, though far-off worshiper at this glorious creature's shrine, thus connecting himself to the living drama he had essayed to read, as we link ourselves by repeated thought to deeds our consciences condemn.

He had heard Kirbaite boast of his daughter; and now that he had seen her, he longed to bask in her smiles. But not until the Jew had dropped his disguise, and appeared openly as Janet's escort, did he dare seek the acquaintance of the dangerous beauty. He felt reluctance at meeting Clifford; but finally sought the box as Kirbaite's friend before Clifford arrived.

The old Jew looked up forbiddingly when Lawrence entered; and his eye glared as he met the youth's defiant look when he declined to introduce his daughter. Lawrence sat down, but kept his eye on the Jew's face with annoying pertinacity, until with a covert sneer he said :

"Janet, my daughter, the youth thou seest here would fain seek thy favor. In spurning homage, see that thy dainty foot lift not itself against such worth. Lawrence Hamilton, Miss Kirbaite."

Lawrence flushed with anger. But the Jew turned to the stage again, and did not note that the flattering acknowledgement of the introduction more than atoned for the insult attending it.

Clifford entered soon; and Lawrence saw that with the Jew as such, and as Janet's father, he was unacquainted. For the girl, with bewitching shyness, presented them to each other, and Lawrence thought—although they were so unlike—that there was something in her manner that Louisa had shown at Clifford's first appearance in the family circle, after her betrothal.

He was surprised at Clifford's flush, as he was recognized, though he could but too well account for the guilty heat that crept over his own face.

But he regained his self-control, and the two young men clasped hands slightly. They looked into each other's eyes with a mesmeric cognizance of the intangible link that floated between them; and into both minds at the same instant, flashed the thought of the tangled wool, and the two balls rolling widely apart—Lawrence only coming between the lover and the beloved.

Kirbaite watched them from under his shaggy brows. He knew something of what one had lost by the other—jewels, some precious and costly, and others, counted mayhap of less value by his avaricious soul, but alike pure and imperishable, and beyond the power of any diamond to purchase.

He could not tell what they were reading in each other's eyes, or whether they understood their relations, the one to the other; but he saw they met no longer as friend meets friend.

Janet tapped her jeweled fan. They seemed to have forgotten her, and she turned away to lavish her allurements on the composed gentleman who sat by her side, unmoved by all her arts. But after a few moments Clifford and Lawrence became assiduous in attention.

She listened graciously to young Hamilton. Her curiosity had been excited. She saw there was some ground of disquiet between him and her father—and between him and Clifford there was some bond or prejudice. And, for love of coquetry, she led him on. There was, too, a certain charm in his manner—a kind of brusqueness, visibly held in check, a half-choked expression of admiration for her, an involuntary leaning toward her—all more eloquent far, than the conventional gallantries each hour offered her.

His deep affections had as yet been untouched. Whether gold were imbedded there, or only dross, none knew. But the upper stratum that seemed now to be opened, had the look of genuineness. His whole nature had been distorted—but one fragment of a broken mirror, lifted above the rest, will shadow forth heaven's own blue, as though it had never mingled with destruction.

Oh! these few undeveloped germs over which the debris of the character has fallen! If ever they are brought forth, through what humiliation and suffering they must come!

CHAPTER XI.

Months passed, and Janet held Clifford under her spell, without allowing him to declare his passion. The love of this power of witchery was growing upon her. Old votaries might kneel at her shrine—but every hour must bring her new trophies of victory.

Grant Clifford, scarce more than her equal now, was not the Grant Clifford of her girlish dreams, when in seclusion and poverty her ro-

mantic admiration had been kindled for him, as the one whose arm should lift her to affluence and honor. His society was already growing tame to her. Yet she half acknowledged his claim, because it was a tribute to her vanity, and because she dared not thwart her father's will. In proportion as a distaste for this easy conquest grew upon her, her desire for the unattainable increased. There was a Mordecai at her gate—*one* failing to bow the knee. This was Darcy Osmond, who sat every night at her side, seemingly unmoved by her arts. His composure was an insult to her arrogant self-love—a challenge to her skill in coquetry. To gain a bow from his proud head was more to her than the very prostration of her willing slaves, and a smile from his set lips, more than the adulation of the multitude. It was a complicated game she essayed to play—giving many the hope of success, yet yielding to none, and working toward an end, which she adroitly concealed.

One night Clifford resolved that he would master circumstances, and win from the proud beauty some word that would set his tortured mind at ease. It was not the evening on which she usually received him. She had arranged these matters to suit herself; and when he was shown into her private reception-room, he was surprised and angry to find her in close conversation with Lawrence Hamilton, whose eager manner betrayed his interest in the subject under consideration. He turned to withdraw, with a mental anathema on "that mere boy," when Janet came forward with a beseeching look, and laid her hand, yet warm from the clasp of Lawrence's trembling fingers upon his arm. He threw the other half around her, and drew her slightly toward him.

She made no resistance, but dropped her head, a flutter of well-assumed timidity spreading itself like a veil over her dazzling beauty. He forgot everything else, and clasped her to his heart, imprinting burning kisses on cheek and lips. It was the outward seal of what he deemed their spiritual betrothal; and when Lawrence Hamilton, with a strange gleam in his eye, stole from the room, he took her head upon his breast silently, in a communion too dear and sacred for any words, however tender.

Kirbaita's desire for Clifford's acceptance had been scarcely less feverish than the lover's. To his daughter's union with this man of wealth, he looked for the establishment of his own position. He boasted of his possessions, but he knew on how unsafe a foundation he had builded. There might come a time when the false gems would be brought to the test, and his power of accumulating riches arrested—himself and his pride humbled.

Thence it was that he availed himself of Lawrence Hamilton's skill to aid in a secondary man-

ner, if the main object should fail. As matters now stood, he seemed likely to realize both his projects.

He had become the possessor of many costly gems, in a way which must not be detected. He paid Lawrence liberally for his services; if the youth was discovered, after all the adeptness he had evinced, it was his own affair. Perhaps, after a while, it were just as well that prison-bars should keep the secret, if his own safety were not involved. That his tool and decoy could aspire to his daughter's hand was too absurd, and that Janet could favor him was beyond supposition; therefore, if he sometimes found him at his house he took no note, save it might be with careless irony to laud his many virtues, or praise his progress in the art of flattery. At such times Lawrence's wounded self-love was so quickly mollified by the touch of Janet's velvety fingers, that he did not see how these covert insults were heaping themselves hydra-headed in his memory; or how great the power the artful girl held over him, until that night, when he saw her a willing captive in the arms of his sister's lover!

Who shall portray the conflict that raged within him? Can *ye*—upright in life and pure in thought, hedged in by influences holy and sweet, whose lives have flowed on, like the calm sweep of a peaceful river, with scarce a change save the overlapping of ocean's sunny tide? *Will ye*—who have pushed aside home ties, and plunged beneath a flood of sin and shame, and thought to struggle out of the beguilement, by the *one* true instinct left within your soul?

CHAPTER XII.

The old Jew could not be satisfied until himself and his daughter were acknowledged members of polite society. Accordingly, as winter approached, he gave a large party, to which the honored and proud were invited; and many, from curiosity or policy, accepted.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the fairy scene prepared for them. Janet's taste for display had given itself expression in every ornament of the vast rooms. The eye was challenged to admiring indulgence of some strange device, by which the light—burning clear at first as from lily-petals—fell through prismatic mediums, and quivered into myriads of rainbows, to be flashed back by the polished mirrors and glittering appointments of the room. Flowers hung in fragrant garlands, or heaped themselves in masses, just where the light fell softliest. Ferns and mosses nestled cozily under ruddy gleams; while music, soft and low, rendered the perfumed air almost visibly tremulous.

Like a spirit breathed into life from the union of glitter and beauty, Janet glided once through

the rooms to bask alone in their splendor. She laid her hand and her cheek on the flowers; reached out her fair arms for a bath in the light; waltzed in playfulness with her own bright semblance, and kissed her finger-tips to her own reflected beauty.

Into her heart that hour was crowding the ecstasy of happiness, for which her eager, grasping life had panted. It was not so much just then, perhaps, the thought of wealth or adulation, as the one secret bewildering experience grown out of her possession of them. Her heart—if there was one underneath the tangled, poisonous growth—had been touched; and the one who had so long withstood her wiles, at last acknowledged her power. And, with to-night—this glorious to-night—was to come the consummation of her joy!

There were no misgivings, no regrets in her mind; no shadow, or sign of tears on her radiant countenance; no gloom, or foreboding, in the dancing light. She might provoke disapproval—perhaps anger and curses—and be named as the cause of blight and disappointment; and woe and anguish might grow out of the keen wrong she dealt. What cared she for these? In giving joy to other hearts, must she needs sacrifice her own? Nay! and she went back to her room, with every tissue trembling with delight.

A knock came at her door. "Would she see Mr. Clifford a moment?"

"Not until the hour named," was the reply the messenger brought him.

"Would she kindly present herself, where he could see that the package he held was delivered into her hand?"

She took the box, and wasted a kiss to him; and, retiring to her room, read from the hastily written card these words:

"For my chosen bride. In wearing these to-night, you acknowledge my claim on you before the world."

She smiled strangely as she unclasped the casket, then held her breath. Those beautiful gems, in their antique setting, were surely worthy to shine above a monarch's brow; and held in their pure splendor almost a kingly fortune.

She hesitated. Mingled emotions contended for mastery; and, for a moment, something like shame for her treachery spread its color over her sparkling features. But her natural inclination soon asserted itself. She took up the jewels, clasped them about her neck, and upon her arms, and dropped her head in involuntary homage to her own dazzling image.

She had arrayed herself in white; the lustrous folds of silk, with their shimmer of silver, caught up here and there with deep red rose-buds, whose crimson hearts expressed for her the

glowing language of her own; and, in the sparkling masses of her diamond-dusted hair, they clustered lovingly to blossom forth the sentiment her ruby lips withheld.

The guests were beginning to assemble; and hastening down, she took her stand beside her father. He glanced over her toilet approvingly; but his face grew dark as he recognized her diamonds, and he clinched her arm as he demanded:

"How camest thou by those jewels, girl?"

She flashed defiance at him, but said quietly:

"They were sent me this night by Grant. Think you not they are fit gems wherewith to deck his bride?"

There was no time for an answer, but with the satisfaction of fulfilled hopes, strange thoughts came to his mind. He knew that Lawrence had abstracted the diamonds from Clifford's watch; but he did not know whence the rarest treasures of all had been obtained. He understood now; they were without doubt the Clifford jewels, handed down through many generations. His daughter was his hope and pride. If ambition was his real prompter, what wealth he had gained had been secured chiefly for her sake, as a means toward the end. It was strange that in seeking to compass it he had in this instance defrauded her of what would be by right her own, and left her to be decked in shining counterfeits!

The rooms filled rapidly, and Clifford, with an exultation he mistook for happiness, saw that Janet acknowledged him as her future husband. He censured himself that he had almost been in doubt, that no verbal contract had been made between them. But now he fondly called her his "sensitive plant," his "passion-flower," as he saw her eyes drop beneath his gaze, and her lips swell and tremble.

He would not seek to be constantly by her side this night. Her attention was due to those who crowded around her. He would give way this once and worship her afar. Was not the glow of her presence the very atmosphere of the pervading joy? Away from her must be gloom and chilliness, such as night and the winter bring. But after to-night all these should not bask in her smiles—the dear monopoly should be his!

Outside—where the servants and spectators thronged to witness the gayety from which they were excluded—a youth crouched silently. He was deaf to all their exclamations and surmises. Every sense was merged into that of vision. He would not enter the presence of his enchantress, but he watched her with a feverish light in his eye, though he saw upon her bosom and wrists the insignia of another's claim. He half smiled even in his pain. Well matched—false gems over a false heart! The true—once promised to another, less fair, but pure in her sweet singleness

of heart—should *never* clasp themselves around that syren's throat.

Momentarily, his thoughts went back to the past. How deceitful were the fairest promises!—how inconstant the most constant hearts! How complicated was life's enigma!—how incomprehensible its mystery! And he was just in its intricacy and thrall! Nothing but gloom lay backward; in the future, but uncertainty; in the present, only doubt and dismay!

He cast aside his serious thoughts. The days would unravel themselves in their turn. He would follow up the past with the thread, and learn for himself each new revelation.

Even then, while he thought, the scene within was shifting. The supper was over, and the company returning to the parlors. Conviviality and joy were infectious, and merry jest passed easily from lip to lip. Only the bit of brittle glass and the film of frost-like lace between the joyful and the embittered heart! Kirbaite passed by the window with smiling countenance and suave address—and the youth, with a smothered execration, turned away. Pain had brought no repentance, but goaded rather toward revenge.

In the church, scarce a stone's throw from Kirbaite's mansion, young Hamilton noted there had been preparation for some unwonted service, as the midnight hour could hardly be one for public worship. And yet he cared little whether it were for marriage or burial, as in an exhausted state he leaned heavily against the rail. There was something tranquilizing even in the overshadowing of the church spire. In the bitterness of his suffering, he had forgotten that the holy place was in itself a rebuke to his unrepented sin.

There had been flowers brought, he noted, for one bright bud lay blackening with frost on the marble pavement. He was a-shiver himself, from standing so long in the cold, and from a feeling of pity he took up the bud.

Soon there was a stir by the door; a sound of footsteps, and a rustle of silk; and the light of the vestibule flashed upon the small bridal party.

Lawrence sprang forward. He recognized the actors in the scene, and was aghast at the part they had played.

No woman could flash and glow with such marvelous beauty as Janet Kirbaite; and no other man carry himself with such composure under her witchery, as the quiet, elegant Darcy Osmond! How had it all come about? and where was Clifford? *He*, then, was not the only one blinded and deceived!

As the bridegroom paused to throw a mantle of ermine about his bride, Lawrence stepped forward, and handing her the rose-bud, said:

"It was but shaken from the folds of your robe, yet it was crushed by the falling."

She took it scornfully, put the heel of her

satin slipper upon it, and ground it to pieces in angry impatience; then took the arm of her husband and went haughtily down the broad steps, her silken train sweeping over and scattering the bruised leaves.

The gay assembly at the house had scarcely missed their hostess and queen. Clifford, it is true, had glanced once or twice toward the door through which she passed, as they came from the refreshment room. And he had delayed the dance a little, as she was to take the lead with him, thus announcing their betrothal. He motioned the music to commence, as he now caught a glimpse of her.

His face paled as she came forward leaning on the arm of another, and that other one whom he had never feared as a rival. The clergyman in full canonicals, and the young men with bridal favors he noticed.

What could it mean? With his gems still on her bosom, was she not saying by look and manner what Louisa's lips had grown ashen in uttering? Scarcely comprehending what he did, he stepped forward, as the party advanced, and laid his hand on Janet's arm, saying:

"I claim this woman as my promised bride."

"And I," said Osmond, "call on this clergyman to testify that she is my wedded wife."

"Is this so, Janet?" Clifford asked, with reproachful tenderness.

But she looked up with only triumph mirrored on her face as she replied:

"It is. And please remember, sir, I made you no promise."

Clifford stood for a moment looking steadfastly into her glorious eyes, but she was not abashed. He stepped back quietly, and the guests reading nothing beyond the surface of his calm demeanor, crowded around the brilliant creature to offer their congratulations, while the music grew soft and low.

Then the signal was given, and the dance commenced again with added zest and pleasure. Janet, as had been arranged, led off, with but slight change of circumstance as 'twould appear, though real worth had been set aside for a fair seeming—as once before, at random, she had exchanged the false gem for the true—but no one even seemed to know.

Darcy Osmond had yielded himself a subject to the most sordid of all passions, and sold himself for gold. If the singular beauty of the young creature he had that hour espoused had ever stirred one wave of true feeling in his heart, that had of itself redeemed the act. But he lacked the energy and fixedness of purpose that should have prompted him to make his own fortune. He had deliberately set aside the elevating affection, which had found birth in his soul, when it transpired that its object could bring him nothing but her sweet self, and sought a wife whose

riches could lift him above the necessity of inelegant exertion. He had not deceived Janet by professions of ardent attachment, yet he allowed her to believe that she had conquered the hitherto invincible heart. And in yielding to her desire for a secret marriage, he had no thought that she was actuated by other motives than her love of romance, and extravagant pleasure in the new and surprising.

She indeed reveled in the hour as one of triumph. Though it might be the flowering forth of treachery, it was nevertheless the culmination and the blooming; for victory is expressed with as much power in the noxious as the fragrant plant. She deemed, too, in thus recklessly ministering to her own wishes, she had evaded an ordeal that might test her courage and her bridegroom's love. The bold stroke that should win applause from polished members of society, would disarm her father's anger, by piercing the vulnerable point of his armor.

But she had not seen the wrath gather upon his brow, and the teeth bury themselves in his nether lip, when she acknowledged her marriage. Neither did she realize with what vindictiveness it was settling down into his heart, as with the refinement of cruelty, he allowed her to play in apparent safety, within the very jaws of destruction.

CHAPTER XIII.

The joy and festivity went on. The lights danced and sparkled. The flower-garlands fluttered. The music grew inspiring—intoxicating, and the gay revellers, wearied with the excess of enjoyment, fell into a gliding, dreamy movement, and floated about, till the melodious sounds breathed themselves out to sweet, pleasurable silence.

The happy company, yet aflush with joy, drew a sigh of relief, as they turned to thank the beautiful hostess for the pleasure she had afforded them, when her father—the stern old Jew—approached, bidding Janet and her husband kneel. Janet trembled, fearing, she scarce knew what; but obeying his voice, they both knelt as to receive a blessing—the bridal robes floating backward, and shimmering under the caressing light—the crimson buds of decoration, full-blown under the genial summer heat.

A moment of silence—awed and solemn—followed, and Kirbaite lifted his hand on high, and with fearful emphasis pronounced over the drooping girl the anathema of the Jews—banishing her from her home and his presence, and invoking the hatred and scorn of her race upon her.

It was pitiful, even with the knowledge of her treachery, to witness the horror depicted on the bride's face, as she sprang up and caught her fa-

ther's arm, as though to arrest the denunciation. She had been surprised at his willingness that she should marry a Gentile, and had taken advantage of it to select one for herself. Yet she held within her the inherent beliefs and prejudices of the race, and her very soul sickened at the disgrace and woe her father's curse implied.

She feared, too, for her bridegroom's love. Could she keep it without the enhancement of wealth and display? Something in his eye, even now, forced the unwelcome thought upon her—that but for these he would not have sought her.

Disowned by her natural guardian, thrust aside perhaps by her chosen husband, under the ban of her religion, and estranged from her race; humbled in the eyes of those who had witnessed her triumph—what should she do? Where should she go?

All these thoughts came to her in an instant of time. They took the bloom from her cheek, and robbed her eye of its lustre. But there was no relaxation in her father's sternness—nothing but consternation and disapproval on the faces around her.

She drew herself up with hauteur; and, her eyes blazing with scorn and indignation, she took the now reluctant arm of her bridegroom, and swept from the room with the air of an injured queen.

The guests dispersed, and Kirbaite and Clifford sat alone, face to face. The deceiver himself outwitted and overreached. The deceived still blinded by the glamour of enchantment, though writhing with pain.

They spoke no word—the scene itself was speaking. The deserted rooms; the withering wreaths; the heartless glare of the light flashing itself on desolation—all held a language which needed no interpreter—the folly of human hopes based upon unworthy ambition, an expectancy of worth under mere glitter and false show!

It is a question, if after vengeance has wreaked itself, it does not recoil in self accusation and bitterness. At any rate, Kirbaite sat through the remainder of the night, grim and silent, except for the occasional beating of his hand against his beard. Mingled with the thought of his daughter's ingratitude, there were recriminations of his own heartlessness; and doubts, if after all, he had gained anything in the proud world's opinion by his stern act. He recalled the efforts and ambitions of the past, and he agonized in soul at the thought of the frustrated plans a few fleeting hours had revealed to him—aye, were even now developing, had he but known.

It was merciful to him in that time of suffering that he was blinded to the approach of another evil. For unconsciously, the fermentation of his disturbed mind was slowly depositing its natural residuum. Under all other affections and mo-

tives avarice was his ruling passion; and through it he was working off all minor feelings, and settling down upon his acquisitions, as the only enduring foundation of peace and happiness. But, as by specious argument he had instilled deception into each mind he had helped to shape, and sown broadcast both fraud and imposition, so he was to reap its natural harvest.

If genuine wheat, well winnowed ere deposited in the fallow soil, will reproduce the worthless chaff, how much more will evil propagate itself, and develop its legitimate results!

Lawrence Hamilton had been stung and maddened by all he had suffered through Kirbaite. He writhed under the scorn with which he had been treated. Added to this, the thought of Janet's duplicity was the one bitter drop too much; and without remorse or pity, he purposed his revenge. He knew the strong love of the old Jew's heart—how, if he could, he would turn its steely substance into gold. He knew, also, that the man who had gained Janet's hand, had no fortune; and, from his indifferent wooing, he concluded that not for herself had he married her. He now, himself, would undermine the basis of her father's wealth, and bring the heartless temptress to a woe like unto that which she had wrought. Through her love of power, she should be made to *feel*, though her heart were harder and colder than the marble pavement, over which she would as willingly scatter the heart-blood of his affections, as she had the rose-leaves he had held to her as its type.

There was no quieting power now, in the sacred precincts of the church; no warning in the dark hours of the uncertain night; no allurements even by the way, as he darted through the streets in vain endeavor to relax the grasp of pain about his heart. Vice shook her tinsel decorations, and the wine-cup held its ruby sparkle in vain for him. Indeed, the appetites which his sister most feared, had scarce been pandered to. The more absorbing sin which had taken hold of him, had, in the very boldness of its guilt, caused him to despise these venial things as signs of weakness.

Kirbaite, thinking the unpretending shop in the questionable locality a safer treasure-house than his up-town mansion, had, with strange want of foresight, left his hoarded gems within reach of his victim.

And now, Lawrence stealthily entered the trebly-locked door, secured it again, and went to work with rapid movement and unflinching purpose. No time was spent in fitting keys—that had been done months before—and never had the master spirit evinced more assiduity at successful counterfeit, than his tool now manifested, in placing the shining falsehoods where the purloined gems had reposed.

Quietly wealth had been gathered; as silently

its basis was being removed. Sardonic smiles had lighted up the wrinkled face at men's credulity; as bitter—aye triumphant ones—gleamed over the youthful features, at thought of his unsuspecting confidence.

The hours grew on apace, counting themselves with the irrevocable past, and augmenting the dreadful record. But the youth regarded it not. He only saw the work he had planned well accomplished—meet payment for injuries received.

Everything was replaced in its accustomed order. The polishing instruments carefully brushed; the trifling glint of diamond dust removed; the abducted gems hurried together in a glittering mass and concealed about his person, and Lawrence Hamilton went out into the world again—the busy world whose wearied powers had given way to sleep just under the coming dawn—with the precious jewels outside his heart, alas! the emptying of the integrity within.

He also, had accomplished his revenge. The day already dawning would find his tempter deprived of skillful hands; and relieved, though he should know it not, of his security against final poverty and detection.

But, after desire for and accomplishment of evil, reaction cometh—and perchance remorse!

CHAPTER XIV.

"Amy!" called Mrs. Russell, surprised at other attendance, as she started from her sleep to a sense of death-like faintness.

"Yes, mamma," replied the daughter, throwing aside her wrap. "There is your drink; let me lift you that you may take it better."

"Thank you, darling. Why was that girl sitting here—have you been out?"

"A little way; you were so quiet. See how the fresh air has reddened my cheeks! November is a gay old gallant, pressing his lips where he will."

"I would choose a warmer caress for such sweetness, my daughter," said the mother, with a fond smile. "I had thought until the change in our circumstances, that you would be claimed ere this. I wish I could know, before I pass the dark valley, that a strong arm, and a tender heart, would support you through life."

"You do know, mamma, that the Arm which supports the world, and the loving Heart that poured out its blood for us, will sustain and comfort me."

"I know, my child. But my weak faith would crave a human arm. I did not think a change of fortune would come between you, and the love so evidently manifested by—"

"Please don't, mamma," plead Amy; but in a moment she said: "You may have been mistaken. He had never put his love into words.

If his eye and manner expressed the feelings of his heart, you must remember he had no fortune. With his tastes he would not take a wife until he was able to place her above the possibility of want.

"But if he could see you now, Amy!"

"Hush, mamma; I do not blame him. You must rest now, while I prepare our tea," and Amy rose calmly and went about her duty.

It was not until her mother had been made comfortable for the night that she could sit down to think. It had been a day of peculiar trial to her. Its first hours of depression had been succeeded by such elated hopes, to be followed in their turn by such disappointment and humiliation. And in the very moment of her weakness, a cause of regret hitherto tacitly avoided, had been put into words—gentle, loving words, it is true—but she had rather they had not been spoken, since they brought to recognizable nearness feelings which she had endeavored to smother; and gave food to thoughts which required no aliment.

Tears came thick and fast; but she could not throw aside her work for the luxury of weeping, though the hot, bitter drops discolored the delicate fabric she held, as they were perhaps momentarily marring the purity and sweetness of her faith.

But after a while she recovered herself. Matters were really no worse than they were yesterday; and, but for the glimpse of her little world, through the dazzling medium she had for a brief hour held, she had not given way to weak and wicked repining. The trouble was in no wise increased. The same future and the same past were hers. If she were a little nearer whatever sorrowful developments the one held for her, she was so much further from the regrets of the other. At any rate, one more link of the chain was touched, whose other extremity, over all transient joys and woes, connected her with eternal peace.

She had finished her work with trembling fingers; but it was accomplished, and she folded it away. Then she tried to brighten herself by looking around; and, unawares, she was comforted by the mute, familiar things, and by her mother's more regular breathing.

Life was not so dreary after all. The calm, bright morning would laugh at the doubts and fears of the night—and eternity would interpret the trials of time.

In the morning she hastened with her completed work to the lady who had employed her, to meet her indignation that the garment had been ruined by her tears.

Amy withdrew, and hurried over the frozen ground to her home. Another burden was added to her already heavy load—another avenue closed, through which the means of sustenance had come. Was God trying the texture of her faith?—the limit of her endurance?

But her calm eye met her mother's when she awoke. She had been to her own room and lifted her empty hands to the pitying Father. He knew whether in all the world there was aught for her to do; or whether she could serve him best by heroically meeting the dread certainty which seemed staring her in the face.

If there was in her heart a longing to be freed from anxiety and pain, as she looked up at night toward the clear peacefulness of the far off winter stars, no such petition ascended with the breath of prayer which rose after her hours of toil. No complaint burdened the flutter of her sigh. And, somehow, the days followed on, one after another—the spring finding her no worse spiritually for the privation the cold, cheerless days had brought her, though her cheek had grown more transparent, and her slight cough was a little more noticeable.

Her mother had lived through the winter, and visibly rallied, as the genial air blew soft on her sunken cheek.

They had grown used to living for each other; and each endeavored in her way to make the mean abode radiant with the light of love. Amy, without realizing the fact, lived from day to day, almost as much on hope as on faith. She could not but believe that *some* time the outgoing of her heart would meet the response she felt was only temporarily held in check. The few city papers that came within her reach were carefully scanned for a sight of the beloved name; and in her occasional trips to the city, she looked eagerly at the multitude of faces for one glimpse of *his*.

She inquired, too, at the post-office, thinking that some missive might have long waited her claim. But an indifferent "no" always answered her—and the clerks did not hear the spasmodic sigh; or if they did, heeded not.

They could not burden themselves with the disappointments their negatives excited, any more than they could expect to share the joy the received messages might convey. And yet, at these times, there was that in Amy's heart which a sympathizing glance would have comforted, inasmuch as it would have acknowledged a common human heritage. These disappointments were wearing upon her. She would no more place herself within their power, but would calmly await God's time. These few months of suffering would hardly be worth the reckoning, in the weight of happiness time might and eternity *would* bring to her.

The summer wore itself away. Fruit and grain ripened under the sunshine, despite the frequent clouds and rains; and the harvest—generous and golden—bore no mark of struggle against threatened blight.

"Were there any sheaves in her own life which the great Husbandman would own?" she

asked herself, as autumn winds sighed softly, that there was nothing left save to render glorious the process of decay.

Her mother seemed to read her thoughts, as she stood where the rays of the setting sun rested on her face, for she said :

"He understands, darling. Our faithful endeavors are treasured in His garner-house; and the regret of the autumn is followed quickly by the hope of spring. But long before that time comes for earth, I shall be where eternal spring abides. What will you do, Amy? Oh, my child!"

Amy could not reply. She knew her mother's words would prove true, and her choking sobs would not be silenced. Her quick thought took in the drear future—so lonely and still. After her mother's death, no blood, kindred to hers, would flow in the veins of any living upon earth. Her mother seemed all that was left to her in the wide world—and she was dying!

After a few dreadful weeks that crowded themselves fast upon the beauty of autumn, she was dead, and lay prepared for burial.

Amy sat in the wintry twilight, waiting for the drear to-morrow. The package was laid in her hands which contained her scant articles of mourning—fresh crepe she felt that she must have for this new grief—but now she took no note, nor stirred at all from her sad vigil, until the morning light brought her a new sense of desolation.

She would take no breakfast, though rough hands, prompted by a warm heart, prepared her meal. Her eye fell upon the package in her lap.

A little shiver went over her, when she noticed a list of deaths was uppermost on the newspaper wrapping.

There were those dead, whose names were not yet recorded there! Mechanically she turned the paper; the marriage list always stood next; happiness and sorrow were never far removed from each other.

As she read the names, one by one, she could but think how their experience must contrast with hers; "and yet," she said to herself, "perhaps I was joyful when they were sad."

But the last name caught her eye—"Darcy Osmond to Miss Janet Kirbya"—and she reeled and fell forward to the floor. This was trouble for which she had made no preparation. Light and hope, with this drear day, seemed to be dying out. She had looked for the dear name, over and over again; but the sight of it now took away her breath. So often do our dearest hopes cling around those who mete out to us our saddest woe!

CHAPTER XV.

It is a bitter task to take up the burden of one's life again, after coming wrung out and exhausted from some soul-shaking experience. Or to dwell on the dead, level plain that stretches itself beneath the mountain we have heroically scaled. The trivial matters of every-day life seem so despicable after our great woe; the petty cares so irritating in their littleness, after our great sacrifice, that we forget that sublimity of character may be attained, by accepting our lot as God has ordered it. Louisa Hamilton, who had voluntarily set aside her individual happiness, and lifted with firm hand, the cup to her own pale lips, grew benumbed and palsied, in draining the bitter dregs the Divine Hand still held for her.

Her life had been bound up in her brother, every fibre of her being so closely interwoven with his, that the willful withdrawal of himself from her restraining influence, left her stunned and unnerved.

After a few unavailing efforts to gain some word from him, she shrank within herself, and from her former friends and associates. What were the homage of the multitude to her, while two most dear to her were counted out?

She walked through her little world, dead to its beauty, and blind to its sunshine—finding but stagnation in the variety and freshness that constantly surrounded her. The heaps of featherly snow, the hoar-frost and the ice-glades—once her delight—were now but the outward expressions of Earth's chilled heart. The spring, with its new creation every hour, was but typical of the change and uncertainty of Life's expectations. She counted the hours as they came and went—as we count the miles traversed in some weary journey, taking no note of the tiny flower that might serve to brighten us.

Warily, night and morning, she laid her heart before the All-seeing Eye—no benefit received, because none craved. She would have been shocked to know that the impassive thing which refused either to act or bleed, was, in its calm presentation for the divine inspection, an unuttered reproach to Him, who maketh haste to heal the wound He hath in mercy dealt.

She was not now perhaps listless because of present suffering. She had come through the acute passion-hour. The shadow thereof was throwing itself backward, like mildew and blight, over the exhausted soil.

The aimlessness of the future was the incubus upon her. No great purpose prompted her to renewed exertion. No added sacrifice was demanded of her. Only the careful sweeping up of the few scattered ashes; and the re-arranging of the displaced altar-cloth!

She had not learned to know that holding her-

self ready for God's use might prove accepted service, and intelligent submission to His will become an act of worship. In the great temple-shrines of old, where deep-toned chants swelled through the solemn hours, and lamps, both morn and eve, burned clear before the mercy-seat, *one priest* stood ever just outside the altar-rail, and crushed out odors burned as holy incense! Suppose ye not "*they also serve, who stand and wait?*"

Mrs. Hamilton had never understood the nature of her children; and to the workings of Louisa's mind she was peculiarly a stranger. And she now censured her most bitterly, as having annoyed Lawrence into a distaste for his home.

Louisa accepted her mother's construction of the matter. She could endure neither discussion or hypothesis about it. It were just as well the blame should rest on her, as her mother be disturbed by a knowledge of the truth. It was enough for *one* heart in that small household to be under the weight and chill.

Mrs. Beckwith was abroad—and Grant she had never seen since that dreadful night; and the three years now elapsed lay like a leaden weight over the joy of her girlhood—a sand-bar of separation from its freshness.

The heart is a garden, needing untiring culture. Woe be unto it and desolation if, as the months go by, no seed is nurtured, save from the ungathered fruit's decay.

On account of her mother's inefficiency, the management of the household still fell upon Louisa. And the wintry morning, whose flood of sunlight poured itself in vain for comfort over Amy Russell's prostrate form, found her on her way to the city to make necessary purchases. She bade her driver halt, as a young woman ran out of the little house, screaming with alarm.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh Miss!" replied the excited woman, "the lady's dead, and to be buried this day afternoon; and the young lady she's dying, too, and nobody to do nothing but the likes of us. Could'n you just come in, Miss? I am sure they was ladies born, if they be paupers dead."

Unwilling to refuse such an appeal, Louisa followed the woman into the house, and by her intelligent efforts, Amy was soon restored to consciousness; and she held out her hand to Louisa, a sad smile fluttering over her pale lips. It seemed a blessing direct from heaven to the sensitive spirit, that a refined being was watching over her, and she uplifted her eyes—dove-like in their dewiness—for the one ray amid the darkness.

Louisa marveled at her sweet gratitude, as she looked around the room, and caught through the opening door a glimpse of the drapery that shrouded the pale sleeper.

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There seemed to be desolation, with no comfort; and the atmosphere was a-chill with something worse than cold, for repeated shivers ran over her. Perhaps it was something in the room itself. In the silent memories it hoarded—an effusion of evil blending with the aroma of virtue, as distinctive currents of rarefied air strike chilliness over the system.

"Have you no friends to come?" Louisa asked, endeavoring to shake off the benumbing influence.

"None!" replied Amy, sadly.

"Then may I stay?"

"Oh! if you will; it will comfort me."

Louisa went to the door, and gave instructions to John, then resumed her seat by Amy's side.

The funeral was over; and the desolate girl was struggling toward calmness.

"What are you going to do, dear?" asked Louisa.

"I don't know; I shall wait God's direction. He has never failed to show me the way wherein I should walk."

"You need not wait. He has sent me to tell you. I am going to take you home. You shall be my sister; I need you. Will you come?" said Louisa, pleading almost as much for her own as for Amy's sake. She felt an interest in the gentle girl, such as had not moved her palsied heart for thrice a twelvemonth.

Amy accepted the proffered kindness with thankfulness. She was a fragile, stricken thing. Her heart, almost at the same moment, had received two strokes that had well-nigh proven death-blows. But she walked with her sweet grace and touching resignation into Mrs. Hamilton's home, almost the only sunbeam there—a faint one, it is true—but warm and caressing, like the lingering ray of heart-broken, dying summer.

During the first week of her stay, in consideration of her recent bereavement, Louisa desired that Amy should share her room; but one morning she said :

"I want you established to your liking for the winter. This room next mine is mother's. That at the end of the passage is John's; and Mary sleeps in the one opposite mine. The rest are vacant. Now I want you to go alone into each, and choose your sanctum. There is a small bedroom connected with each, and you can sleep alone, or with me, as you prefer."

"Thank you for your delicate kindness. I will sleep alone, lest the state of my health affect yours. But, if you please, choose for me," said Amy, unwilling to avail herself of such unlimited freedom.

But Louisa insisted that she should please herself. After a half-hour Amy knocked at her door.

"I have made my choice," she said. "You will tell me, if I have not pleased you in it?"

"Oh, but you have, I know, if you have pleased yourself."

"This is the one, then," she said, throwing open the door of Lawrence's room. "I took the liberty of opening the blinds in each room, and this seemed the most cheerful and bright; and I need the sunshine. Besides, I like the view of the winter sunset these windows will give me. Somehow I always feel strengthened by witnessing the sun's victorious battling with the sullen clouds. The other rooms seemed drear and chill, as though they had never been made a home of. There seems a floating presence here; something familiar and sadly human, needing sympathy and companionship. Don't you feel it now, though there are no signs of recent occupancy? The pictures, in their very silence, speak to me; and the closed books tell of youthful taste and freshness. Will you let me take this room—for the sake of its home-like atmosphere—and people it with what fancies I will? They will come from afar, and commingle perhaps with those once cherished here. My beautiful home in the city will rise before me; my noble father, my gentle lady mother, my friends be present with me. They are gone now, save in memory and fleeting vision. And I am some time going! I wonder if I shall leave fragrant memories to any. But they are not all *dead* who are gone! Living—shall I prove cause for regret or repining?"

"Forgive me, I beg," she continued, as the sound of Louisa's sobs caught her ear, "I am foolish and nervous, because of your very kindness. I am not wont to be so. I am sorry and ashamed, if I have in any way pained you."

But Louisa was not pained, though her tears prevented utterance. Amy's choice of rooms had been so unexpected. There was something so dreary and death-like in the stillness of this unoccupied apartment, that she supposed it must repulse others as it did her.

She had seldom entered it after the first month of her brother's departure—when, with the desperate courage with which we hide from our every-day view all reminders of the loved and lost—she had quietly put away his personal belongings, and placed the room in severe, and to her, hopeless order. Amy's recognition of the some time youthful occupancy; her appeal for its suggestive inclosure; her tender allusion to her friends—all lost—though some, like hers perhaps, wandered upon the earth *estranged*; her resignation; her sweet faith and hopefulness, contrasted with her own uncompromising attitude of grief—came upon her now, like the gentle rain of late winter, breaking up for her the waters which had so long ago suddenly congealed—in their very swell of happiness—about her heart.

Amy, with her quick intuition, saw that it could not be her plaintive words alone that had

opened so abundant a fountain, and she sat down by the weeping girl, and put both arms around her, so soon comforting, where she had only thought to be comforted. After Louisa's sobs grew more gentle, Amy said :

"I see that I have unwillingly touched some chord that vibrates with pain. Maybe, it was my allusion to my lost ones. Maybe, it was my choice of rooms. But I like those, Louisa—may I call you so? They have a sound in them that tells me they have been long repressed. They will take away the look I saw in your eyes, even when my own were heavy with sorrow. I thought—forgive me, my comforter and friend—that in your experience of what all must share, that you had looked within, until you had lost the power of looking up. I have found that my own heart's reflection of God is often distortion. It is only by looking trustfully into His face that I can find comfort; because then I see Him as He is."

"I will take you to your room now," she continued, as Louisa did not speak.

"There, now, good-bye, for a while."

Even in the short time she had been there, Amy felt she had a mission in this house. There was something lacking, that should pervade the atmosphere of a home. She understood now, that there was some secret cause of sorrow which made Louisa so cold, in her fresh youthfulness; and her mother so fretful amid cheerful surroundings. And, covering her own grief, she resolved to lighten theirs.

"I am glad you have come, dear," said Mrs. Hamilton, as Amy entered the room; "you have been here but a week, and yet it seems as if I had known you always. I miss you if you are out of my sight."

The tears of thankfulness rose to Amy's eyes; she sat down by the lady's side, and laid her head in her lap, and once kissed the caressing fingers that stroked her hair.

"Your cough pains me, my child. How long has it troubled you?"

"I hardly know. I have not been strong for years."

"I shall send for Dr. Harper when John goes to town. I am sure he can cure you."

"I thank you heartily. But I must not put myself under such obligations. I have no money to pay for his attendance. I may grow better when the spring approaches."

Dr. Harper was nevertheless summoned. He said but little; and Amy, although understanding his reticence, followed his directions minutely—taking the fresh air when it was not too cool, and availing herself of every bright spot in her path.

Her room was the cheeriest nook in all the house. No signs of winter or heart-chill were visible there. Fresh ivy-vines ran riot over her

windows, and pet birds trilled to each other and the sunshine.

The warm-tinted pictures and the gay-covered books were never disturbed. But every morning found a fresh flower or two, breathing its sweet odor just under the one, and resting its soft, loving leaves over against the other.

"Offerings to, or gentle reminders of, the other presence once familiarized here," she said; as Louisa asked one day the language her flowers expressed for her.

"And this group of greenness, Amy? I had no idea there were so many shades of this beautiful color," said Louisa, striving to hide her emotion.

"It speaks of my mother—perennial verdure is emblematic of unchanging love."

On the little work-table, week after week there had stood in a fragile vase, a few tiny blossoms, so delicate, that evening found them half withered and drooping. Louisa touched them lightly now, and looked inquiringly at her friend.

The swift color rose to Amy's cheek and overspread her brow, then receded, leaving a shade of pain under the tender, beseeching eyes.

Louisa turned and looked out of the window. Like unto her own, perhaps, was Amy's suffering—save the dreadful thought of crime linked with it. Oh! but for that, she could endure without bitterness, unto the very end. Yet she took shame to herself that she had not been able to present in her daily life something beside the barren, leafless stalk, when this fragile, orphaned thing lived out the perfume of her sweet trustfulness, and spoke to herself—whether it were of sad or tender memories—in flowers.

Through this very "gate of odors," through which Amy seemed to draw her life, influences were unaware, coming to her, softening her grief to tender, touching sorrow. Her hand, as yet, added no flowers, to those ever blooming near Lawrence's cherished things; but a soft kiss fell sometimes, on those her gentle friend placed there.

It was an enigma to Louisa, that she could find comfort in the very room she had so long shunned. She never entered it now, but that Lawrence rose before her as he sat there so many months ago, throwing back his sunny hair, as he bent over his books. The thought of all that had intervened would overwhelm her at times; yet her feelings were more healthful, working off through their natural channel, all morbid secretions. And the prayer that now arose was through quivering, not frigid, lips; and truly a prayer, because a *burden* too. She was descending slowly from her high pedestal of exclusive grief; and fond, forgiving thoughts clustered where bitter ones had lain. A lesson, every day, she was learning; and cause for thankfulness, even for the sad, blank present.

But she could never be again the warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl of other days. The gush of spontaneous happiness had been stayed and sealed forever. Though some time she might stoop to sip of some quiet streamlet.

In the hopeful days which lay back of her pain, she had pictured to herself her womanhood. A happy-hearted matron she would be, cheerful and bright, like the noon tide of summer. Husband and children should dwell in the light of her smiles.

And yet, perhaps, all that she had become, lay of those expectant days in embryo, and, in the interim it may be that her expended forces were elaborating nutriment for future growth, as the tree in its secret laboratory is storing away sufficient pabulum each year, for the coming year's bud and blossom.

Throughout the winter's dreariness there had been wise culture of her heart.

And with all, came the natural, not to be denied desire, for her brother's reformation and return, amounting to a fever of hopeful, passionate prayer. And, for Grant's society, a longing that could scarce be quieted.

It were wrong to say, that no hours of intense suffering came to the gentle, helpful Amy; or that her woman's heart did not grow faint with yearning.

It was no light thing, that her affections had been suddenly and harshly torn asunder, though she felt they were tending upward with their bleeding.

The angelic sweetness of her character was being rapidly developed, and the simplicity of her trust, being perfected every hour, as her mortal feet were surely turning Zionward.

Oh! it is through these *riven* hearts the kingdom cometh!

CHAPTER XVI.

Spring came again, as joyously as though winter had not been, and no graves, or broken hearts, or misspent hours lay between it and its last year's dawning. Daisies were strewn over hill-top and meadow, and golden blossoms lifted their cups for the dew.

The city, astir with new life, burnished its stores, and hung its windows with fresh colors and gauzy fabrics, as in hopeful years agone, when they who now rest from their labors, or walk yet upon the earth, unfortunate and discouraged, sprang with light step upon the stage of action, to shape their own—maybe the nation's destiny.

It were a solemn thing to trace back through the various gradations the influences of evil, which hung curtain-like over the city's pride, as the morning mist veileth the sun. Yet one can but think—were all the heart-throbs counted in—

the innocent must outnumber the vile, else must good eventually succumb to evil. There must be moments of bitter regret in the minds of the guilty; and yearnings toward child-like innocence in all. Are not these reckoned over against error, and their weight admitted with things which balance toward the right?

It has been said "that each passing moment witnesseth somewhere the death throe and the birth pang." Perhaps it noteth also the crisis come to some human heart, when but a thought or wish will preponderate toward good or ill.

Such a time had come, at least, to four, who had participated in the scene of gayety at Kirbaite's mansion. Kirbaite himself, who had come with his stolen secrets from the heart of France, was returning hither. His house was closed and silent; and the gems his work-shop had hoarded were secured about him as though they were priceless treasure. He knew that they were false. In testing them, he had found that the measure he had meted was returned to him. He understood also *who* had wrought the cunning work.

But there was no redress. In seeking justice, he would put himself in jeopardy; and so, with inclination toward intrigue in other lands, he went his way. There had been no softening of his heart toward his daughter. It was closed, like his home—with whatever of comfort there had been within it—shut up to blackness and cold. It had with all its sin—its bitterness. Harder to be borne perhaps, because of the knowledge that it was just retribution. Gems, whether true or false, or however obtained, can bring no real good to the possessor, whose heart is ill at ease, as Lawrence Hamilton found when day by day he had looked upon his treasures. In the first flush of insane joy he gloated over them, as so many shining evidences of his satisfied revenge. But that had passed away; and he sought to hide them from his sight, because by their very purity and truth, they reflected the sad distortion of his moral nature.

He had not abducted them for their own sake; and dared not, if he wished, procure the money value of them. They had become to him a means of torture, and he hoped each day that they would be stolen from him; yet with miserly care he secreted them, endeavoring thus to forget their presence. But they looked at him ever from their hiding-place—their phosphorescent gleams mocking him like the phantom happiness he had pursued and lost; their eyes of light burning conviction into his soul.

He had rather they were a thousand times more false than those he had exchanged for them; for then they would prove in vain to taunt him. Through their truth he was forced to look down the dark gulf which separated him from his home. On the brink of it were flowers and

sunshine; but he had thrust them all aside, and plunged into darkness, and among the thorns.

He wished he had grown up in the desert, where no flowers ever bloomed, that a stray blossom now might flutter him a hope. He wished he had been employed on some hideous design, and thus have worked out the deformity of his soul, rather than have it gain such monstrosity while his fingers fashioned forms of beauty. He wished he had been born like the miner-boy, hundreds of feet under the earth, and, the one ray of light streaming through the shaft, had been his first, for it were then a herald of increasing glory, *not* the far-off glimmer of what must ever more recede.

He wished he had never been born at all. Or being born, had inherited annihilation. And, writhing under the torture of remorse, he tried to live without repentance; and start anew toward right, with the black night of sin clinging to him; till his exhausted frame succumbed to agony of mind, and he was prostrated with illness and wearing pain. Delirium seized hold of him, and they who watched were shocked with his familiarity with sin, and his curses on those who had wronged him.

Then they grew tearful when he called for the fair girl, who once looked with yearning eyes on him, and stood for a moment between him and his fate. His mother and sister he never mentioned, and those who ministered to him, supposing he had neither, gave him what of tenderness they could.

His constitution was strong, and after a while he rallied. With the confidence of convalescence he pronounced himself well. He had decided the city was no longer the place for him. From the scene of his temptation and suffering he *must* go. The world was large and broad. He would traverse its length and breadth; and influences, like the effacing tide, would sweep over his heart, and wash away its unwelcome memories. Variety, beautiful and winsome, would present itself ever to his admiring eye, and cheat it of its lingering on old suggestive forms. People of every tongue there were, from among whom he could choose his friends. Yes—he would go. The ocean should be a separation—not a link. Each day's horizon as he journeyed, a distinct division—not a protecting canopy, whose fringes here and there but dropped softly between him and his kin.

He would build up a new foundation, square and true. The old blocks, chipped and marred, which made up his character, should sink out of sight, and the fair structure should have in it no reminder of the old. And, after a time, he would come home proud of its true proportions.

But he forgot that the shifting stones sunken out of sight were not the solid rock. And in all

the outlooks he had planned, none were directed heavenward!

He had wrought himself to a softened mood, and the deepening twilight hallowed it; and he laid himself down to self-satisfied repose. All were not *lost*, because much had been wasted. And taking heart that his good resolves were proofs of latent virtue, he fell asleep amid visions of moral greatness, and tender memories of home.

He must take a farewell look at that home. It was his heritage. A sight of it would strengthen him—the columns of its porticos were so upright—its overshadowing trees so tall and straight—the slope of its lawn so direct to the rich growth of the garden. No one need see him. He would go.

The jewels, too—those taunting emblems of truth, accusing him ever of falseness—must be hidden away. How could he ever have taken them? They were of no worth to him—their icy glitter mocked him. They *should* glow and burn in their representation of completed revenge, but they flashed and sparkled in their lofty consciousness of purity, and with scorn for anything so base as he. He never could take them with him. They would search him out with their eyes of light from under the new character he meant to build.

Should he return them to Kirbaite? *Never* while the world stood! To their real owners then? He shrank from this. By such an act, he would acknowledge himself a thief.

He gathered the gems into small compass, and when twilight came again, they were in the earth, underneath the familiar spot his boyish feet had carelessly traversed.

He had reckoned too much on his strength. Just able to gain the shelter of the summer-house, he fell upon the rustic seat exhausted. And the morning light, looking boldly in, brightened up to almost golden beauty, the clustering locks of the abundant hair, that once to Louisa's anxious eyes, had seemed to grow dark with quenched sunlight.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was one of Amy's hopeful mornings. She had passed a quiet night, and had strolled out for a breath of invigorating air. Her step had somewhat of its old elasticity. Her cheek glowed and her eye sparkled with the delusive beauty consumption lends to its victims. She had stepped within the vine-shaded retreat before she noticed its occupancy, and she started a little at sight of a stranger. She was about to turn away when Lawrence opened his eyes, and fixed his gaze upon her. He had attempted to rise, but he fell back again, a flood of recollections seem-

ing to overcome him; but he recovered himself in a moment, and said:

"Do you come to taunt me now, with the remembrance of my disgrace, when I had turned from the sight of it? With cheek like the ruby, and eye like the diamond, would you flash to me a thought of those merciless jewels?"

Amy saw that his mind was affected, and her first impulse was to flee; but something familiar in his look arrested her, and her thought went back to the hour when she stood with such flickering hope in the dingy old workshop, and saw her glittering treasure ground away. In his countenance, now pale with suffering, there was certainly a resemblance to Louisa's fair face, as she saw it bending over her in her extremity. *His* might be the youthful presence she had ministered to in her room. *He* the cause of all the suffering under whose sable cloud her friend had walked till her eyes had grown blind to the glad light.

"Oh! if it should be; and she might save him from what of sin enveloped him, and thus restore four-fold to this family, the kindness they had lavished upon her.

"Where is your home?" she asked.

"It was here. Ravenstream is my inheritance," Lawrence replied, unable to evade her truth-compelling eyes.

"And your mother and sister. Had you not both? And did they not love and cherish you?"

"Yes, yes! But don't tell Louisa I am here. She is strict in her sense of right. She is so proud, so sensitive, so virtuous, she will shrink from me. And the jewels, you know; they are hid. But she will search them out. Cover them up deeper. Heap the earth upon them; they are mocking me with their torturing gleams. Don't let Louisa know I am here. You may stay; you do not shrink from me. Beckon for me; I will try to come. Don't follow and spy me out. Don't let Louisa come!" and he fainted.

Amy hesitated. The most natural impulse was to call Louisa; but he begged so hard that she would not that she hardly knew how to act. Seeing John at a little distance, she called him to her.

"Do you know this young man?" she asked.

John looked at him a moment, doubtfully, then said:

"It is Master Lawrence, for sure, Miss Amy."

"And who is Master Lawrence?"

"Why, Mrs. Hamilton's son, what hasn't been home in so long. Oh! won't they be glad he is come! But he's just sick, he is. He ain't a going to die, is he, Miss Amy?"

"I trust not; he has fainted from fatigue, I think. You please take charge of him till I inform the family he is here. Do not let him go. He is feverish as well as faint, and scarcely knows what he is about."

"I'll do just as you say, Miss," replied John, listing the young man's head into his lap, and running his fingers through the auburn hair.

Amy went in search of Louisa, feeling that Mrs. Hamilton could render no practical aid, and something must be done to restore him to consciousness.

It was a delicate task for Amy to speak to her friend of the brother, of whose existence she was supposed to be ignorant; and her voice trembled as with gentle diplomacy she asked a few leading questions.

"Amy! you torture me. He has come home. Tell me he has come!"

"And if he had come, Louisa," said Amy, taking the agitated girl's hand, "and had fallen sick by the way, would his sister keep brave and strong, to say what must be done, though she were not permitted to do it?"

"What do you mean, Amy?" asked Louisa, shaking like an aspen. "He cannot be *dead*. God would not try me so."

"No, dear; not dead, or in danger, I trust; but a little delirious, and afraid to have his pure sister come. He seems to recollect and dwell upon some error," replied Amy gently.

Louisa held her hands tightly over her heart. The expression of her face was one of mingled thankfulness and anguish; but after a little she said calmly:

"Find John, and have him bring my brother in. The sitting-room you occupy was his, Amy. When he grows conscious, it will be best that he finds himself among familiar scenes. You will not mind if I arrange the room for him, as I did so long, so long ago, in his innocent days."

Amy kissed her, and went back to Lawrence, who was brought in and laid upon his couch. For weeks his life hung upon a thread. He begged constantly that they would hide away the jewels, and him from his mother and sister. Yet he did not appear to recognize them, although they were in constant attendance upon him.

At last Dr. Harper told Amy the crisis had come. When he woke, it would be to life or speedy death.

He had connected her with hope for the future, for he called for her plaintively, though none but she knew what he meant. She wished to be near him when he awoke to consciousness, and she persuaded Louisa and her mother to rest for awhile. A sight of his sister, she thought, might throw him back into delirium.

"Where am I?" asked Lawrence, at length, waking from the lethargic sleep, and looking at Amy with a feeble smile.

"With those who love and cherish you," she answered simply. "But you are weak; please don't talk now."

"I am glad you are here. Will you stay?"

Amy bowed and smiled, laying her finger on her lip.

"I thought *they* were here—Louisa and Clifford, Kirbaite and Janet, and Osmond; are they all gone?"

"Yes," replied Amy, her fingers tightening with sudden pain.

"Did anything hurt you?" asked Lawrence, seeing her look.

"No; not much. It will soon be over. Be quiet now, for my sake."

He smiled on her again, closed his eyes wearily, and lay in a half dreamy state, scarce lifting his languid eyelids when Amy held the few drops of cordial to his lips.

When he woke again, he had visibly revived, for he looked around in a startled manner. A recollection of the past seemed to come over him, for he said half to himself:

"I did not mean to come in. I will go away to-morrow before they see me. When I come back reformed, they will be glad."

"They will be glad now," said Amy, gently.

"Who?" he asked. "Not Louisa—she will not!" and he groaned and turned his face to the wall.

With great caution and tenderness, Amy told him how his sister had yearned for him in the years of his absence, how she had watched over him during his illness, and that now she was waiting to meet his recognizing glance.

After a little she went out, and Louisa came in, and laid her tearful cheek against her brother's.

But he made no sign; nor opened his eyes. Only the faint color of shame mounted slowly to his brow, and his lips quivered with suppressed feeling.

Louisa kissed him again and again.

"You do not utterly despise me then, sister?" he asked, returning her kiss. "But you do not know all. I was going away; I would not have come in but for her. Her eyes are so bright and tender; and a thought of her is rest and happiness. What is her name?"

"Amy Russell," replied the sister, her eyes welling over at the sight of his weakness.

"Amy! Amy!" he repeated; "the name breathes of love and of flowers."

A wave of pain rolled over the sister's heart. She had longed so for this hour! and pictured a thousand times the meeting which her awakened heart assured her would some time come.

And now, after such anxious waiting for the first look of recognition—when all her anguish should be swallowed up in joy, and her influence be acknowledged as the one hallowed power that had followed him in his wanderings, and brought him back to her embrace—he spoke of another, as having drawn him hither, and linked her name with poesy, and dwelt on its sound with tenderness!

But her brother had come home! Should she

question the Providence that brought him? or murmur at the way? Oh! should she not rather let her heart run over with prayer and song, that the gentle Amy, whom she had tried to comfort, had brought her to such knowledge of herself—and to her such blessed, blessed recompense!

She had grown used to disappointment. She was accustomed to disallowed self-sacrifice; and she hushed the rebellious feelings of her heart, and accepted with thankfulness what God in His own way had brought her.

She had much to be grateful for. The anxieties of her early womanhood could never come back to her. The incubus was lifted from her heart, and the life principle circulated again, freely and naturally. Could her brother start from this hour toward uprightness, that were indeed enough for her purged heart—though, even in regard to him, the visions of her youth were but half fulfilled.

Yet even the simple nightly dreams which come to bewilder us, if once broken, can never be finished out to their shadowy witchery again. What wonder, if to the shattered hopes of our waking hours, no realization of their pictured joy can ever come!

Yet, maybe, God had granted her more than in her short-sightedness she blessed Him for. Perhaps the well of her affections kept moist the rootlets of virtue in the depths of her brother's being—though the parched and blackened leaves thereof lay like dead hopes about.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Autumn had nearly come again, before Lawrence had fully recovered, and still he lingered in his home.

The fever and strain of his few past years had exhausted his vital forces, and the reaction was in some respects lamentable. He had turned his back on his old life, and that was all. He registered vows concerning the past, and made some resolves for the future; but he made no progress. He stood like the engine—with its whir of the swift turning wheel, indicating some desire for action, but reluctant to give the labored revolutions, which take sure hold on the track.

He was distressed at the experience his sin had brought him, but he did not particularly abhor the sin itself. At least, he gave no evidence of that deep, searching conviction, which insists on restitution; though his countenance was sad, and his manner regretful.

Louisa did not seem to understand where the fault itself lay—if, indeed, fault there were. He was at home again, and much improvement had come to him with his developed manhood. His boyish vehemence had given way to gentleness, and his language and address were refined—the

effect, in large measure, no doubt, of the silent ministry of the beauteous forms of art, with which he had been so peculiarly familiar. The furnace heat of his betrayed passion had burned itself out, leaving, it would seem, nothing wherewith to kindle another flame. The affection which his mother and sister lavished upon him, though it soothed his stricken heart, brought no shadow of response.

Toward Amy he was singularly attracted. He followed her about the house, as though she held for him some clue to greatness. Her influence over him was most salutary. When alone with him, she would lead him to speak of himself, and thereby gained an insight into his character. Through her encouragement, he was stimulated to throw off his inertia, and enter again the busy scenes of life, until he should come into his inheritance.

He therefore connected himself with a large jewelry establishment in the city. Every moment of his employed time was as a mirror, reflecting the base motives which had hitherto given direction to his skill. But the quiet evening hours at home threw a shading mist over it, concealing or softening the hideous proportions.

The gold he shaped grew lurid sometimes, as with shame; and the jewels he handled looked through his soul; but they were temptations no longer—only stern, unrelenting reminders. In the diseased state of his mind he came almost to rejoice in their accusations, thinking, by self-inflicted torture, to expiate his guilt.

One night, a member of the firm being absent, Lawrence remained at his place of business later than usual. He was still in the work-room when the senior partner entered, and laid before him a velvet casket. Seeing he was expected to open it, Lawrence touched the spring, and reeled at sight of what it contained.

His first thought was that the hidden gems had been discovered, and his guilt detected. For there were the mocking counterfeits of the Clifford jewels.

"I do not wonder you start," remarked the gentleman, "they almost reflect the workings of one's soul. They are offered for sale for much less than their real value. I should hesitate to take them, fearing they had been stolen; but that the lady who offers them has such marvelous beauty and haughty arrogance underneath her plain attire. Some child of high birth, doubtless reduced to the extremity of disposing of the family jewels. But test them Hamilton; I can afford to be generous with her for such gems as these."

There was no need of the test. While his employer had been speaking he had examined them carefully, and he knew his fingers had fashioned the exquisite finish of the setting. But he put them to the criterion nevertheless, immeasurably relieved at the result.

"Spurious! is it possible?" said his employer, "with the old-fashioned color of the gold, and the antique design? I trow there has been tampering here. Our ancestors despised such imitation; and this gold would presuppose the first possessor noble. Take them in, Hamilton, and tell her. I fear I should be too severe; though, to be sure, she may believe them genuine."

Lawrence, with a strange sort of feeling, approached the woman who stood impatiently awaiting the decision.

It was Janet, as he thought. When he last saw her she was robed in beauty, and stood a bride. Why was she here alone, and in homely garb, reduced to the humiliating necessity of selling the gift she should have blushed to offer as her own property?

He was ignorant of the sequel which followed so speedily her clandestine marriage; and that what in his bitterness he had hoped for her had come without his aid. He now supposed she was in some measure under the black shadow of his carefully-purposed revenge. Oh! it was satisfying! He could not but feel it so, as he stood face to face with her, and saw her look of surprise and mortification as she recognized him.

He was glad of the meeting for other reasons. It was a test to his feelings. There was no stir of his pulses, he found, and he smiled half bitterly. If in this folly he had conquered himself, it were a hopeful indication. The others—which lay an irritation between him and peace—could perhaps be as completely vanquished. Some scars might remain, but whose life was free from battle? And what battle ever waged that left no mark of wound, or stain of blood?

He bowed, after a moment of silence, and the lady slightly inclined her head. With a look of ill-concealed triumph he said :

"I regret, madam, that we cannot accept your offer. With all their appearance of worth, these gems are false."

"Impossible!" she replied, surprised and angry. "If you knew how they came into my possession, you would hesitate to pass such hasty judgment."

"Nevertheless, madam, they will not stand the test. I trust the touchstone will not reveal other treasures false to you, beside your jewels."

"Sir!" she said, haughtily; and then in a tone of quiet command, in which just a shade of sarcasm was perceptible, "will you be so kind as to send the proprietor of this establishment to me? I desire to speak with him."

Lawrence watched her, as his own assertion was verified by his employer. If aught beside triumph could have entered his heart at that moment, he would have pitied her as she left the store.

All the woe which she had apprehended, as

she crouched under her father's denunciation, at her bridal hour, was being realized to this deceitful woman. Her husband had found that in selling himself for gold, he had bought dross too dearly; and after a few weeks he left her, and with hardly sufficient means to live out half the year.

She had succeeded in keeping herself above actual want, holding the gems, which she had shamefully retained, against some trying emergency. It had come now, and she had failed to realize anything from them! Disappointment almost took away her breath.

"The bitterness of the curse has fallen upon me!" she repeated to herself, as she rushed wildly through the streets. "Before, I have deliberately exchanged the real for the worthless; and now pure gems have changed to shining stones upon my hands! It is the transforming power of the curse!"

She gained her room, and crouched down in its corner, shivering with guilty fear. She could not understand that she had brought the suffering upon herself, and given to the anathema its power and sting. Nor did she consider that she was only partaking in her own experience of what, without compunction, she had offered unto others.

Her meeting with young Hamilton awoke a conflict in her soul, and brought back to vivid remembrance the triumph of her maidenhood. She saw herself again the centre of attraction, and recalled her power over human hearts.

Why might she not sway others now, as here tofore? Had she lost one tithe of her beauty or art?

She rose and looked in the glass, clasping the glittering baubles around her throat with a shudder of fear, that glazed her eye, and paled her lips, but she held herself otherwise firm. She would not flinch now, though their mysterious spell cast itself over her living heart, and stayed its pulsations.

After a little, the color came back to her cheek, and the play of sensibility softened the lines about her mouth. Yes, she had power yet in her wondrous eyes; and magnetism in every tissue of her fair person. Why not forget the past, and brave the future? and, by her influence upon the multitude, gain both fame and fortune? Her resolve was taken, and acting upon it without delay, she placed herself under a course of training.

In after years—when the beautiful tragedian held the throng entranced by the magic power of her consummate skill—none knew under what influences it had been nurtured, or how her hungry heart was greedily filling itself with unsatisfying husks.

Over all plays—whether it be the farce that representeth much, or the tragedy itself—the

curtain falls at last. The confusion of censuring tongue, the disorder of incomplete arrangements, the mortification for whatever of defect there may have been, is shut in from the world's carpentering gaze.

Over this erring woman's career we drop the veil of charity, knowing sooner or later, Death, by his subtle alchemy, will hold *us*, jewel or base stone, before God's scrutiny.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lawrence Hamilton had been now almost a year under the healthful influences of his home. The contraction of his brow was giving way a little, and his depression of manner changing to hopefulness.

Spring sights had something of their old promise, and spring voices a sound of sweetness in them, though the echoes they woke in his soul had the moan of the swaying willow, and the sigh of the wind-swept harp. With his sister he felt under the restraints of a high code of virtue, from whose strict standard he would suffer himself never more to depart. But with the gentle Amy, he felt as under the shadow of an angel's wing.

No other could have so won his confidence. She walked into the recesses of his nature with scarce a recoil on his part, and no visible shock on hers. He felt neither satisfied nor safe when away from her; and all the charms of the city could not keep him a moment after his release from business.

He was gradually gathering in all the hopes that had thrust their fibers out in search of lasting happiness, and centering them upon her—not seeing, what was apparent to other eyes, that like a flower she was fading!—the perfume of her life, pressed out by her heart sorrow, growing sweeter and softer *because* it was dying away and mingling itself, for a moment on earth, with wafts of fragrance from the Celestial City.

He took her one day in the glow of the August twilight, and placed her by his side in the embrasure of the vine-shaded summer-house. He remained silent for a while, except that he pulled the leaves from the clustering woodbine, and scattered them carelessly about.

"You are plucking them idly," she said, "andrewing them without heed; but no care or honest endeavor can replace them, or restore their lost verdure again."

He ceased his employment instantly, and looked sadly at the leaves at his feet.

"If I understand you aright, it is of no avail. What is lost can never be recovered."

"But my friend," she replied, "Look at the vine—of its leaves there are many remaining; and, though it might be divested of all, the trunk

is still there, with its life principle. More shoots would of another spring-time start forth, and the fresh foliage cover the loss of the old."

"You offer me hope. But without the warm sunshine these leaves would not grow. There is no light, or sign of energizing heat, in all my moral nature. Oh! will *you* be the sun that shall vivify the blasted plants of virtue, that once had some place within my heart?"

She trembled a little, and looked at him inquiringly, but he gave her no time for reply. With rapid, vehement utterance, he went over the history of his past, telling her every impulse and shade of thought connected therewith.

The tears were falling in soft showers from Amy's eyes when he ceased. He leaned toward her, saying:

"I am unfit for your pure society; but you do not shrink from me—your precious tears of sympathy tell me that. In all my fearful career of guilt, though I forgot the teachings of my mother, the influence of my sister, and the hallowed memories of my home—I never quite forgot the look you gave me so long ago; and the remembrance of it invariably sent my thoughts back to my innocent childhood. If there is any desire in my heart now to establish a good character, any resolve to honor henceforth the noble estate of manhood, and live to some lofty purpose, I owe it all to the tender encouragement which you have hourly given me; and which has grown into my soul, its one sacred impulse toward right and truth."

"I have made you my confession. It has been so hard to do it, that it seems almost as if some remission of my guilt must come. But I have another avowal to make, whose nature would involve the former. *I love you, Amy—sweet flower—as the plant loves the refreshing dew. I love you, Amy—fair star—as the lost wanderer loves the guiding heavenly light. Oh! Amy, my beloved, can you give yourself to one who though guilty and unhappy, hangs on you all his hopes for safety, peace and rest?"*

She clung to his arm in her weakness, but could not reply. The sudden, unexpected avowal had taken away her breath. She had thought to lead him into paths of virtue, and hold him perchance by her influence reclaimed—as a thank-offering for Louisa's care of her. Oh! now he had thrown himself upon her compassion, and claimed the love she could not give as his security for hope! For a moment she wavered. Her heart was dead to all earthly loves; it *must* be dead, for she could not love one who was now another's; though in her bosom there were some pangs like unto death throes. She was but a little time for earth. Should she not smother, nay, *sacrifice* her feelings if need be, for the safety of this erring soul pleading for her aid? Did not God seem to require it of her, by placing

her in this position, and hemming her up to immediate decision? It was but for a moment. She must not forfeit her truth, and do evil that good might come. It was only under God that her influence could avail. *Without* her He could bring about His purposes; and Lawrence must learn that no earthly arm could support him—no human power redeem him from his guilt. Her emotions overwhelmed her, and brought on a violent and alarming fit of coughing. Lawrence grew pale.

"Oh, Amy, forgive me!" he cried, "you are staying too long in the evening air, and your cold is worse. Don't talk now; I will carry you in," And he lifted her light form, and carried her to her room.

As he laid her upon the lounge, and arranged her cushions, he bent over and kissed her brow, and said :

"If you can bid me hope, Amy, sweet girl, touch your lips to my cheek," and again he bent over her.

The gentle girl laid her fair face a moment beside his, most soothingly. But she gave him no kiss; and her eyelids drooped, that she might not witness the pain she could not heal. Lawrence knelt beside her, and hid his face to stifle the groan he could not suppress.

He almost feared for himself, as he left the room, least he should go back into sin. But his grief was too poignant yet, and he had learned that evil deeds were no antidote for sorrow. He went, as usual, the next day to the city. He had not seen Amy; and there was no comfort anywhere. Would there ever be in the wide world for him?

But she sent for him on his return, and bade him sit down at her feet.

How strangely pale she looked, now that her fever-flush was gone! How ethereal in her loveliness! He almost feared she would vanish away from his sight, and be caught up by the angels.

Perhaps she had *suffered*, too. Her white arm he noted as the loose sleeve fell back, was so wasted. How strange he had not noticed before how fragile she was—and he shivered with sudden dread.

"I meant to have helped you, Lawrence," she said, laying her hand on his clustering hair, as she saw his lip quiver, "and I have brought you pain. Will you not see in my pallid cheek, and my wasted form, what I fear to tell you? You know how stealthily death sometimes cometh, eating away the lungs, and pressing out the breath. I am *dying*, Lawrence, slowly but surely. I cannot give you what you ask. Ere long, I shall have passed away."

Lawrence groaned, but he could not have it so. He caught her hand.

"You will live. You *must* live. We will cure you. But while you are spared to us, Amy,

let me take you as mine. I will cherish you so that death will not come."

"Do not deceive yourself with false hopes, dear friend," as Lawrence brightened under the delusive vision he had evoked; "nor must I deceive you. Were my life prolonged, I could never grant your desire. Bow your head, please, that you may not look on my face while I tell you my story."

With a little of struggle, and now and then a dry sob, she led him with her over the path she had come—concealing the sharpest thorns, lest they wound him, too, and revealing the light which had shone behind the darkest cloud.

"Could you tell me his name?" Lawrence asked, spasmodically, as she spoke of him on whom she had rested her love and faith.

"My God!" he exclaimed, as the trembling lips whispered it. "Is Janet, the traitress, linked with all this complication of woe? Oh! may it return to her own bosom, a thousand fold embittered!"

"Lawrence!—Lawrence!" begged Amy.

But his hands clenched tightly; then he moaned. What would his execrations and regrets avail now? What were anything or all the world to him? Amy's love could never be his; and if it could, she was dying. Yes! he could see it now; and he wept aloud.

With touching sweetness, Amy spoke of the peace which filled her heart—even that peace which passeth understanding. She spoke of our depravity—of our inability in ourselves to meet the requirements of God's holy law; naming gently over each sin in her listener's catalogue of guilt, asking whereby his punishment could be remitted, and if, when he died, he could meet her in heaven.

"I shall want you there," she said. "Oh, Lawrence! will you come?"

His writhing was painful to look upon; but she did not spare him, though her tears dropped fast on his hair, like baptismal water.

After a little, she recalled to his mind the love of the Saviour—His readiness to wash away the blackest guilt, and save the sinner, for whom He had given His life.

But the stricken man could not understand, and seeking his room, he gave himself up to despair.

He thought he had *already* passed through the agonies of remorse; and that over, his tortured spirit, his determination toward a new life, was laid as an emollient. But the conviction of guilt that *now* entered his soul, was like the jagged barb of a searching arrow, working itself deeper with terrible pain at his every effort to remove it. The arrow had received point, too, from the gentle hand of her he loved!

Oh! if his endeavors were of no avail; and the sting of guilt could not be quieted, must

there not be some fearful uprooting of the old nature, ere peace could come to him? How could it ever be, with the old sins ingrained there, and the old wounds opening anew?

He could not apply himself to business. He would see no one; neither take any refreshment. He walked his room by day, in a vain struggle to keep his head above the deep waters. He kept his eyes staring wide open at night, least the darkness, unaware, should envelope him. Before him continually, it floated like chaotic gloom—taking some strange remembered form, or transforming itself for one threatening moment into points of light, to fall again into denser darkness. Sometimes he thought to kneel in prayer; but his proud suffering heart lifted itself in throbs of remonstrance against the God, who could take from earth its sweetest treasure—and from him an influence toward the right. Then back over it all, the thought with crushing weight would roll—her hand, her love could never be his!

It was a bitter summing up of sorrows, which his awakened conscience told him was but just punishment for sin.

Oh! if by patient endurance of the one, relief from the accusing power of the other might sometime come.

It was a terrible conflict; but the travailing spirit came out at last victorious, through the mighty power of the great Intercessor. There was no exuberant joy in the soul at its new birth. There had been too much of anguish in putting off the old man. But a sense of peace followed, like a gentle ripple, over his heart, as he rested himself at length in the arms of the pitying, loving Saviour.

Many a morning had come with its glad light, and merged from noonday into midnight; but he had not noted if there had been day at all. Now as the light of the summer sun flooded the world, his heart fluttered and filled with tender praise, as under the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

He sought Amy with subdued, but hopeful air; sat beside her, and kissed her cheek as a brother might, saying:

"I have found Him, Amy, of whom you told me; and the peace of which you spoke."

"Oh! I knew it! I knew it! Thank God!" replied the happy girl, her eyes overflowing with thankful tears, as she looked at the haggard face of her companion, and comprehended through what tribulation he had come.

Yes! God had understood better than she. She had grieved that he had loved her, and in vain. She saw now that the tender affection that had bound itself around her had been laid, with his unbelief and his rebellious will, upon the altar. The dearest treasure had been the last, because the hardest, to relinquish; but

complete renunciation of himself had brought redemption. Oh! it was well, all well; for God had used her in His own right way.

Their hour of hallowed communion was most tender. Amy, with gentle skill, led his thoughts away from the past, to the glorious hopes of the future—planning for him a life of usefulness, that should comprehend also what she had hoped to accomplish. It was a sweet, soothing trust, for it interlinked him with her in a spiritual bond which should never be broken. There floated around him an added influence of holiness, that would prove itself a safeguard against evil; and when he went out from her presence, he felt that he had breathed a heavenly atmosphere, and held converse with the angels.

CHAPTER XX.

Amy was gradually growing more feeble; yet the family seemed scarcely to realize it. She took her meals still at their table, and employed herself with light work during the long summer days. Yet she spent most of her time in her easy chair, and sat where the sun would let fall his rays upon her, and warm her chilling blood.

One evening, at sunset, Lawrence came in, and threw himself at her feet.

"What is it, my friend?" she asked. "Are there difficulties in the way?"

"Oh, Amy!" he replied. "Those dreadful jewels are hidden yet; and they torture me even now. I thought trouble about them was all over. What shall I do?"

"Excuse me, if I speak plainly, Lawrence; but I think the trouble arises from the fact that you are trying to evade the dictates of your conscience concerning them."

"You think, then, they should be returned to their real owners? That would involve a confession of their abduction. Oh, Amy! you cannot tell how I shrink from that. I *cannot* do it. Besides, I do not know to whom they all belong."

Amy looked at the flushed, anguished face in pity, but she said:

"I warn you, dear friend, that you will never have lasting peace until you follow the promptings of your renewed heart. I will not urge you to the act from selfish motives; both right and truth demand it of you. You surely know to whom some of the gems belong?"

"Yes—but too well," groaned the young man. "The most valuable ones belong to Grant Clifford. He was engaged to marry my sister, and they were to be hers at her bridal. Oh! my pure friend! can you take into your comprehension the shamefulness of the moral defilement that could lead me to steal such treasures?—yes, *steal!* that is the word. And my sister and her lover both knew that I understood whose the

jewels were to be. How can I restore them, and confess my guilt concerning them?"

Amy did not reply to the question, but said : "I did not know Louisa was betrothed."

"No? Well, it seems that the engagement must have been broken while I was away, for Clifford became entangled with the treacherous girl, who meted out such sorrow to all who knew her. I have thought that Louisa dismissed him, he seemed so changed—though I cannot tell why, for I believe she loved him."

"Clifford, Clifford!" repeated Amy; "was not that the name of the gentleman whose watch you sought to take, when Louisa followed and prevented you?"

"Yes;" replied Lawrence.

"And you afterward succeeded in obtaining it?"

"Yes!—yes!"

"And she knew through her lover that it had been removed, no doubt, and suspected by whom. Oh, Lawrence!—don't you see? Her brother robbing her lover! With her fine sense of honor, could your sensitive, high-minded sister ever consent, think you, to make herself the link between you and him? Ah! I begin to see what gave that look of constrained suffering to my friend's fair face. Oh, Lawrence!"

"Poor Lou!" groaned the young man again, hiding his flushed face in his hands. When he looked up, the lines about his mouth seemed graven—chiseled there; the hopeful light of his eye had settled back into stern, unflinching resolution.

He reached the door, then hesitated.

"If I can find Clifford, may I bring him and my sister here? Would it be too much for you, that my confession to them be made before you? It would strengthen me, I think, to feel you near."

"Bring them here, if you wish, my friend. I shall be glad if my presence will help you," replied Amy, clasping her thin hands in prayer, as the young man left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

There had been a stir in the hall, and heavy steps ascending the stairs; yet Louisa had not noted. A knock at her door aroused her, and the maid gave the message that "Mr. Lawrence wished to see her in Miss Amy's room," and without further preparation, she went in to confront Clifford, who sat, pale and silent, directly opposite the door.

Louisa faltered a moment, but her brother said, naturally :

"It is our old friend, Grant Clifford, Louisa," and she gave him her hand quietly, and sat down beside him, as Lawrence directed.

It were too painful to go with them through the scene which followed. Lawrence made no reservation.

"Here are the jewels, Grant," Lawrence said, releasing himself from his sister's fond arms, and brushing away the one great tear that Clifford's touching assurance of pardon had forced from him. "They have not been tampered with. Oh! that their restoration could take away forever the memory of the woe they have brought me, and all connected with me!"

A silence fell upon them all. But Amy broke the agonized spell, with a breath of holy song; and, after a little, the great weight was lifted, and Louisa and Clifford stole out.

"We are changed—both you and I, dear girl, since the happy hour so long ago, when the two lines of bright thread across the carpet were separated by your brother. Do you remember it?"

Louisa could not speak, and he went on.

"You had a strange dread of what might come, even then. I see now the look on your face, when you bade me not draw you close, at our betrothal hour. How little I understood the treasure I had won! The balls rolled together again—do you remember? I dare not ask what my heart pants for. Such happiness can now never be. I have forfeited my self-respect. Yours, by my own act, I must have lost. But I owed you this confession, for the sake of what has been. Oh! that it were all blotted out, and life were begun anew!"

Louisa, too agitated to reply, reached out her hand toward her work-basket, and handed him the tangled wool. It had remained all these years, never touched, save by accident, and then not without pain.

"Do I understand you aright, Louisa, oh! my beloved? Can you renew the promise you once made me?"

And for answer, she laid her hand within his.

The reward of her self-sacrifice had come; and the hallowed joy of that hour, was sweeter than all her youthful picturings had ever been.

Clifford would not consent to long delay, and he and Louisa were married quietly in the home parlor.

Amy, as the autumn days advanced, was sinking visibly; but her faith was clear, and her hope and courage strengthened Lawrence.

But the voice failed, and the light went out one day; and when he hastened home, she was not there to greet him—only the form of waxen beauty, and the smile that spoke of Heaven, and the simple flowers she had bid them give him.

Years have passed, and the sadness of his ripe manhood has changed to happiness and peace: His hands are full of noble deeds; his heart of lofty purposes. And he walketh calmly toward life's evening, waiting for the time when he shall meet Amy on the further shore; and Christ, for His Kingdom, shall have made up His jewels.

(THE END.)

THREE NEW YEAR'S DAYS.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.

"Emory! Letters! Emory!" shouted the postman, shaking a rickety old iron gate, and bringing a shower of snow down from the top upon his shoulders. "Emory!" he repeated, raising his voice—and this time it penetrated to the kitchen, where a shivering old woman was shaking a table-cloth at an open window.

"Bless me!" she cried, speaking aloud in her amazement, "letters! He says Emory, that's sure! Who can be writing to Mr. Emory?" she muttered, shuffling along the wide hall to the front door. "Don't shake the gate down!" she shouted to the impatient postman. "I'll be there as soon as I can. Ugh!" as she plunged into the snow, "the New Year's coming in cold!"

She broke a path, by dint of hard struggling, to the gate, and took the letter thrust between the bars.

"Happy New Year!" said the postman, cheerily, with a pitying glance at her poor clothing and wrinkled face.

"Same to you, and thank you!" she answered, but in an abstracted way, her mind being evidently absorbed in the letter.

"If it should be Mr. Harry, or Miss Kate!" she thought, her withered cheeks burning at the exciting possibility. "Oh, if they were coming home!"

She fought her way through the keen January wind back to the house, turning the letter over and over in her hand. Scarcely waiting to shake the snow from her feet and skirts, she hurried to the door of a room upon the lower floor, and knocked.

There was no answer, and she waited, fidgeting with her coarse apron, her hands trembling with excitement, and her eyes full of a hungry expectancy as they read again and again the direction of the letter, to "Mr. Henry Emory."

Yet there was a shrinking, too, in her manner, and a timidity in her face, as, after knocking a second time unanswered, she gently turned the handle of the door, and pushed it open, revealing a library well stocked with books, and once handsomely furnished, though everything was old and neglected. Dust lay thickly everywhere, excepting at a large business-like desk, where the occupant of the room was writing rapidly, and with close attention to the matter in hand.

He did not look like a man to be rashly interrupted. He was old, with thin iron-gray hair, heavy eyebrows, and a frowning forehead, whose wrinkles seemed caused as much by ill-temper as by age. He had been a handsome man once, but his shabby old dressing-gown, his frayed and soiled linen, broken slippers, and ragged stockings, told a story of neglect that accorded ill with

the delicate features and haughty curve of the tightly compressed lips.

"Well, what is it?" he said, sharply, as the old servant made a slight noise to attract his attention.

"A letter, sir!"

He took it from her, the frown deepening on his face, opened it, and read it with angry eyes and trembling fingers.

"What are you standing there for?" he said, looking up to see the old woman watching him.

"Oh, Mr. Emory! I thought it might be from Mr. Harry, or"—

"How dare you mention Mr. Harry to me?" he thundered.

"Or Miss Kate," she said, shrinking, but persistently.

"Miss Kate is dead!" he said shortly. "The letter is from Mrs. George Holbrooke," with a sarcastic emphasis on the name; "or Miss Kate, if you choose, and her daughter is to be sent to me—to me, to be cared for. It is too late now to write. This is the doctor's addition to my affectionate niece's letter. Listen: 'Mrs. Holbrooke was buried to-day, and in accordance with her last wishes, her daughter will start at once for Elmsville.' Put her somewhere for a night."

"Oh, Mr. Emory!" pleaded the old woman.

"This is not the alms-house! I do not propose to take in paupers. Go about your work."

"Oh, Mr. Emory! Miss Kate's daughter; you can't turn her out! And poor Miss Kate dead! Oh dear! Oh dear!" and here the weak, quavering voice broke in sobs.

"Go!" the master cried; and feeling that her grief must have its way, she hastily obeyed.

But when she was more tranquil, she went to prepare a room for the expected guest, firmly resolved that come what might, Miss Kate's child should not be turned away from the home her mother had brightened for many years.

She was still busy with her preparations when a back drove to the door, trunks were bumped down, and a light step crossed the front hall, the door standing open. With hushed breath she listened, hearing a low sweet voice, and then a loud one, sneering and cold.

Not many words were exchanged before the light footfall came up the stairs, and then the girlish voice she had heard cried:

"Barbara! where are you?"

"Here, dearie! here," she answered, bustling to the door. "Oh, my dearie," she cried, "come in and rest!"

A slight girlish figure, clad in deep mourning, crossed the hall, and then removing hat and veil, Kate Holbrooke stood looking about her. She was not more than seventeen, with a face that, in spite of recent sorrow, told of a brave, bright nature. Large frank brown eyes, clear and reso-

lute, were shaded by long brown lashes, while over the low broad brow clustered rings of sunny brown hair, just escaping auburn. The sweet mouth was adorned by pearly white teeth, and the features if not faultless were good, while a bright fair complexion lent a charm to all.

"Barbara!" she said, her lips quivering, "my mother told me I would surely find a friend in you."

"Oh, dearie, yes! I loved your mother, and you are like her. Is your name Kate, dearie?"

"Yes! Kate Emory Holbrooke!"

"Another Miss Kate! But—can you stay?"

"I must stay!" with a bright gleam of the clear brown eyes. "My mother sent me to pay her debt!"

"Child! what can you mean?"

Kate drew an arm-chair to the window, and sank down rather wearily, saying:

"I thought you knew all about it!"

Barbara looked at the girl wistfully. How much of the cloud resting upon the house had fallen upon those young shoulders?

"Do you mean your mother's elopement, dearie?" she asked, twisting her apron in her wrinkled brown fingers.

"She told me," said the girl, softly, her eyes full of yearning tenderness, "that her uncle took her, a baby, from her dying mother, who was his brother's widow. That he brought her to a home that was beautiful, luxurious and hospitable;" here the speaker looked around her and shuddered. "That he gave her a father's love, a father's care, lavishing upon her all a girl's heart could desire."

"So he did! so he did! She was as happy as the day was long! Ah, me! ah, me!"

"She told me that he would have made her his daughter in fact, by marrying her to his only son, who was but a few years older than herself. But my mother loved one of the many visitors who came here; and when her uncle in furious rage sent him away, she followed and married him."

"Yes, dearie, yes!"

"Then her cousin, who had loved her, offended his father."

"Hush, dearie! Never speak of that! It is nearly thirty years since Mr. Harry left home, but his father will not hear his name."

"My mother told me that after repaying his love by ingratitude, she tried for many years to win forgiveness, but her uncle never forgave her."

"But she was happy, dearie."

"While my father lived she was happy, but after he died sorrow after sorrow came. I am the youngest of six children, Barbara, and all my brothers and my only sister are dead. We were very poor—very, very poor, too! But as soon as I was old enough my mother told me if she died

I must come here, and try to repay my uncle for the care he gave her. She heard that he had lost his property, all but the old house."

"I think he is very poor, dearie!"

"And that he had shut himself up after his son left him, and lived in wretched poverty and loneliness!"

"Oh yes! Your mother would never know her old home, Miss Kate. I've seen the time when every room on this floor, and those above, fourteen bed-rooms, dearie, were filled with company. Mr. Harry would have his city friends, and Miss Kate hers, and music from morning till night, and dancing, riding, boating, and every kind of pleasure. And not one of the young people brighter than Mr. Emory. And to see him now! Oh dearie, it's a poor home for a young girl now."

Kate sighed heavily. Her reception had certainly not been cordial. Mr. Emory, scowling at her, had said:

"So you are another pauper sent to me, are you? I suppose you will serve me as your mother did! You'll fare no better here than if you go to the alms-house, where you belong. I have no money now to waste!"

And dolefully true the poor girl found his words. The most rigid parsimony governed the household, where the line was drawn with the narrowest margin inside of actual starvation. For thirty years no rooms had been occupied but the library, kitchen and two sleeping-rooms. Mr. Emory took his meals in the library, and told Kate to "eat where she pleased!" The long dining-room with its moth-eaten carpet and dingy furniture was too dreary, but Kate selected a smaller room on the lower floor, which she made clean and bright, hoping in time to win her uncle from his solitude to share her meals.

It was the dreariest, most discouraging life imaginable, upon which Kate Holbrooke entered, bravely and hopefully, undaunted by its perplexities and troubles. Poverty in its grimdest aspect she had met before, and privation did not appal her. But her efforts to brighten the house and life, these were met by stern resistance. She made some little ornaments for the library, which were thrown into the hall. She put the early spring wild-flowers, violets and snow-drops upon the grim desk, and they were tossed, vase and all, into the garden. She worked faithfully to reduce some of the disorder in the house to cleanliness, and met only frowns. She mended her uncle's clothing when Barbara brought it from the ironing table, and even ventured to repair what hung in the closet. No objection being made, she went a step further and gave the bed-room a thorough cleaning, to be asked, sarcastically: "If the house was not large enough for its owner to have one room in peace?"

Little dainty dishes, made of such poor ma-

terial as she could command, and put upon her uncle's tray, were sent back to the kitchen with a rough command, to avoid "wasteful extravagance," and a terrified appeal from Barbara.

"Don't send any more, Miss Kate; he says if we can *waste* food, there is too much here; and dearie, if he cuts any off we'll just starve outright!"

But when the weary months had left winter, spring and summer behind them, and the autumn came, Kate asked her uncle's permission to seek employment. Being harshly told to "go where she liked, and do as she pleased," she applied for a vacant position as pupil-teacher in the Elmsville Seminary. The examination was very searching, but Kate had been well taught by a loving mother, and came out of the ordeal in triumph. The duties, it was explained to her, must be punctually performed, both in the regular school hours, and the intervals when the other scholars had recreation, but the teachers double duty.

There was no salary, but the course of study was a wide one, and there was the hope of a regular teacher's position when further proficiency was attained.

In the meantime, there was occupation and interest, study in one part of the day, teaching the primary classes in another.

Fully awake to the fact that her own exertions must win her support, Kate studied faithfully, hammering away at German and French, practicing diligently upon a piano very much the worse for long neglect, and in the intervals trying to make the old house something home-like in the occupied rooms.

It was wonderful to see the change mere cleanliness made. Rich furniture falling to decay was polished up, and moth-eaten velvet covered with chintz, that, if faded, was at least clean. The little breakfast room was brightened up, and every meal tastefully served; for there were stores of silver-ware, glass and china, with the finest of table linen, put aside.

Every day, in spite of sarcasm, rebuff, downright insult, Kate went to the library before meals to ask her uncle to share her repasts, and for an hour in the afternoon, to try to interest him in something outside of his books.

It was very hard work to talk brightly of her school duties, of the children, of the village gossip the other teachers brought, of the thousand little incidents of daily life, with only that stern, hard face, utterly irresponsive, before her, and occasionally a rude or sarcastic speech about "women's chattering" to answer her. But it was some gain that after a time she was not asked every five minutes if she was not ready to leave the room.

Before the long, bitter winter was over, Kate had gained two points; she had coaxed her

uncle to eat with her, and obtained permission to study in the library. She was soon sure that it was not any annoyance to her uncle to help her over the knotty places that all students meet. He would come out of his shell to read German passages to her, throwing light upon her difficulties by his emphasis of certain words or syllables. As her knowledge increased, he offered her the use of books, and gave her valuable aid in whatever she undertook.

But she was never unprepared for an abrupt change of manner, a sneering inquiry as to what she expected to gain by wheedling a pauper, or some cutting sarcasm about strong-minded women infringing upon masculine studies. One thing he spared her; he never mentioned her mother.

Trifles proved to her that she was gaining something. One afternoon she found the piano had been tuned; another day she found a ten dollar bill upon her bureau, without note or word.

So another year passed, and there came to the seminary a teacher of drawing, Elliot Graham by name, an artist unknown to fame, some twenty-three or four years of age. Before long Kate Holbrooke knew what a new happiness lay before her—a new hope, a clear, bright future of love, though in all else the way was dark enough.

Sympathy was the first bond. Mr. Graham supported an invalid father, crippled years before by a railway accident, and to Kate he confided much of his sorrow for the hopeless suffering he was compelled to witness. It was not long before Kate was a welcome visitor at the tiny cottage where the cripple lived, and her bright, cheery face and voice brought comfort to the lonely, suffering life. It gave him evidently a new happiness to see his son and Kate sharing work and pleasure, and his hopeful words were in strong contrast to Mr. Emory's sarcasms upon the "two paupers" in love.

Little they cared, in those happy weeks that first taught them love, for bank accounts or jewels. Day after day they met at the seminary, and Kate was taught how little she knew of art, but forgave the teacher for the sake of other lessons learned more readily than perspective and proportion. The long evenings that had dragged so heavily sped away on rosy wings, as Elliot became a frequent visitor.

It was an uneventful courtship, both Elliot and Kate recognizing the fact that common prudence must make the engagement a long one. Elliot's salary barely sufficed for his own support and that of his father, and the great pictures that were to win him fame and fortune existed s yet only in his brain. It was happiness enough for Kate to know herself beloved, to share in the dreams and hopes of the artist

lover, to build magnificent air-castles, even if a laugh scattered them.

She was a favorite with old Mr. Graham, too, and he talked with her very often of her home-life and its difficulties, always encouraging her to persevere in her efforts to "pay her mother's debt." He was always sad when he talked to her of her uncle, but this she attributed to the fact that he felt his own helplessness and dependence upon his son keenly, and drew mental comparisons between his own life, lonely and secluded, but surrounded by love, and that of the surly old man, left alone in old age by those who owed him the happiness of their youth.

Another year sped away, and the change in Mr. Emory gladdened Kate's heart. He no longer shut himself in his library, but could be coaxed into the garden on fine days; he graciously allowed Kate to use her needle in his service, grudgingly giving her the price of material for new linens, and smiling kindly as the new set of shirts and underclothing was shyly left in his room.

"Can the child *love* me? She stays with me, but Elliot is too poor to take a wife. No, no! Don't be a fool again, Henry Emory! She would leave you to-morrow, if her lover asked her."

So his thoughts ran, but suddenly he cried:

"I'll test her! I'll test her love!"

Winter was coming on, when Kate received from a city bank, an official notice that twenty thousand dollars had been placed to her account by an old friend of her mother's.

Twenty thousand dollars! It fairly took her breath away! Never in her wildest dreams had she thought of possessing such wealth. No clue to the generous donor was given, but Kate and Barbara took a trip to the city, to be sure the good news was true. Mr. Emory was fiercely sarcastic.

"I wish you joy of it!" he sneered. "Your head is fairly turned already! I suppose now you will marry that beggarly drawing-teacher!"

"Yes, uncle," Kate said, blushing rosily. "We are to be married New Year's day, if you are willing."

"What have I to do with it? You are old enough, and *rich enough*, to do as you please. I never expected you to stay here, if a better home was offered to you!"

And Kate, instead of being crushed, only smiled saucily, and nodded her pretty head as if it contained only happy plans. She gave up her position in the Seminary, and her head and hands were full of business.

Without comment, apparently indifferent, Mr. Emory yet watched her keenly, as she occupied herself in furnishing a pretty cottage she rented in the village, flitting to and fro. Little finery was bought out in the home hours busy

fingers made the modest *trousseau*, and Kate talked freely of her future, while her uncle drew back gradually into the life he had led before she came to brighten his home. He was amazed at the suffering it caused him to feel himself so lightly set aside. To think of the great, gloomy house with only Barbara to share it, the solitary meals, the lonely library, completely unnerved him; but he hid his grief under a crust of surliness. Never had he been so bitter, and Kate shrank sometimes from his cutting words as if they had been whips.

New Year's day dawned bright and sunny. Just before the breakfast hour, Barbara knocked at Emory's door, and thrust in a large parcel. Upon the top was a note:

"*Dear Uncle* :—To-day is the anniversary of my coming here, and my wedding day. Will you accept this as my New Year's gift, and wear it to church this morning, where I earnestly hope you will take my father's place at my marriage. The tailor had the old dress suit in your closet, so I hope this one will fit. May the New Year bring you love and happiness.

KATE."

Two large drops fell upon the open paper as Mr. Emory lifted it to his lips. Then, as if ashamed of his weakness he tossed it aside, muttering "As well see the farce out!" Opening the large parcel, he took out the suit and dressed himself carefully, muttering half aloud:

"So, I am to be the father on this happy occasion!"

As he spoke a spasm of pain crossed his face, his pale lips twitched, and he almost groaned the words: "My son! Oh, my son!"

But all traces of emotion had left him, when he greeted Kate with a half-sarcastic compliment upon her bridal appearance. It was very simple, a soft white cashmere and a bonnet of white silk, the whole costume the work of the bride's deft fingers.

It was a quiet wedding, with the whole Seminary and many of the Elmsville "folks" present. Mr. Emory was equal to the occasion, looking handsome and dignified in his new suit, with snowy linen, and faultlessly-fitting gloves.

Elliot, radiant as a bridegroom should be, had had but one regret: his father was unable to be present, being too great a cripple to be taken to the church.

No one noticed Kate, as, after many friendly greetings, she drew Barbara to one side in the vestibule to whisper:

"Well?"

"It is all ready, dearie!" the old woman whispered. "The men were punctual."

"You will dine with us?" Elliot asked, turning to Mr. Emory, as a hired carriage drove up to the gate of the churchyard.

Mr. Emory hesitated, but Kate put her hand gently upon his arm.

"You cannot refuse on my wedding day, and the first day of the new year," she pleaded, lifting soft, wistful eyes to his face.

He shrugged his shoulders, but handed her into the carriage with courteous grace, and half-reluctantly followed her.

At the door of her new home she nodded to Elliot, and then slipping her arm through her uncle's led him across the hall to a room opposite to her parlor. One glance showed him that the furniture and books of his own library were before him, though the pretty carpet and curtains were new, and a cosy arm-chair and wide lounge had been added.

"I thought," said Kate, opening the door of a communicating room, "that you would feel more at home, uncle, with your own surroundings, so I have had your bed-room furniture put in here. Elliot and I think these are very bright, pleasant rooms, and you will only have the entry to cross to be in the parlor or the dining-room. You can be as quiet here as you wish, and I am sure it will be healthier for you, than the gloomy rooms at your home. The sun lies on one or other of these rooms all day long."

"You want me to live here?" he said, slowly.

"You will! Oh please do not disappoint me! I will do all a daughter can do to make you happy; and you will have Barbara, who knows all your ways. You will not go back to that great, gloomy house alone?"

"But your husband!"

"His father is here, too, in the rooms above these. He cannot walk, but I promised you would see him."

She led the way, taking his consent to remain granted. As she entered the sitting-room where Mr. Graham was seated in his wheeled chair, he turned his face away; but presently she saw him look up and cry:

"Father! father!—say you forgive me."

There was a deep sob—a broken voice saying:

"My son!—my son!" and Kate stole away, leaving them together; and she found her husband awaiting her.

"Why did you not tell me?" she asked.

"Tell you what, love?"

"That my uncle is your grandfather."

"You are dreaming!" he cried.

And seeing him fairly bewildered, she told him the scene she had just witnessed.

"I never guessed it!" he said, "I have often heard my father speak of his life-long remorse for some wrong done to a most loving father, and I suspected the name we use was not our own. But I never knew more than that he accused himself of having ruined his father, and offended past forgiveness. He will be happier now. Oh, my dear love, this promises to be a truly happy New Year, and it is to you we owe its brightness!"

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There was no further question of Mr. Emory's remaining, and if Elliot and Kate were apt to seek moments alone for loving confidences, neither Mr. Emory nor his newly-found son could complain, as they were never weary of being together, living over the weary years of separation.

Indeed, Elliot was quite sure that his grandfather had "burned his ship," and sold the old home, as it was full of workmen, house and grounds being thoroughly overhauled, and put in order.

Just before the New Year came around again, a tiny claimant for love appeared at the cottage, completing the sixth week of his life on New Year's Day. Mr. Emory, who seemed to have renewed his youth in that happy year, invited the family, at breakfast, to take a ride. Skillful surgery and care had so far aided the cripple that he could move about on crutches, and with his son's assistance he took his place in a handsome carriage that in the early morning drove up to the cottage door.

"It looks like a private carriage!" Kate said, as she took her place, "but where is Uncle Henry?"

"He left word for us to start, and he will join us!"

Evidently the coachman had his orders, for he drove through the iron gateway, where the gate, no longer rickety, but tall and imposing, was thrown wide open—not churlishly closed, as on that momentous New Year's Day when Barbara took the letter thrust through the bars. Up the wide carriage-way they drove to the door of the stately mansion that Harry Emory recognized as his boyhood's home, but that Kate thought the fairies must have transformed.

In the hall, smiling and gracious, stood Mr. Emory, both hands extended in greeting "Welcome home!" he cried, "A Happy New Year to all!"

Still bewildered, doubting the evidence of her own senses, Kate, clasping her baby close, followed her uncle into a parlor, no longer a vast-dreary room, presenting a spectacle of waste, neglect and decay, but richly and appropriately furnished. Here Barbara took off her wraps and carried off the baby; and when they were cosily settled, Henry Emory furnished the key to the bewildering riddle.

"Once more, welcome home!" he cried.

Then his son spoke, low and tremulously:

"I did not ruin you then, father?"

"For a time you did," was the grave reply, "and you dried up all the fountains of love and faith in my heart. Then I made a bitter vow to retrieve my fallen fortunes, to win riches beyond those I had lost, and to have my revenge upon those who had deserted me, by leaving an enormous sum to public charities. For this I

saved and worked, carefully studying investments and speculations, and succeeding beyond my wildest hope. Self-denial became habitual, and I was becoming a miser in all senses, when"—and here he gently stroked Kate's sunny hair—"my good angel came to me, on New Year's Day. Not in one day was the crust of revenge and parsimony melted—not easily was confidence in human love restored. Very patiently my household blessing worked to win an old heart back to love and happiness; but she never faltered, never failed. Now I may perhaps repay her, if she can be happy in her mother's old home."

There was a moment of silence, and he added:

"I do not fear to place wealth in your little hands, Kate, for they will use it well. So, my children"—and here he raised his voice cheerily, for there were signs of deep emotion on the faces before him—"a Happy New Year!"

And the voices he loved repeated heartily:

"A Happy New Year!"

MILDRED'S FAULT.

BY HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

Mildred Percy always had a bosom friend—one of that romantic order of beings to whom she told everything; but the one selected from all others was Ida Bryant, a sentimental companion of boarding-school life, to whom she vowed eternal friendship. Not only her own, but all her family secrets, were confided to her bosom friend; and thus a sort of constraint was exercised over all Mildred's actions by her exacting friend, and such friendship was by no means a source of happiness to the young lady. For Ida was very jealous, and could not tolerate the idea of any other person coming near her devoted follower, for Mildred Percy was Ida Bryant's obsequious follower.

At school all her complaints were poured into Ida's ear—a most unwise counselor for a sensitive young girl, for what Ida advised, Mildred obeyed; and she must pay the most devoted attention to her dear friend Ida, who watched Mildred's every action with suspicious eyes.

So the school days passed on, and the two returned home to enter upon a life of gayety; for the parents of both were wealthy, and nothing was spared to make their entrance into society brilliant.

Mildred Percy was beautiful, and had many lovely traits of character; gentle and affectionate, she was one who gave her whole heart to the one she loved, but was lacking in strong principles by which to steer her bark. And thus Ida Bryant exercised a powerful influence over the young girl.

After two seasons of fashionable life, Mildred attracted the attention of Clarence Ruskin, a

high-minded, noble, straight-forward man, charmed with the sweetness and feminine graces of Mildred Percy.

We meet the two girls in the young lady's dressing room, a stormy evening confining them to the house—Mildred pouring the story of her love into the ear of Ida Bryant, for there was an engagement between the pair, the marriage to be postponed for a year.

"And so you expect Clarence always to be the same devoted lover, Mildred," said the bosom friend; "you had better get rid of that fancy, dear, for I've never seen it yet in married life."

"I can trust Clarence," she replied; "he is such a noble character."

"He is seven years older than you, Mildred; I wonder if you are his first love."

Mildred's eyes dropped, and the first drop of suspicion was distilled into the young heart.

"I have heard a little romance," Ida continued, "about him and his cousin, Lucy Douglass—did he never speak to you about her?"

"Never particularly, Ida, I know that he has such a cousin, but he has never told me how beautiful she is."

"I don't like that, Mildred; she is a perfect beauty, they say, and the two were brought up together in their Aunt Leonard's family. I should think that he would have told you all about his young days."

Just then, the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Ruskin.

"Go down, Mildred," said Ida, "I know that you prefer his company to mine, and I have a charming book that I want to finish."

Mildred could scarcely analyze her feelings as she walked slowly down stairs to meet her lover, for she had always hurried with bounding steps before.

She did not believe one word of what Ida had hinted, but she wished that she had not heard the foolish story.

Notwithstanding, her manner was rather cold; but she did not mean to be so, and Clarence noticed it.

"What ails you, darling?" he asked.

"I don't know, Clarence; I believe I'm not very well, that's all."

Then they chatted a while, but not as formerly, and Clarence, unrolling a piece of music, asked Mildred to try it.

It was a lovely song, and she sang it sweetly, to please Clarence.

At last the constraint wore off, and under the power of Clarence Ruskin's fascinations, Mildred was herself again.

He stayed later than usual, and when she returned to her bosom friend, Ida remarked:

"You must have had a delightful evening, Mildred, for it is nearly eleven o'clock."

"It was pleasant, Ida; but I wonder if I had

not better say something to Clarence about his cousin?"

"Nonsense, child!" was the reply, "he wouldn't tell you the truth, for I don't believe that he has lived to be nearly thirty without a love affair. You had better be contented, Mildred; perhaps you wouldn't like to hear more."

The story rankled, however, and she made the great mistake of concealing from her intended husband these foolish rumors.

Every now and then Ida dropped her imprudent words concerning this cousin, and Mildred wished that she knew what was really the truth.

She did not know how soon she was to be brought face to face with this imaginary rival.

One evening Clarence came with the intelligence that Lucy Douglass was coming to pay a visit to a friend in New York.

"I wish that you knew her, Mildred," he said; "she is one of the sweetest girls that I ever knew, save one, and I know that you will learn to love her."

"You have never said much about her, Clarence," was the reply.

"That is true, dear; I have been so much engrossed with my own darling, that I almost forgot my cousin Lucy. We were brought up together, and passed our young days in the same house."

"Is she beautiful, Clarence?"

"Perfectly lovely," was the reply.

"Accomplished, too?"

"Yes; no pains have been spared to polish the sweet girl."

"And good, too, Clarence?"

"Yes, Mildred—truly excellent."

"I wonder how you withstood all these attractions, Clarence, being in the same house, too?"

"Nonsense, Mildred! I don't like such hints, for Lucy is to me a beloved sister."

"Forgive me, Clarence," she said; "I didn't mean to hurt you."

On the following week the young lady arrived, and Mildred hastened to call.

It was all true—for Lucy Douglass was lovely, and she saw that there was a strong bond of attachment between the two cousins.

Clarence wished to make her visit pleasant; and in all the parties made for her by land and water, Mildred was expected to be one.

"Don't you see how he remembers the old love?" said Ida; and poor Mildred was tormented still by jealous thoughts.

She saw, too, that there was a secret between the two, for she often surprised them talking confidentially alone, and saw that Lucy was troubled about something that she did not understand.

But Lucy's visit came to an end, and Clarence took her home to her aunt's, staying several days with the family.

Keeping her thoughts to herself, Mildred was

still annoyed, when a few trusting words could have set all right; but Ida was always in the way—such an unwise bosom friend.

* * * * *

The wedding-day at length arrived, and Mildred Percy took the sacred vows of wife to Clarence Ruskin.

After a short wedding trip, they took possession of a lovely home, and Mildred, with such a noble husband, might have been one of the happiest of women, but the breath of the bosom friend still poisoned the atmosphere of wedded love.

One morning at the breakfast table, Clarence read a letter just handed to him, and laying it down, said: "Lucy is coming to pay us a visit, Mildred; she is not well."

The wife did not say much, but wondered why Clarence did not hand her the letter.

At length she said, rather coldly, "I will get her room ready."

The husband looked at her earnestly, saying: "I hope that my wife will make my cousin welcome."

"You need have no fears," she said; "I shall never forget my duty."

He arose suddenly, and taking his hat, left the house without the usual kiss.

This was the first cloud in the matrimonial sky, and Mildred was miserable all day.

When her husband returned, she hastened to meet him, and throwing her arms around his neck, she said:

"I hope that you are not offended, Clarence."

"I was a little hurt at your manner this morning, Mildred; but it's all past, love, and we won't talk about such folly."

* * * * *

The young guest arrived, and Mildred's heart was touched by the sight of the sweet pale face, and she resolved to do all that she could to cheer the drooping girl.

But Mildred was still disturbed, for there was evidently a confidence between the cousins that the wife did not share; and, most unwisely, she confided these troubles to her bosom friend.

"I have always told you that there was an attachment between the two," Ida said; "and now I hope you believe me."

"But she may have some personal troubles that cannot be spoken of to every one; and you know Ida, that Clarence is just like a brother to Lucy."

"I don't see much that is brotherly, Mildred. You must know that there should be no concealments from a wife, Mildred, and I wouldn't stand it if I were you."

She hid her sorrows in her own bosom, but there was a chill creeping between the wedded pair, for the sacredness of married life had been invaded.

No pleasant chat now at the breakfast table, for the two were unconsciously drifting apart. It is so easy to disturb the peace of wedded life: and yet Mildred thought that she was performing the duties of a wife, by a most punctilious attention to her husband's comforts, but with such a cold, averted face.

Lucy received frequent letters, and whenever that was the case, the two cousins were closeted together in the library.

Then there was an icy coldness in the parlor, and Mildred would retire early to her room.

And yet the sight 'o Lucy's pale and often tearful face, touched Mildred's heart, for she was sure that there was some heart-rending trouble crushing that delicate frame.

Once she came suddenly upon the young lady in the library, where she had just read a letter, and was pressing to her lips a likeness of a gentleman, but Mildred could not see the features.

But Lucy raised her eyes to Mildred's face, and said :

"Just wait a little while, dear friend, and you shall know all my terrible story; but I can't tell you now."

Impudently Mildred told the tale to her bosom friend, who asked :

"Did you see the picture?"

"Not plainly, Ida; but Lucy was greatly distressed."

"How do you know that it was not your husband's picture?"

"Stop, stop, Ida; I'm sure that it cannot be—you must not say such dreadful things to me any more."

In a few days after this a letter arrived which prostrated poor Lucy, and all that she could say was :

"Send for Clarence; I must go immediately."

"Go where?" Mildred asked.

"Clarence will tell you; but it will kill me—it will kill me."

Sending for her cousin, he hurried to the side of the sufferer, and after reading the letter, he said :

"Poor dear child! has it come to this?"

After they had seen her quietly in bed, Clarence called his wife to the library, and throwing his arm around her, he told Lucy's sad story.

She had formed an unfortunate attachment to Horace Dunbar, much disapproved of by her friends; but she married him privately, and he had proved to be a man of utterly worthless character, and having committed a forgery, was hiding from the law—hence the concealment; but the last letter brought the intelligence that he had been arrested, and was now in prison, awaiting his trial.

"In her troubles, Mildred, I have tried to be a brother," he said; "and now you must see how unjust and foolish were your suspicions, for

Lucy has always been to me just like a beloved sister."

"Forgive me, Clarence," she said; "how could I ever harbor a single doubt of one so good and true? But Ida—"

"Yes, Mildred, a bosom friend has made all our trouble."

"I am not worthy of you, Clarence," she sobbed out, "for how could I listen for one moment to such a false friend? But it is all done—I have learned a terrible lesson; but it has taught me wisdom."

Folding her in his arms, he said :

"And now, love, we are truly one; for no Ida Bryant can ever come between us again, and we will be happy once more in our own quiet world of love."

"No other bosom friend but my noble husband," she said. "How could I ever be guilty of such a great fault? But let me tell you all, Clarence—how I was led away by my own weakness."

"I would rather, not, love," he answered; "it would only cause you pain."

"But I must, Clarence, make a full confession, and then the subject will be dropped forever."

Then, with all the frankness of a child, and the penitent love of a true woman, Mildred poured out her whole heart, and at the close, Clarence pressed her close to his heart, and with fond kisses on her tearful cheek, he said :

"We have renewed our marriage vows, dear, and now our souls will grow together, and we shall be truly one."

Lucy insisted on going to her husband, for like a true woman she remained faithful, because all others had forsaken him.

Next morning Clarence accompanied the heart-broken wife to the prison to see her husband in a felon's cell, where there was a heart-rending interview; for with all his faults, Horace Dunbar loved his gentle wife.

Bringing her home again, Mildred received the poor crushed wife to her warm young heart, and in the shelter of that loving home, the sufferer found a refuge from the storms of life, where out of sight of the noisy world she bore her sorrows in solitude, with God only for her comforter.

The rupture between the married pair might have been much more disastrous in the hands of a different man; but Clarence understood his young wife, and was very sure that he had always sat upon the throne of her heart, and left it to the developments of time to heal the sorrowful breach.

Ida Bryant saw that her reign was over, for never again did she dare to whisper a suspicious word, and Mildred had learned that a husband is the only bosom friend of a true wife.

AUNT RUTH FINDS THE COAL MAN.

No. 6.

BY KATE CROMBIE.

You knew, I s'pose, that Jack's folks had moved to Boston? Yes; and soon's they got kinder settled down, Minty wrote me a letter urglin' me to come down right off, and stay with 'em a good long spell.

They'd be glad ter have me make it my home with 'em, ye know, but somehow, I can't seem ter make up my mind to settle down in any one stiddy place—I s'pose that's alwers the way with widders and old maids—generally kinder oneeasy, ain't they?

But 't any rate, I looked on that invite of Minty's as a regular providence; and I fairly jumped up out o' my chair when I read it; and says I at once, "I'll go—it's just the thing!"

You remember I told ye about my scrape with that coal man, last Christmas, when I was to Boston—how I made him take me to the depot, and then hadn't a cent o' money to pay him, arter promisin' to reward him liberal, too!

I didn't mean no harm more 'n a baby; but I know *he* thought I was a swindlin', lyin' female woman, goin' round loose, a gittin' my livin' by workin' onto folks' feelings, and stealin' rides outer coal men. He hadn't no means o' knowin' the truth o' the matter, ye see, and it did look bad—it looked against me, that's a fact.

It would a ben easy enough ter set the matter right, if I'd only remembered the feller's address he gin me the last minute when I took the cars; but I'd gin up tryin' to do that long ago—'twant no kind o' use.

So that's how 'twas when I got Minty's letter. I'd turned the matter over in my mind a good deal, and I'd come to the decision that sometime, and pooty soon, too, that coal man and me, would have a reckonin' together.

And now, here was a good chance to go and hunt him up. So I got myself ready 's quick's I could, and went along.

Minty met me to the depot, and the fust words she said was:

"Aunt Ruth! what under the canopy is the matter with ye? You look as if you'd had a fit o' sickness! Have ye ben sick?"

"No, Minty, I haint," says I, "but there's other troubles in this world as wearin' as sickness."

"For pity's sake," says she; "what *do* you mean?" And then I told her.

"It's that *coal man* that's wearin' me away to a shadder, and nothin' else," says I. "It's quiet up home, ye know, and likely enough my mind 's dwelt on the subject more 'n what's reasonable or natural. 'T'any rate, all I've done

lately, is jest ter think, think—night and day—about how I cheated that poor feller. And now I've come down to Boston, and I'm goin' ter *find him*, and hev a settlement with him, if it costs *fifty dollars!*" says I; "and you've got ter promise to help me, too, or else I'll go 'n git somebody that will," says I.

Minty laughed and hugged me over again.

"Cheer up," says she, "we'll have that old fashioned conscience o' yourn outer misery in no time. The coal man shall be found, if we have ter turn Boston inside out and hind side afore to do it," says she.

Minty's better for me than a bottle o' medicine, any day, and she chippedper me right up; so 't I felt more like myself than I had for a good while. Nobody couldn't help feelin' revived jest to look inter her face. And speakin' o' Minty, let me tell ye, that I settled it long ago in my own mind, that Minty's beauty, and her bright, happy ways that are so cheerin' to everybody, are ownin' pooty much to her enjoyin' good health, and to her havin' a husband that worships the ground she walks on to.

Good health and love—about equal parts—is my rule for makin' a handsome woman; and Mr. GODEY can have it to put long o' his valuable reseets, if he wants it.

Well, the next day, when I'd got rested a little, Minty and I talked the matter over, and we concluded that the fust thing we'd better do, was to advertise. So she writ a piece and sent it to the newspaper.

"That'll fetch him," says she, "if he can read, and ever looks at a paper; but in the meantime we'll keep our eyes open. He may turn up when we aint expectin'," says she.

From that day it seemed as ef I didn't think o' nothin' but my coal man. Jack said howt I'd got a *monomanier*, but I knew better, and I told him so; nothin' in the world ailed me, and I should be all right soon's this bizness was off'n my mind.

The fust time I went on the street, I come pooty nigh gittin' killed myself, or killin' somebody else, a number o' times.

Ye see my eyes was everywhere's to once, but mostly in the road, lookin' out for coal carts; and every one I spied I generally made a dive backwards or forards, ter git a sight o' the driver's face ye know; and 'twant a safe way to do in a crowded street, by no means.

Once I run into a man and jabbed a stool he was carryin' right inter his stummick, so't he belledered out, and everybody turned and stared.

"Old lady," says he, "mind where yer goin', can't yer? Aint there room for my stummick and yourn too, on this ere sidewalk?"

Some laughed, and I felt cheap enough.

Another time, I walked right straight into a lady's face and eyes, my gaze bein' fixed ahead

in the road, on a coal cart just heavin' in sight ; I jest bumped square inter her face, and her spectacles fell off, she dropped her purse, and let go the string that was hitched on to her poodle dog, and I lost my bag ; so we had ter paw round quite a spell, 'afore we got right side up agin.

I 'pollygized as well's I knew how, and asked her if I couldn't do somethin' to kind er bring her teu, and make her feel better, and so on. She was leanin' up agin a store winder, and she jest put up her hand and fixed her spectacles on to her nose, more firm, and then she looked me over calmly, and says she "*How very peculiar !*" I was awful mad !

If she'd jawed and scolded I wouldn't a cared ; but to have her treat me 's if I was a menagery or some sort of a curiosity—I couldn't stand it nohow.

"Madam," says I "p'raps you'd be 'peculiar' yourself, if you had a whole city full o' coal men to look arter !" says I.

She only stared the more insultin', and I went off and left her standin' there as if she's paralyzed ; I dunno but what she stands there yit—I don't care a snap if she does.

But that w'a'nt a circumstance to what I come teu another time.

Minty and I went one afternoon to a concert to the Music Hall. We thought it would rest us and do us good, and anybody 'd think that I wouldn't be such a fool as to look for a coal man there ; but I sot through the fust half o' the concert—the music .w'a'nt very interestin' ter me—too high-toned, I 'spose. I don't like this hilter skilter music : I like somethin' with a *tune* to it, if its no more than "Yanky Doodle." Wall, as I was a' sayin', I didn't feel interested in the music, and so I got ter thinkin' and wonderin' about my coal man ; when all to once a man right in front on us had a little coughin' spell, and turned his head round so't I could see his face ; I grabbed Minty's arm.

"Minty !!" I whispered, "there's my man—there !"

She looked where I pintered, and says she : "Aunt Ruth, you're crazy ! that man is a gentleman ; he looks like a Beacon Street swell ! Do be quiet !!" says she.

"I can't help that," says I, "He's the feller I rid on the coal cart with, or less he's a twin," says I ; "and I'm a goin' ter speak to him after this show is over, sure's my name is Ruth !"

"How foolish !!" says Minty. "'Taint very likely that coal men make a bizness o' washin' up and puttin' on their white kid gloves, and goin' to concerts right in the middle o' the day," says she.

But there I sot and looked at him ; and the more I looked the more sartin I grew that he was the *very man*. Every feature of his face looked natural.

"Who knows but that he 's had a fortune left to him," says I ter myself. "Stranger things have happened."

So when the concert was over, I jest pushed my way along side on him, and laid my hand on his arm.

"Excuse me, sir," says I, all of a tremble, "but ain't you the coal man that kerried me to the depot one day, 'bout Christmas time, last year ?"

The man drew back a little, and looked at me serious and inquiring. I was awful scairt, but he didn't speak, and I's bound I'd make him. So I follows on, and says I :

"Mebby you 've had a fortune left ye—it looks like it—and if so, I'm glad on 't ; but ye needn't be ashamed ter remember doin' a kind act, and I want ter thank ye and relieve my mind all the same, if ye don't need my money," says I.

We was half way out by this time, and he seemed ter have his mind made up about me ; for he turned to me, and he says, very serious and respectful :

"Madam, you are laborin' under a misapprehension ; but I beg you to take this, and when you find the honest coal man that does me the honor to resemble me so close, will you give it to him for me ?"

Them was his very words, and he dropped a twenty-dollar gold piece into my hand, and lifted his hat way off 'n his head to me, as if I'd been the queen, and walked on.

I looked at the money and wondered whether or no I was awake or dreamin'. And Minty, she ketched hold o' me and hauled me away and down the stairs, quick 's she could.

"Oh, Aunt Ruth !!" says she, half cryin', "what have you done ?"

"I dunno' what I've done," says I. "But if that high and lordly feller ain't a *twin* ter my coal man, I'll *eat* him !!" says I.

"That man," says Minty, "is the richest man in New England ! I knew him the minnit I see his face."

"Oh, wall, if he 's so awful rich, I'm glad on 't," says I, "bein' 's he won't never miss this money he gin me, and it 'll be quite a fortin' to my coal man," says I.

So I walked on, tryin' to feel 's bold as a lion ; but I didn't—I felt like deth ; and I guess Minty knew it, for she never said another word about it.

After this, I kep pootoy quiet for a while—only I run into a peanut stand one day, and had ter pay a dollar and a half damages ; and once I chased a coal-cart till I was clean beat out, and had to hire a coach to kerry me home.

But the wost on 't was, I was gittin' all discouraged, and I was willin' to own at last that I had got the monomanier, or a touch on 't, any-

way; and finally, I consented to let 'em call in a doctor.

He said how 't my sistim needed *tonin' up*, and he left me some medicine. I took the medicine faithful; but I knew, and Minty knew, too, that I couldn't never git toned up right, till I found that pesky coal man.

Our advertisin' didn't amount to shucks. A few smutty-faced, lyin' fellows called on us, expectin' to make somethin' out on 't, I s'pose; but we wan't so easy took in, and they went away as poor as they come.

One day, Minty showed in a young Irishman. He come bowin' and scrapin' up to the table, where I sot sewin', threw down his old hat and put out his black paw with a flourish, as if he was tickled to death to see me.

"By my sowl," says he, "if it isn't the identicle old lady, herself, now! I knew ye as quick's I set my two eyes on ye!"

"Singular," says I, cool's could be—for I'd got used to 'em, you know. "Singular, but I never see *you* afore," says I.

"Oh, now," says he, coakin' like—"ye wouldn't forgit so aisy. Think, now, how would it be, say, barrin' the *baird*, and the short cut o' me hair, for the hot weather!" says he.

"Barrin' as much as yer mind to," says I, "I don't know ye and I don't wanter," says I; "and now if you'll stop your blarney and tell me what ye want, I'll be obliged to ye."

He looked all struck of a heap for a minute, and then says he, " Didn't yer advertise for the young man as driv ye ter the depot on his coal cart last Christmas?"

"I did," says I.

"And isn't it meself as is the very feller?" says he, slappin' his knee, and lookin' up as bold as brass, agin.

"Now I think on't, I dunno' but you be," says I. "Yes, I guess you be the very feller; and so I spouse you've come to pay over that five dollars I lent you," says I, and I riz up and hild out my hand to him.

You 'orter seen that man: he looked all ways to once, and everywhere, but to me; then he picked up his old hat, and says he:

"It's mistaken I am now, entirely! It's not meself at all. I mane, it's not *yourself* at all."

"Oh yes, it is," says I, "it's *myself*, but it aint *yourself*!" So sayin' I opened the door, and he went out in a hurry.

And this was only one of quite a number o' experiences we went through and all for nothin'. No great wonder I had the monomanier, was it? It was a mercy that Minty didn't git it fastened on to her too. I guess she did come dretful nigh it.

But there's an end o' some kind, to all things; and there's an end ter this story, as you'll see, if you wait till I git through.

One morning Minty come to me, arter breakfast, and says she, "Aunt Ruth, Jack is goin' ter be away a few days, and you and me'll *give a party; a coal man's party*," says she. "We'll advertise in every way we can, for two days, and on Thursday we'll hold the recephun in our basement. We'll have lemonaid and donuts and sandwidges enough for all the coal men in town. What do you think on't?" says she.

I hild my breth's much as a minnit, I was so struck with the idea.

"Minty, it's jest the thing!" says I. "You are a genius!"

So we set right about it. It was awful hot weather, and it stood to reason that no hard workin' coal man would miss a chance o' gittin' a good lunch and a cool drink o' lemonaid, free, for nothin'. "That must fetch him," thinks I, and I felt encouraged.

The advertisement run this way.

"Free lunch to Coal Men! At No. 35 Clay street, (basement), from 11 a. m., to 1 o'clock. Come one, Come all!"

I asked Minty what she s'posed the neighbors would think, when they see the doin's.

She said she didn't care what they thought; but they'd probably think we was exsentrick, and took that way o' doin' good. It was fashionable ter be exsentrick.

Wall, when the time come, it was well worth all our trouble, jest ter see 'em; and if it hadn't a'ben for my monomanier, we sh'd had lots o' fun out on't.

There was a line o' coal carts standin' up and down our street as far as you could see, both ways, and them fellers kep' a pilin' inter that basement, as bizness-like as you please, as ef, for all the world, it was an every-day thing to 'em; and they scrambled for the vittles, and drunk whole tubs-full o' lemonaid, as if it did 'em good. I guess it did. We didn't worry none about that.

Wall, the time passed, and it was goin' on two o'clock, and among all them smutty-faced fellers, I hadn't seen one, that looked at all like my coal man. I had on my best caliker dress, and I'd spiled it long ago—they slopt the lemonaid round so; and Minty she'd spiled her'n too; but we didn't care for that, we was so disappointed. I was almost a' cryin', but I kep' round among 'em waitin' on 'em, kinder mekanikle, when all to once an uproar was riz, loud laughin' and talkin' and jokin' back and forth about somethin' or 'nuther we couldn't make out what; but finally we diskivered the cause on't.

They was all settin' on to one little feller, and when we inquired into 't they laughed and shouted and said howt he'd been stuffin' his pockets, and they insisted on't that he should "shell out," as they called it, afore they'd let him go.

Minty spoke to 'em in her pooty way and begged on 'em to remember we was ladies, and be quiet.

They simmered down to once then ; and Minty went to the little feller and says kindly, says she, "Haven't you et enough ? What makes you fill your pockets ? The rest don't do so, you see."

He looked sheepish for a minnit, but he spunked up, and says he, "Yes, marm, I've had enough myself ; I thank ye kindly ; but I thought as how 'twouldn't be no harm ter carry some ter Jim—Jim Rasher—he's sick, ye know ; and he hain't got nobody but me ter look out for him, he haint."

Of course we was interested to once, and we asked a good many questions ; and Minty told the boy to wait till the others was gone, and she put up a basket o' things for him to take along to his sick friend.

While she was talkin' I was a-thinkin', and I says ter myself, "You'd better go and see this sick man ; mebby it'll ease yer mind to do some-thin' for some coal man, if you can't for the right one."

So I run up stairs and put on my bunnit, and clapped my purse into my pocket, and was ready and waitin' when he come out with his basket. So we went along together, and—wall, I might as well tell ye fust as last—I found my *coal man* !

He was sick, sure enough ; and he lay in a mis'able room on a mis'able bed, and the flies was eatin' on him up, and there wa'n't no air in the room fit for a human bein' to breathe, and he was tossin' and moanin', burnt up with fever.

Somethin' told me I had found him afore I see his face, and when I went up to him and laid my cool hand on his head, he knew me too. He looked at me for a minnit in that stupid, stunned kind of a way o' his'n—I remembered it perfectly—but he knew me, and his great honest eyes kinder smiled, though his mouth was so solemn, and he says, "Old lady, is it you ?"

I couldn't speak to once if I'd died, but I opened the basket, and got him out some grapes and giv' him, and sent the boy for some cool water ; then I bathed his head, and by 'by I asked him if there wa'n't nobody ter take care on him. Nobody but Sam, he said, the little feller that come with me ; and he lived some ways off, and was as poor as himself. There seemed ter be somethin' more he wanted ter say, but he couldn't seem to git it out ; so I went on talkin'. I told him how I felt when I found I'd forgot his address, and how I'd worried ever sence ; and all how I'd hunted for him, and about the free lunch, and everything.

"And now," says I, "I want ye to cheer right up, for I'm goin' ter send you a doctor, and will have ye well and ridin' on your coal cart in no time. Is the old white hoss alive and well ?" says I.

Upon this he smiled as bright as a button.

"Yes marm," says he, "the old mare's all right, thank ye."

"Wall," says I pooty soon, "I must leave ye now. You try and think if there aint some body we can git ter come and stay with ye a spell."

He picked at the bed-cloes and colored up ; and finally I managed ter make out on 'em both that there was a girl he was goin' ter marry, and she'd be glad to come, but she didn't even know he was sick yet.

So the little feller and I, we went away together, and we hunted up the girl and her mother. The girl's name was Berlindy, and they promised to go and take care on him, and I paid 'em some in advance, and fixed things all right, and went home to Minty.

Minty was wonderful excited over it. "Our 'free lunch' was a success, arter all !" says she ; and we went to bed that night two happy women, if we was tuckererd out.

Wall, the rest is soon told. We kep an eye on Jim Rasher, and arter a while Jack give him a place in his own store, and Minty took Berlindy into the house as a servant.

When they was married, we helped ter fit 'em out, and among other things, I giv Jim the twenty-dollar gold piece and the man's message along of it.

He looked more stoopid and stunned than I ever see him afore. But his girl—Berlindy—she swallowed it all, and more, too ; for she tossed up her head, and says she :

"I should like ter see the man that can come up to James in good looks, if he is a millin'na!" says she.

Minty and Jack both say that my monomanier brought us all some good. But I don't never want another one ; and in the future, I intend ter *pay all my bills as I go*.

ETHEL'S CHOICE.

BY CLARE SCHWESTER.

Ethelyn Abbot has been spending the long summer afternoon in a pleasant desultory fashion, half the time reading the tastefully bound little volume which is now slipping from her delicate hand, half the time dreaming of—well, she could not tell exactly *what* she has been dreaming of. Perhaps she has been dreaming over her delightful three weeks at Newport ; perhaps last night's party has engrossed her thoughts. At all events, thinking has been pleasant occupation, for her face is very bright and unclouded.

What a charming picture of *dolce far niente* she makes, lying back luxuriantly in a hammock, her beautiful head pillow'd on soft, white arms, and her hair, of that rich shade of chestnut-brown, shining in the sunlight which slips in through

the thick foliage of the arbor. Very charming, indeed, is she to a pair of dark eyes, which, like sunbeams, are peeping at her through the same medium.

"Ethel!"

Miss Abbot gives a little startled cry as the owner of the eyes—a tall, well-built fellow of twenty-four or five—comes quickly into the arbor.

"Jack!—how you frightened me!"

"Did I?" says the intruder, penitently; "I am so sorry. The fact is, Mrs. Abbott told me you were here, and I really was so anxious to see you—"

"Very kind of you," murmurs Miss Abbott, politely. But something in her tone seems to have a chilling effect; for Jack reddens slightly, and there is a little pause.

"You wished to see me?" says the young lady at length, turning with polite interrogation to the other.

"You might naturally suppose so, as I came here to find you," is the answer, delivered with a repressed energy which commands attention. Then, with an abrupt change of manner: "Ethel, what is the matter? Why are you so cold?"

"I am very warm," sighs Miss Abbott, trying to be funny, by way of evading the question. Her effort is rendered a lamentable failure, however, by an emphatic "Pshaw!" which escapes with more vigor than courtesy.

The young man rises, and comes to the side of the hammock, looking down upon its burden with eyes which are very expressive.

"Don't trifle with me, Ethel," he says in a low voice, which is just the least unsteady, as if the speaker were suppressing a good deal of emotion. "You know perfectly well why I came here to-day."

Miss Abbott looks up with an air of great surprise—only for one moment, however, for, with all her faults, she is not one whit untruthful. Then her eyes drop hastily.

"Well," she says, with a quick catching of her breath, "what if I do?"

There is another pause, while the dark eyes grow darker with mingled sadness and—it must be confessed—indignation, while the tremor of voice is more marked, as Jack speaks:

"What of it? Only this: The Arctic Expedition expects to leave port to-morrow, and I go with it or not, as you bid me. You know well enough that I love you, Ethel—surely, I need not tell you that again."

"It is of no use," says Miss Ethel, after a moment's silence, with a little plaintive laugh. "No Jack, we are both too poor; and, though I don't like to confess it, I *am* too mercenary."

There is no reply, though Miss Abbott pauses for one; the dark eyes rest upon her with an in-

tensity which is not pleasant, and the young man's grasp on the hammock tightens involuntarily. She goes on hastily:

"I know it does not sound well, but it is true. I want so many things—diamonds, and horses and Worth costumes—in short, everything money can buy."

Certainly, Miss Abbott's confession is not very pretty, though the flush which follows it is.

"So you prefer marrying an income to marrying a man," is the only comment vouchsafed by her auditor. "Heaven forgive you, Ethel, if you mean what you say!" The hand on the hammock is removed with a suddenness which causes the latter to sway violently; and Miss Abbott unreasonably loses her temper.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Lindsay," she says haughtily. "Pray, be more careful."

"I beg your pardon," is the stiffly polite rejoinder; and the offender extends his hand to assist the young lady to descend. She takes it with averted eyes, and steps to the ground, drawing it quickly away a moment after.

"Good-bye."

She has turned to leave the arbor when the words are spoken.

"Good-bye," she says coldly. Strangely enough, she cannot muster courage to raise her eyes to his. The hand she gives is imprisoned tightly.

"Won't you wish me *bon voyage*?" says the young man with a faint attempt at a smile.

"We never know what a day may bring forth," she says, uttering a very solemn truth with a very common lightness. "Still, if you desire it,—*bon voyage*."

An uncomfortable silence—then, "Good-bye," and Ethel is free to resume her reading, while the sound of rapid footsteps dies away in the distance.

She does not avail herself of the opportunity, however, but sits motionless on the little rustic bench, a rather inexplicable expression in her deep blue eyes. Suddenly she rises with a gesture of impatience.

"Absurd!"

This little burst of vehemence seems to relieve her; and she proceeds to gather her parasol and the neglected novel, turns from the arbor, and walks rapidly toward the house. It is a pretty little villa, rather addicted to vines and climbing roses, with a broad, inviting verandah—the very place for a comfortable performance of that charming drama, "Love in a Cottage." And this drama is now in progress, the dramatis personæ being Martin Abbott, the good-natured older brother of pretty Miss Ethelyn, and his sweet little wife, who, having married for love, is delighted with the experiment.

She it is who, at the sight of her sister-in-law, comes quickly forward to meet her.

"Ethel," she says, as she reaches her side, "Jack has just left." Then, noticing a little frown gathering on the brow of her hearer, she adds, timidly: "Did you see him, dear?"

"Yes, I did," is the short, unsatisfactory reply. And with a brightened manner, Miss Abbott steps forward to greet the tall, distinguished individual who has followed her sister at a more leisurely pace.

"Colonel Arnhold, I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you," says the gentleman thus addressed, bending low over the small hand which is so readily extended. "I have been waiting some little time for you. Mrs. Abbott said you were *somewhere* on the place, and she has been kindly entertaining me."

Ethel glances furtively at her sister, who stands in the full light of the setting sun. The little woman responds by a decided blush, and Miss Abbott is annoyed.

"So you were not gallant enough to come and find me!" she says, with an arch smile, intended quite as much for her sister's discomfiture, as for Colonel Arnhold's enthrallment; and she succeeds in both endeavors.

The trio stroll toward the house. Ethel is in one of her brightest moods, and makes herself very entertaining. Certainly, she has a golden opportunity for so doing. Colonel Arnhold's admiration is an emphatic compliment. Besides being very rich and very aristocratic, he is a connoisseur—his artistic criticisms are very valuable; his horses are marvels of beauty and swiftness; the Arnhold diamonds are superb; and fourthly, the woman he deigns to admire has her position firmly established as a belle. No wonder Ethelyn Abbott is pleased with the marked attention which this aristocrat has shown her, since her arrival at her brother's home.

And is not she pleased? Watch her, as now, that dinner is over, the little group of people is assembled in the drawing-room. She has been singing at Colonel Arnhold's request, and is turning from the piano, while he is begging for "one more song."

"Sing 'Twickenham Ferry,'" suggests Mrs. Abbott boldly. "That is Mr. Lyndsay's favorite," she adds, turning in explanation to the Colonel.

"Mr. Lyndsay—ah, yes. By the by, he is a very venturesome rider. I saw him dash down your avenue at quite a break-neck pace this evening," says Colonel Arnhold, politely replying; and then he turns to the fair songstress. "Pray let us have Mr. Lyndsay's favorite, Miss Ethel."

To her sister's secret astonishment, Ethel complies, singing the charming little ballad in a manner which throws the Colonel into raptures—and even Mrs. Abbott must perforce acknowledge the superiority of his delicately turned compliments over Jack's hearty but inelegant comment—"Very jolly song, that." She listens with

eagerness to the ensuing remark which Colonel Arnhold makes.

"Does not this same Mr. Lyndsay expects to sail with the Arctic Expedition?"

Poor little woman! her heart sinks, as, with an indifferent "I believe so," Miss Abbott leaves the piano, and passes out into the verandah.

She looks radiantly lovely, as she pauses for one moment in the frame by the open window. The gallant Colonel hastens to her side, and Mrs. Abbott hears his low request and her bright reply:

"A walk?—with pleasure. It is a glorious night." And a faint ripple of laughter is borne back on the breeze, as the two cross the verandah and descend to the lawn.

The mellow light of a summer moon is slanting through the foliage of the trees which border the avenue. Ethel is walking very slowly, and the conversation is desultory, and not very interesting to a third party.

"I want to go to Italy this winter," the Colonel is saying. "Ah, Miss Ethelyn, what a delight it would be to take you through those wonderful galleries of art—you, who are such an admirer of its beauties." And Ethel gives little assenting murmurs, while the Colonel continues in this strain, and expatiates on the various attractions of Italy, which he does at great length—in fact, just a little longer than his listener can stand, for her patience is not her greatest virtue.

"You are an animated guide-book, Colonel Arnhold."

The Colonel pauses aghast—only for one moment, however; for of course her speech was intended as a compliment, though rather brusquely delivered.

"My dear young lady, you are most kind," he says, with a bland smile; and then the conversation becomes extremely personal, they walk if possible more slowly than ever, and the Colonel is speaking very earnestly.

At length they pause under the shade of a wide-spreading elm, just where the avenue comes to an abrupt turn. The Colonel is holding an unresisting hand.

"I will do all in my power to make your life a happy one," he says, and then silently awaits his answer.

Ethelyn's head is bowed. Where is the "yes" which she fancied she was so ready to give? Once she looks up as if to speak, but the words fail her. As a second time she raises her head, there is a sudden interruption.

Around the bend of the avenue come two men, slowly and silently.

"Only laborers," says the Colonel, reassuringly, as Ethel starts violently; but in another moment he leaves her side and goes rapidly toward the intruders, while she watches him in a half-dazed manner.

There are four men now on the broad path—walking with steady, slow footsteps—carrying something between them. She presses forward with a strange, inexplicable curiosity; but Colonel Arnhold is instantly at her side.

"Go back, my dear young lady," he says imperatively, though his voice is agitated and trembling. "This is not a sight for your eyes—poor fellow—thrown from his horse, they tell me—quite dead, I fear."

The men are standing still for a moment; they have come out of the shadow, and the moonlight is streaming down upon them in its full radiance.

Ethel leans forward—she only sees a white, white face, terribly still and quiet in the clear light—then a cry rings from her, a cry full of pain and bitterness, full of a remorse which she feels is too late; and she is on her knees by the motionless figure, holding the cold, lifeless hands, while the intense nervous strain grows harder and harder to bear. She feels a firm touch laid on her shoulder, Colonel Arnhold's voice is in her ears—and then she knows nothing more.

* * * * *

Summer is over. October winds play wildly with the brightly-tinted leaves, which are falling rapidly. It is a typical Autumn afternoon, the air fresh and cold, but quite clear and dry, and the sun shining brilliantly in the deep-blue heavens. The arbor, though not nearly as inviting as it has been, is occupied by two enterprising pedestrians, who are on their way home from a brisk walk.

One is a young gentleman who carries his left arm in a sling, though with this exception he seems in very good health and spirits. The second is a blooming damsel, who has seated herself in the long-unused hammock, and is busying herself with the re-arrangement of the sling aforementioned.

"Ethel!"

Miss Ethel looks up to find a pair of dark eyes watching her quizzically.

"Ethel, dear, do you *realise* what a very trifling income I represent?" ..

"Nonsense," is the only answer vouchsafed, though it is accompanied by a brilliant blush.

"No diamonds, no Worth costumes to speak of—it is positively heart-rending to see a young woman sacrifice herself in this manner."

"Jack, do you wish to make me seriously angry?"

"By no means, my dearest; but Ethel, I thought that they were such insuperable objections to marrying a poor man?"

Miss Ethel bends lower over her work.

"I changed my mind," she says softly.

Mr. Lyndsay laughs heartily; then he stoops and kisses the little hand which lies on his arm—

"In-consistency, thou art a jewel!"

ACTING CHARADE.

BLUNDERBUSS.

BY LESLIE HUNT.

Characters.

MR. ASHLEY, a wealthy merchant.

FRED, his son.

MOLLIE, his daughter.

LILY, his niece and ward.

HARRY MORTIMER, Mollie's lover.

TOM, black servant.

ACT I.—BLUNDER.

SCENE.—*A library, opening into a garden on right. In one corner, against the wall, an old blunderbuss. Mr. ASHLEY and MOLLIE seated 'near centre.'*

Mr. Ashley. There is no use talking, Mollie; I'm your father, and it's my duty to see you don't throw yourself away; so just make up your mind to the situation, and let this young fellow go.

Mollie. But, papa, you might at least see him before you condemn him, and let him speak for himself. 'Tis only plain justice to give him a hearing, anyhow.

Mr. Ashley. Allow me to be the judge of that. Content yourself with this: I shall neither see him nor hear him. I know his father to my sorrow—a mean rascal—and I'll have nothing to do with any more of the family.

Mollie. Well, he is not to blame for what his father does, and I'm sure you can't call him mean (*indignantly*). He has been open and gentlemanly with you. He has tried to see you again and again, and will not even attempt to visit me against your wishes.

Mr. Ashley. Oh! he's remarkably honorable, I have no doubt. Inherits it from his father, probably.

Mollie. But, papa—

Mr. Ashley. That's enough on the subject, Mollie. Of course you are too old to lock up, and if you choose to play Juliet to this young rascal's Romeo, why, elope with him, and starve with him, if you like. But marry him with my consent you never will; so take your choice.

[Exit.]

Mollie. Take my choice! A pretty choice he gives me! Well, I must be patient. Something may turn up yet. If I could see Harry!—but that is out of the question. Heigho!

Re-enter Mr. ASHLEY—a paper in his hand.

Mr. Ashkey. I have just received this telegram from Fred. I shall go straight to the Howard House, and bring Morris home with me; so see everything is prepared for him.

Mollie (*reading telegram*). "Dear father—Detained by unexpected business. Will not be home for some time. Morris comes to-day."

Puts up at Howard House. Depend on you to see to him. Affectionately,—FRED." H'm! First gun of the campaign. I wish Fred would transfer his solicitude for my happiness to his business; he would get on better. Here comes Lily.

Enter LILY, reading a book. She takes a seat.

Mollie. What have you there, Lily? Anything new?

Lily (throwing down book). New and stale. Same old story—devoted lovers, stern parent, heavy villain.

Mollie (sighing). My case, exactly!

Lily. H'm! Devoted lovers, stern, very stern parent, yes. But Mollie, where's your heavy villain?

Mollie. Lily, I have every reason to believe he is this friend Fred is going to bring home with him. I know papa intends him for my husband, but (sobbing) I shall never be the bride of any man but Harry!

Lily (with enthusiasm). How nice!

Mollie (angrily). Nice! I'd like to know where the nice part comes in!

Lily (soothingly). Now, Mollie, don't be angry. I simply meant how interesting to have a regular novelette going on under my very nose. That's all.

Mollie. Then let me tell you, for your satisfaction, that papa is rushing on your novel with steam. He has just this moment gone to bring the heavy villain to this house.

Lily. Here?

Mollie. Yes. Fred telegraphed this morning. Oh, here's the telegram! (LILY reads it, then puts it on the table. MOLLIE walks to the window—suddenly starts). Oh, Lily, there is papa's voice in the hall! Listen. (Both listen. MR. ASHLEY'S voice is heard saying, "Come into the library.") He must have met Mr. Morris on the way. They're coming in here: let's run.

[Exit hastily.

Enter MR. ASHLEY and HARRY MORTIMER, latter in traveling dress. He carries a portmanteau.

Mr. Ashley. Now, my dear fellow, sit down—sit down, and rest yourself. (Rings bell). I'll see after your things.

Enter TOM.

Here, Tom, take this gentleman's things to his room. [Exit TOM.

Harry. To my room!

Mr. Ashley. Of course. Did you think I was going to let you stay at a hotel?

Harry. I certainly did not expect such a reception as this on your part.

Mr. Ashley. Because I had never seen you? That's true, but I know all about you, and am quite prepared to be uncommonly fond of you.

Harry (aside). The deuce you are!

Mr. Ashley. So you see, Harvey, my boy—

Harry. Harvey!

Mr. Ashley. Now don't expect me to call you Mr. Morris, for I won't do it. Come, let ceremony be hanged; for while you are here, I want you to be quite en famille. As a proof, I will leave you here a few moments, while I see about your things. [Exit.

Harry. Harvey!—en famille! Morris!—my dear boy! What the dickens does it all mean? Here my sworn foe pounces on me on my way from the depot, drags me into his house, and crams his hospitality down my throat. What's this? (Reads telegram, then laughs). Oh, I see it all! I am passing as Master Fred's friend. What a sell! Shall I stay and make fierce love to Mollie as Mr. Morris, or shall I show my true colors and fly? (Pauses awhile.) Well, fate holds me out a trump card, and I don't see why I should refuse it. Courage, Mr. Harvey Morris; play well your part, and her father's lucky blunder will yet make Mollie yours.

ACT II.—BUSS.

SCENE.—Same as before. Enter MR. ASHLEY and LILY.

Mr. Ashley. Where is Mollie, Lily?

Lily. Where is Mr. Morris, Uncle?

Mr. Ashley (laughing). You are a sharp piece, Lily.

Lily. It does not require very sharp perceptions to see that Mr. Morris is hopelessly in love with Mollie.

Mr. Ashley. And what do you think about Mollie, eh? You girls ought to know each other.

Lily. Oh, she is quite as much in love with him.

Mr. Ashley. Why don't they come to an understanding, then?

Lily. Oh, uncle! in two weeks?

Mr. Ashley. Hang the time! I tell you what, Lily; I am impatient to get Mollie safe out of that other fellow's clutches.

Lily. If you are in such a hurry for the wedding, uncle, you must do the wooing.

Mr. Ashley. Good advice! I shall take it. [Exit.

Lily. What idea has struck him now? I never saw such a man. Red hot—rush, rush! But what a delicious romance! If Harry Mortimer is not masquerading as Harvey Morris, then I've no penetration. Upon my word, 'tis as good as a play. [Exit.

Enter HARRY and MOLLIE.

Harry. Now, Mollie, fate smiles on us. Your father throws us together perpetually—is evi-

dently bent on making a match: why not gratify him?

Mollie. Oh, Harry, don't dream of such a thing!

Harry. But, my dear girl, think a moment. Though everything is so smiling now, it cannot long continue. Your brother will either write or be written to, or, perhaps, come on; at any rate, I cannot keep my identity a secret much longer.

Mollie. Well, what would you have me do?

Harry. Let me ask your father's consent to-day, and then to-morrow we can take a quiet walk and be married. Then opposition will be vain.

Mollie. But that will be deceiving my father, and I—

Harry (interrupting). Mollie, he will never consent to our marriage otherwise, and I am afraid to go back and risk, perhaps lose you. Do say "yes." You would if you loved me as I love you.

Mollie. I do love you, Harry—

Harry. Then make me happy, dearest.

Mollie (hesitating). Well, if it must be so, I will.

Harry. My darling! (Kisses her.)

Enter MR. ASHLEY. MOLLIE starts and hastily leaves the room. HARRY tries to look unconscious.

Mr. Ashley. Good, hearty, healthy buss that, young man! Oh, don't look so innocent. I saw the whole affair.

Harry. Then I will make a clean breast of it. Mr. Ashley, I love your daughter.

Mr. Ashley. So it seems.

Harry. And she has just confessed that she returns my love.

Mr. Ashley. Then her devotion to that puppy was a whim, a—

Harry. A mere whim, my dear sir. She told me all about it.

Mr. Ashley. She did? Of what a weight this relieves me.

Harry. Then I may venture to ask your consent?

Mr. Ashley. She is yours, my boy, and glad I am to give her to you. I hoped for this marriage from the first.

Harry. Why, so did I!

Mr. Ashley. You did not take long to bring it about. Ah! I knew you could do it. Now go and seek your timid lady-love, and when you find her, bring her here to me.

[Exit HARRY.]

What joy! and what a handsome, likely young fellow he is; rich as Croesus, too, Fred says. Ah, Mr. Mortimer, I have spoiled your little game this time. Won't Fred be glad to hear the news?

ACT III.—BLUNDERBUSS.

SCENE.—Same as before. MR. ASHLEY and FRED.

Mr. Ashley. Well, Fred, now greetings are over, why don't you ask after your friend?

Fred (coldly). Thank you, father, I know all I care to know about my friend.

Mr. Ashley. Did he tell you all about it?

Fred. He certainly did.

Mr. Ashley. Mean fellow! I wished to surprise you.

Fred. You did, and a fatherly surprise it was.

Mr. Ashley. What do you mean?

Fred. I mean you might have shown a decent civility to my particular friend, especially as I had requested it, and led him to expect it.

Mr. Ashley. This is strange language, Fred, and I don't understand it. Your friend has been treated to the best in the house even since he has been in it.

Fred (astounded). Ever since he has been in it?

Mr. Ashley. He can tell you so himself when he comes home. He is out walking with Mollie.

Fred. Walking with Mollie?

Mr. Ashley. Yes, with Mollie, and more (triumphantly), he is engaged to Mollie.

Fred. Engaged to Mollie?

Mr. Ashley. Engaged yesterday.

Fred. Engaged yesterday?

Mr. Ashley (impatiently). Have you turned into an echo? What does all this mean?

Fred. That I can't tell. All I do know is that Morris wrote me he had been at the Howard House since his arrival here, and you had taken no notice of him, not even called on him.

Mr. Ashley. Why, Fred, I started the moment I received your telegram, met him on his way from the depot, a square from the house, brought him home, and here he has been ever since.

Fred. There's a tremendous mistake somewhere. (Suddenly). Father, how did you know him?

Mr. Ashley. Why, an immense "H. M.," on his portmanteau caught my eye, and just as I reached him I heard him enquire of a policeman if that was not Mr. Ashley's house. Enough, wasn't it?

Fred. Father, you have bungled this affair terribly.

Mr. Ashley. Here they come now; you can see them from the window. Isn't that Harvey Morris?

(FRED looks and starts, exclaiming,) By Jupiter!

Mr. Ashley. Is it?

Fred. Oh, father, you've been nicely sold! Don't you know who that fellow is?

Mr. Ashley. If it isn't Harvey Morris, who is it?

Fred. Harry Mortimer.

Mr. Ashley (jumping up). What?

Fred. Father, keep quiet. They are coming in.

Mr. Ashley. Keep quiet! O, the sly rogue! Just let me get at him!

Enter HARRY and MOLLIE—both start as they see FRED. MOLLIE sinks into a chair and covers her face with her hands. HARRY advances.

Mr. Ashley. You scoundrel! you villain! you thief! Coming into my house on false pretences, and trying to steal my daughter! (Seizes blunderbuss and points it at HARRY. MOLLIE screams and rushes forward. FRED tries to wrest the gun from his father. A scuffle—then a loud report, and MOLLIE falls to the ground.)

Harry (distractedly, throwing himself on his knees beside her). Oh! Mollie, my darling! are you hurt?

Mr. Ashley (horrified). Mollie! Good heavens! Have I killed my child?

Fred. She has only fainted. Run and get some water, Mortimer. (HARRY runs off.) Don't be so frightened, father. See, she opens her eyes!

Mollie (faintly). Papa!

Mr. Ashley (kissing her). Oh, Mollie!

Mollie. Papa, won't you forgive Harry? Oh, do say you will, or I'll wish you had killed me.

Mr. Ashley. Don't say that, Mollie; it makes me shudder to think of it. Yes, for your sake, I forgive him.

Mollie. You make me happy! (Embraces him.)

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Thank heaven you are not hurt! (Turns to MR. ASHLEY, and offers him a small pistol.) Here, Mr. Ashley, since your blunderbuss failed, perhaps with this you can succeed in making your daughter a widow.

Mr. Ashley. A widow! She is not a wife.

Harry. Yes, she is; she is mine. You gave your consent yesterday; so to-day we were married.

Mr. Ashley (furiously). Married!

Mollie (imploringly). Papa, remember your promise.

Fred (holding out his hand to HARRY). Mortimer, you have stolen a march on us; but 'pon my word, I like your pluck, and there's my hand. (They shake hands.)

Mollie. Bravo, Fred! Now, papa.

(MR. ASHLEY hesitates, then extends his hand, saying:) Treat her well, and I'll forgive you.

Harry (taking his hand). Thank you, sir; I hardly deserve it. But it is all right at last.

Mollie. And just think! We owe it all to the old blunderbuss.

[Curtain.]

OVER AN OLD LETTER.

BY JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

There hangs about thee, could the soul's sense tell,
An odor as of love and of love's doom. —*Swinburne.*
I lift it from the place where it has hidden
Out of the light away, these many years;
I read her letter o'er, and tears unbidden
Spring into eyes that long have known no tears;
Old dreams come to me—half-forgotten fancies—
Delicious days that long since found an end—
As reading o'er the best of life's romances,
I find "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

Outside the window there a bird is singing
His first sweet song unto the morning sky;
Inside, deep in a man's heart, thoughts are springing
That have lain sleeping since his youth went by.
The bird's wild song is from his throat out-pealing
As if the strain his very throat would rend—
No song may tell the memories o'er me stealing
At reading those three words just at the end!

"Your little sweetheart"—all the sad, sweet story
With fond remembrance to my spirit cries:
I see again hair of an amber glory,
Tangled across the gleam of sunny eyes—
Through time's dim halls a song rings soft and tender,
In whose soft tones our joyous voices blend—
Ah! yes, they bring back first-love's morning splendor
Those words, "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

Through the ope'd door I turn my face to seaward
Where rippling breezes o'er the blue waves blow;
The singing bird is flying far to leeward,
Just as she left me in the long ago:
Left me, O friend, to come back to me never—
The chain is broken that no hand can mend,
The hand will rest in mine no more forever
That wrote "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

I lay aside the time-stained yellow letter,
My little sweetheart, my last link to thee:
Whether it all were for the worse or better,
May God be with you whereso'er you be;
And howsoever much my feet may falter,
May your path lead where radiant roses bend,
For you will be what only death can alter—
"My little sweetheart" to the bitter end!

MY LOVE—A SONG.

BY ISABEL COLTON GREENE.

My love she wears a gown of white,

Red roses in her hair;

Her eyes are like the stars of night,

Oh, my love, she is fair!

Her singing as she trips along,

The birds all hush to hear;

And die with envy at her song,

It is so sweet and clear.

And when she stoops to pluck one flower

And take it to her breast,

Its heaven begins that very hour—

It pities all the rest.

NEVER NOW.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

There's mist on the face of morning,
And over the marriage vow
A drift of Aeolian sadness
Sweeps, murmuring, "never now."

Far into the noonday sweetness
Of love's blest garner day,
I hear, with regret's completeness,
A dear heart's broken lay.

Again in the perfumed glowing
Of orange-blossomed light,
I smile at the guests out-going
From our reception night.

I smile, and the farewells utter;
Wishes that fall like dew
On bridal petals, flutter
And rest on bound lives true.

A strong hand clasps and claims me—
He lingered beyond the rest;
Though the midnight hours are breaking,
I sit at his still behest,

And listen too late the story
I would not hear before;
He whispers, love's sweet glory
Can touch him never more.

He gives me his parting blessing
At last, when the talk is done;
He trembles—and I speak softly
Of fair maid's yet unwon.

There is pain in his eyes desponding
The red blood leaves his brow,
And his pale lips twitch, responding,
"Having loved thee—never now."

I turn to the warmth of love-fires,
And he to the winter blast.
I turn to my chosen shelter:
He is alone to the last.

In years, that ripen and gather
Our hopes into silver sheaves,
I beg the Lord to remember
The bruised and broken leaves;

To give them high expansion,
That they were crowded here,
And to let our sheaves, the richest,
Be theirs for endless cheer.

A COQUETTE.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

O you're a pert coquette, Caprice,
A pert coquette!
The face I saw at opera—
It haunts me yet;
That golden hair, those deep blue eyes,
And winsome ways,
Made me forget the mimic world
Before my gaze.

Mock kings and queens sang on the stage—
No voice I heard;
I only saw one dainty queen,
Who scarcely stirred,
But listened, wrapped in ecstasy,
Until the close;
Then, turning, met my steadfast gaze,
Blushed like a rose,
And swiftly veiled with sweeping fringe
Those deep blue eyes,
But could not hide the sunny light
That in them lies.

One moment was the pretty head
Turned quite aside;
Then archly back you glanced again,
And, frowning, tried
To wound me with that parting look,
Ah! vain the task;
To keep that face in memory
Is all I ask,
'Twould be but folly, pert coquette,
To wish for more;
For I am *sixty-three*, Caprice,
And you but *four*.

A TREASURED SORROW.

BY JULIA DEANE.

I had a sorrow,
I cast it away,
And sought a joy
In its stead to stay.

I found it not;
But a longing pain
Bade me turn, content,
To my sorrow again.

Old loves clung round it,
And memories sweet;
White were its wings,
Though bleeding its feet.

No more forsaken,
No more to part,
I treasure my sorrow
A joy in my heart.

RESURGAM.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

There's a bloom in the heart of the flower,
Although the flower be dead;
And it came from the heart of the giver,
And lives in the words she said.

It was long, long ago that she gave it,
And yet, when it meets mine eyes,
A blush of beauty sweeps o'er it,
And its dead leaves seem to rise;

And, warmed by the love within it,
It trembles and buds and blows.
Ah! all of my earthly heaven
Is hid 'neath the leaves of the rose!

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.

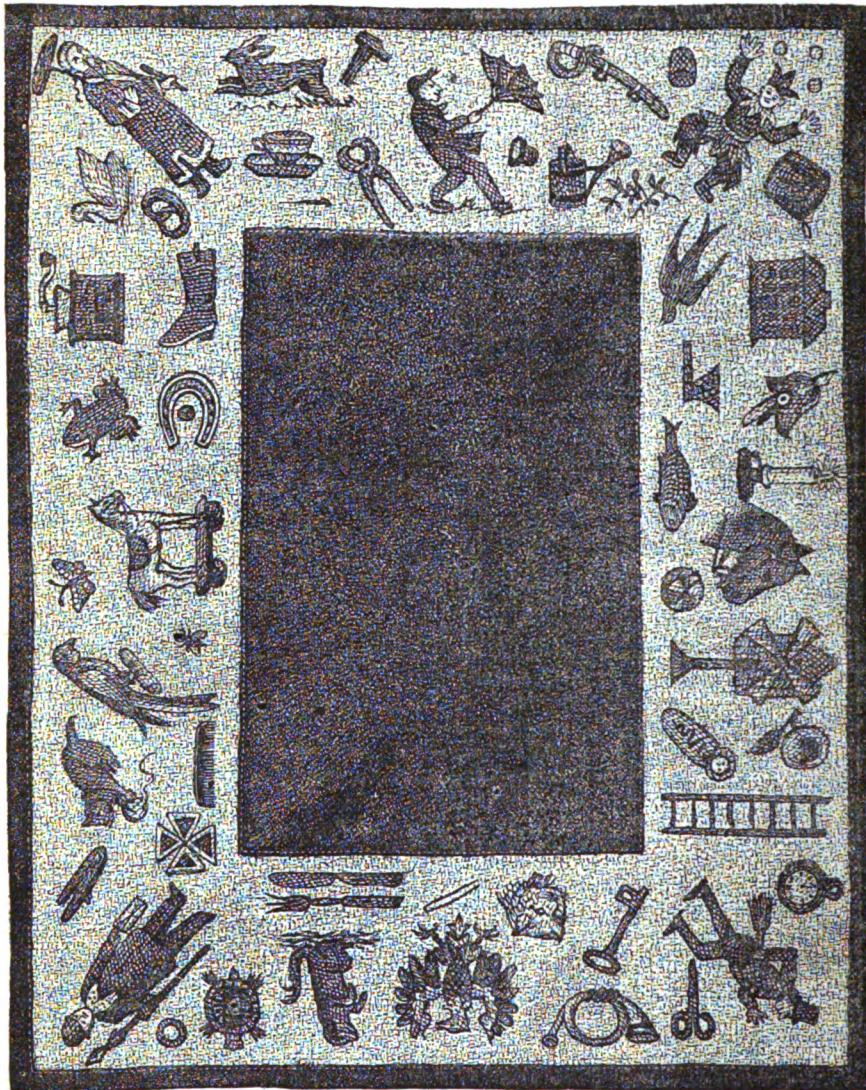


FIG. 1.—NURSERY-RUG, OR BORDER
FOR NURSERY TABLE-COVER.

The full-size rug, with designs in outline, will make a splendid Christmas present for children. It is designed for a crawling-rug for a young child, and will keep it interested and amused for a long time. An article of this kind in the nursery, folded up when not in use, keeps a young child's clothing much cleaner than it can possibly be kept if the child is allowed to crawl on a carpet.

For older children a table-cover border, that will be sure to amuse, can be made, and the various articles can be placed at greater distances to make the border the size needed for a large table.

For a rug made to the size of the border, of which we give the designs, the cloth or drugget must measure forty-seven inches in length, and thirty-one in width. A bright color should be chosen for the middle of the rug. The border is laid on and fastened down on the inside with

herringbone stitches. The outer edge is formed of about an inch of the foundation turned over as a hem; it is back-stitched on to the border. The border may be of oatmeal cloth, satin sheeting, or cloth of a contrasting color to the middle. The designs may be traced, cut, and applied to the foundation, and the edges worked over with chain-stitch in crewel; or the designs may be outlined only in crewels of varied bright colors; or if a more elaborate style of work is preferred, they may be worked in coarse crewel; this must be regulated by the time the worker desires to bestow.

This design is a very great novelty, and one that we are sure will be highly appreciated; it will not fail to be very salable at a fair.

Ladies may trace them for themselves very easily by purchasing white or colored transfer-cloth, or carbonic paper. Place the material you desire to trace upon, firmly on a board, with the transfer cloth or paper next it, then the design to be traced above all. All must be pinned down with drawing-pins, or secured by weights, so that they cannot possibly shift, then marked over with the end of a knitting-pin or agate point.

If they desire to work in applique, they must cut out the designs after tracing, and fix them in their respective positions with shoemaker's paste, which can be bought of most shoemakers. They must be very smoothly applied to the foundation of the border, and when dry a very little work in chain and cording stitches will make them effective. Odds and ends of cloth, velvet, silk, or satin, or even sateen or cotton twill, all of one or of varied colors, may be used.

Fig. 2.

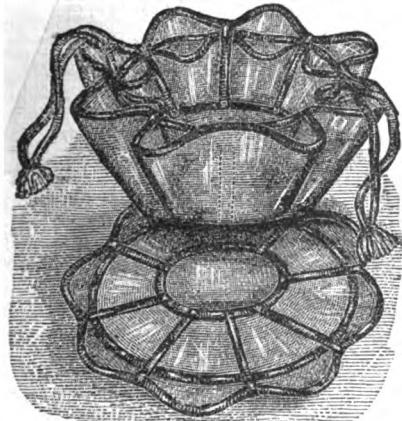


Fig. 2.—WORK BAG.

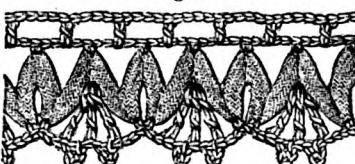
The bag is made of strong colored linen or cashmere; it is made in three parts, and is so put together that it folds up in a circular form, the flat part lying open, forming the side of the bag.

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FIG. 3.—TRIMMING: CROCHET AND WAVED BRAID.

For the edge: Work one double into point of braid, two chain, one double treble into the depth of scallop, three chain, one double into first of three chain, one double treble into the depth of same scallop the last double treble was worked

Fig. 3.



into, three chain, one double into the first, one double treble into depth of same scallop, two chain, one double into point of braid. Repeat from the beginning of the row. For the heading:

1st row: Work one double into point of braid, four chain. Repeat.

2d row: One treble into centre of four chain of last row, five chain. Repeat.

Fig. 4.



FIGS. 4 AND 5.—GIPSY TABLE.

The stand of the table is ebony and gold; the top is of deal, covered with Java canvas, embroidered with a cross-stitch design, a quarter of which is shown in the full size in FIG. 5; it is worked with two shades of brown and two of blue marking filoselle. The drapery round the table is composed of a band of canvas, embroidered with a cross-stitch border; it is edged with guipure lace.

Fig. 5.

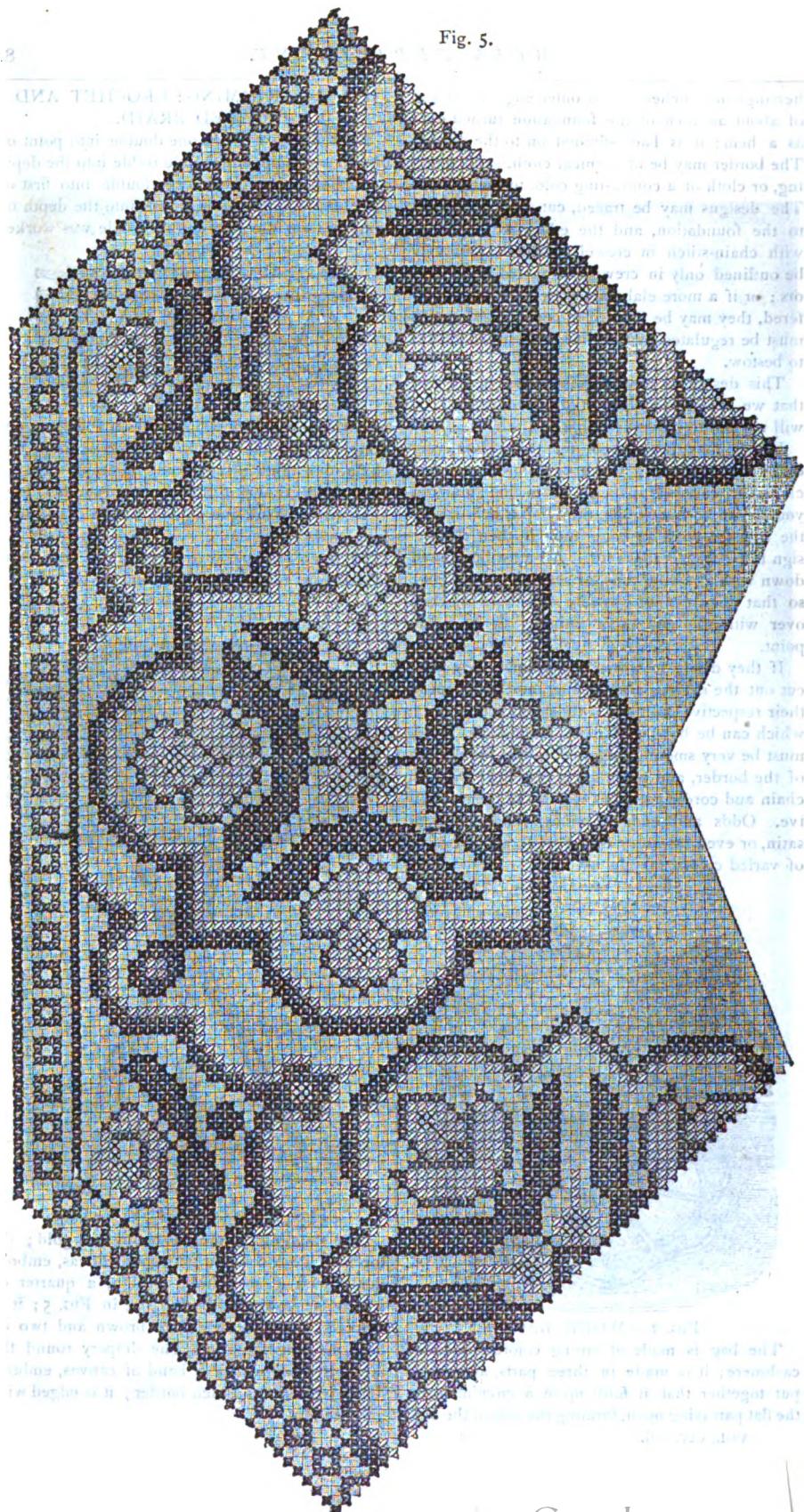


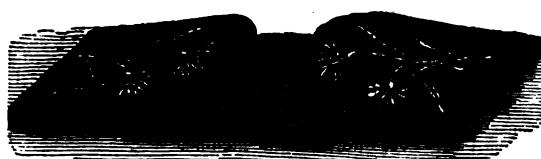
Fig. 6.



FIGS. 6 AND 7.—BOOK-CASE, WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.

Any book-case that has become shabby, or one of plain deal, may be used for this purpose; it is covered with stamped bronze plush or velvet,

Fig. 7.



embroidered with cornflowers and leaves in their natural colors, worked with embroidery silk or crewels. The cover may either be sewn neatly over at the edges, and the stitches covered with a fine cord, or it may be glued on, and the edges finished with a narrow furniture gimp, fixed on with small brass tacks. The back of the case is covered with satin, and the sides and back are tied together with a bow of ribbon. The open case is shown in Fig. 6, and closed in Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

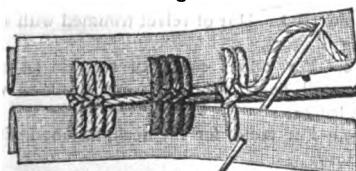


FIG. 8.—JOINING-STITCH.

This design shows a method of joining stripes for antimacassars, etc.; the ends of the material are turned down, and a kind of close herring-bone stitch is worked from side to side with wool or embroidery silk of two colors.

CURTAINS FOR WINDOW OR PORTERIÉ.

(See colored cut in front of book.)

These curtains are made of satin, felt, velvet,

or plush, with the design for border applied on, the full working size for which is given. The border is of a contrasting color, worked with different colored silks in some of the many fancy stitches now so fashionable. The curtains, if used for a window, can have lace ones put inside, or they can form the only drapery; if used at a door (for which they are especially fashionable), they of course are the only drapery; they are

hung upon a cornice or upon a pole of brass, or walnut with rings upon it; when hung, there should be an open place left in the centre (see illustration), and many persons allow them to hang down straight without looping back.

FIG. 9.—EGG-WARMER.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 2 oz. pale blue, 1 oz. pink Berlin wool, two pins No. 15, and a crochet-hook.

Cast on eighty-one stitches.

1st row: Knit three and purl three alternately.

2d row: purl three and knit three alternately.
3d and 4th rows: Like 2d row.

5th row: Like 1st row.

6th row: Like second, then repeat from the 1st row. This forms a basket-pattern. Continue the pattern until you have made the foundation the length required.

For the pocket, six of which are needed: Cast on twenty-eight stitches, decrease by knitting two together in every third row.

1st row: Knit.

2d row: Purl.

3d row: Knit.

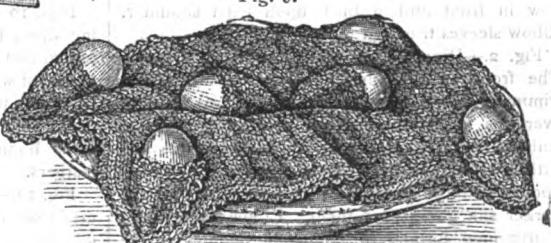
4th row: Purl.

5th row: Knit.

6th row: Knit. Repeat from the 1st row until no stitches remain.

For the crochet edge, which is worked round foundation and each of the pockets: Work one double into a stitch, four chain, one treble into

Fig. 9.



the first, pass over two stitches, and repeat from the beginning of the row.

The arrangement of the pockets on the foundation will be seen from the illustration; they are sewn on by a needle and wool.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The publishers of the *Lady's Book* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *Lady's Book*, the *Fashion Editors* does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

PAPER PATTERNS.

We have made arrangements by which we are enabled to furnish patterns of any costume or part of a costume illustrated in our fashions. We wish our readers and friends to understand that these patterns cannot be procured any place except directly from us, and for their convenience we give a list of prices at which we can furnish them; the prices include postage. Be particular when sending to mention the article you desire, the number by which it is illustrated, and the month of the magazine in which it is published:

Lady's Basque,	60 cents.
" Cloak,	80 "
" Overskirt,	70 "
" Underskirt,	50 "
" Undergarments, apiece,	50 "
Girl's Dress,	60 "
" Basque,	30 "
" Cloak,	60 "
" Apron,	30 "
" Undergarments, apiece,	25 "
Boy's Suit,	60 "

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress for lady made of gendarme damassé. The skirt is trimmed with a narrow plaited ruffle headed with a row of white lace. The overskirt is trimmed with a deep lace; it is looped up higher on one side than the other. The bodice is cut square trimmed with lace, ribbon bow in front and a bird upon each shoulder. Elbow sleeves trimmed with lace.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of lilac and purple silk. The front of the skirt is of the darkest shade, trimmed with narrow ruffles of the two shades; over this fall pointed pieces of the lighter shade embroidered. The back of the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles put on in pyramids. Pointed bodice, with a puff below it, with bands of the darker silk going over them. Elbow sleeves with a trimming formed in the same manner at the top; the neck is cut surplice, with standing collar in the back.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress for lady made of navy-blue camel's hair; the skirt is trimmed with three ruffles with puffs above them, drapery in the back. Cloak of invisible plaid cloth, trimmed with ribbon

bows. Velvet bonnet trimmed with deep red satin and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of pink satin and white satin damassé. The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles of pink, with a space, and the front breadth finished up to the waist en tablier. The overdress is of the damassé, looped at the sides with flowers. Pointed basque trimmed with the damassé, square neck with a plastron of lace around the neck and down the front, flowers at the left side, elbow sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of myrtle green cloth; the underskirt is box plaited, overskirt in the front wrinkled. Polonaise Shirred in the back and forming a long overskirt looped with bows of plush, plush bands fastened at the sides, tied in a bow in front, small cape shirred at the neck. Bonnet of plush trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of four years made of gray velvet; the coat has a double collar, belt around the waist with pocket attached to it. Hat of felt faced with velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Hat for young girl, of olive colored beaver, trimmed with plush and a wing.

Fig. 2.—Derby hat of black beaver, trimmed with cord and tassels of chenille.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet for lady, made of maroon colored plush trimmed with ostrich feathers and iridescent beaded lace. The strings are of plush lined with satin, fastened by a hook and eye to correspond with trimming lace.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Front and back view of lady's cloak made of moleskin lined with satin, trimmed with passementerie ornaments, and a deep fur border.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Front and back view of lady's visiting dress made of olive green velvet and satin. The skirt is trimmed with five plaited ruffles made of alternate satin and velvet. The polonaise is of velvet trimmed with shirred satin, and a wide satin bow in the back. Hat of velvet trimmed with satin and long feathers.

Fig. 8.—Fur tippet made of sealskin fastened with a small head; the ends are trimmed with Angora fringe.

Fig. 9.—Fur band for the neck, fastened with a ribbon bow.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Front and back view of walking dress for child of eight years, made of seal brown cloth; the front is gored, the back is plain to the waist with a kilted skirt, shirred at the top, ribbon bows up the front. The sleeves are shirred at the armholes, plain from the elbow to the waist. Poke bonnet of velvet trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 12.—Walking dress, child of nine years, made of navy blue cashmere. The underskirt is kilted, polonaise with apron drapery, sleeves shirred at intervals, the length of the arm. Hat of beaver, trimmed with plush and long feather.

Fig. 13.—Muff of otter, trimmed with a ribbon bow.

Fig. 14.—Sealskin muff, with bag at back and trimmed with a satin ribbon bow.

Fig. 15.—Bonnet made of brown plush, trimmed with feathers and watered ribbon.

Fig. 16.—Lady's house dress, made of green camel's hair; the skirt is kilted all the way down, the bodice has an added basque, which is fastened on with buttons and false button holes; the vest is fastened in, in the same manner, as are also the collar and cuffs.

Fig. 17.—Bodice for lady's house dress; it is made of plain satin, with collar and cuffs of brocaded satin. The rest is Shirred from the waist down, and at the neck. Belt and bow of satin.

Figs. 18 and 19.—Front and back view of suit for boy of five years, made of myrtle green cloth; pants to the knees, blouse with yoke in it and belt.

Fig. 20.—Fashionable mode of making a dress sleeve trimmed with feather trimming.

Fig. 21.—Long bustle, made of crinoline, to wear with a walking dress.

Fig. 22.—Lady's dinner dress, made of black Surah silk; the edge of the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles and rows of beaded lace. The front is trimmed with five rows of deep beaded lace, the sides are trimmed to correspond. The bodice is Shirred back and front with collar of the lace, elbow sleeves also trimmed with lace.

Fig. 23.—Bonnet made of deep red plush; the front is fluted, fastened by beads, the outside is trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 24.—Bonnet of navy blue velvet, trimmed at one side with a bunch of small ostrich feathers and an aigrette.

Fig. 25.—Black plush bonnet, trimmed with jet ornament, feathers, aigrette, and satin ribbon.

Fig. 26.—Collar made of China crepe, trimmed with lace, the ends tied in a large bow.

Fig. 27.—Apron made with a bib; the material is gray linen, trimmed with a plaited ruffle, and a band with false button holes and buttons; the same trims the pocket, and bib.

Fig. 28.—Overcoat for boy of twelve years old, made of beaver cloth, with otter collar and cuffs.

Fig. 29.—Evening hood for a lady, made of pink satin and trimmed with Breton lace and satin ribbon.

Fig. 30.—Walking dress for lady, made of black camel's hair, trimmed with narrow ruffles. Cloak of black satin de Lyon, lined with fur, with long hanging sleeves, and a Shirred piece up the front. Bonnet of black velvet trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 31.—Walking dress for lady, made of seal brown silk; the skirt is plain in the back, Shirred up the front. The cloak is made of the same material, trimmed with lace, Shirred up the back, fur collar. Bonnet of brown velvet, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 32.—Dress of myrtle-green cloth, trimmed on the skirts with narrow plaitings. The wrap is in the Hubbard style, trimmed with a band of otter. Velvet bonnet trimmed with feathers.

The diagram pattern is for a house dress for girl from six to eight. Cashmere, serge, diagonal, or any other soft material, may be used to make it of. The pattern consists of four pieces—half of yoke, half of sleeve, one front, and half of back. The yoke, if preferred, may be made of velvet; likewise the ruffles. The sleeve is gathered at the wrist.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Although modern fashions give the greatest facility for employing odd pieces of silk of every description,—widths of old dresses, trimmings, braid and fringe—which had long lain by in band-boxes and chests of drawers, it would be an error to suppose everything is possible in the way of such arrangements. Thus, it is evidently impossible to change a short or even semi-long paletot into one of the long and ample mantles now fashionable. There is but one way of making use of short paletots, whether of velvet or cloth. It is to transform them into jackets made tailor-fashion, which for young girls may do duty as an out-of-door mantle, and for married ladies may be worn as a bodice with skirts, deprived of their indispensable adjunct—that is, their bodice—which is either worn out or out of fashion. If any of our readers are in possession of a velvet cloak that has done duty and grown old-fashioned, they can utilize it by making of it a jacket with more or less deep basque, and wearing it with a black silk skirt. The costume will be perfect, if they are the possessors of one or two widths of black moiré. Of this last can be made a deep drapery placed in front from the waist, so as to fall about midway down the skirt; and the basques of the jacket being slit open at the back from the waist, a very large bow of moiré will show in the opening of the slit, to which may be added, if preferred, a limp puff of the same moiré, falling over the back width of the skirt. Moiré—especially French moiré—being with satin the most fashionable material of the season, it will suffice to introduce a little of it in the arrangement of the toilet, in order to make it look new and fashionable.

The most luxurious wraps are made of silk, plush or damassé velvet, lined with fur, and trimmed with different materials or fur. Not that entire fur garments are by any means less fashionable, for they are not. Seal-skin sacques are the choice for ladies who can afford them, this winter ranging higher in price than heretofore. Seal-skin dolmans are the most fashionable; but, as they are more luxurious than can be generally afforded (being double the price of a sacque), they are not so universally worn. Deep fur collars are worn, reaching down to the shoulders like a cape. Muffs are worn in every shape—many more fancy ones being used this season than previous ones. They are trimmed with lace, flowers, birds and ribbon, and are usually made of plush, velvet, satin, or the material of the dress. Fur muffs are very much of the same shape as those worn last season, except those made of seal-skin, which are flat like those made of plush or velvet. Many persons are turning their fur muffs inside out, and trimming them like bonnets, with lace, ribbons and feathers.

Winter bonnets are decidedly divided into three series: first, immense poke bonnets of plush, lined with a contrasting color, with an Alsatian bow and bird at the side; secondly, Incroyable bonnets of ribbed, striped, or plaided plush, with jet black border and bird of paradise; thirdly, dainty capotes of plush or satin, puffed or drawn, with trimming

of tiny birds, gold lace, or curled feathers. Poke bonnets are of two colors; thus for instance, garnet plush inside, old gold plush outside. Capotes, on the contrary, are all of one color, with fancy birds, jewelled brooches, and quillings of gold and black lace. Wide plush strings tied in a bow in front. On one model there are six tiny brown birds with colored breasts. These little capotes are worn for morning calls. Large bonnets or hats, the latter for young ladies only, are more worn for driving. A handsome specimen is of black felt, with pointed crown and velvet brim, trimmed with multi-colored beads; another is of furry beige felt, trimmed with a torsade of seal brown plush and a pale gray bird. In fact, bonnets and hats are seen in such a variety of styles as to defy description, and our *modistes* arrange and fashion them according to the fancies of their fair patrons. No flowers appear as yet: feathers, nothing but feathers, either monochrome or shaded, or else undyed and of a grayish or beige color. Also birds in quantities, either small and mounted whole, or large and with the head and part of the body only, dainty West Indian birds with dazzling plumage, green love birds, and above all, birds of paradise.

Tournures are becoming quite indispensable. They are worn semi-long, and more or less voluminous, according to the style of the dress with which they are worn, and the weight of the material of which it is composed. The tournure often forms part of the flounced train, that is to say, it is tacked on to the dress inside. Very small tournures, worn under the skirt, are put on a good deal below waist line, or pleated starched flounces are put in the upper part of white petticoats, which answer the purpose as well for persons who desire but a slight bouffant appearance. All dresses with the least pretension to elegance are finished round the foot by one or two extremely fine, narrow flutings, besides the indispensable *balayeuse* of pleated white muslin, edged with lace or embroidery. If one color prevails in the toilet, the flutings are made of that color; if there are two distinct toilets, there will be one fluting of each. In any case, both flutings are put on under the edge of the skirt. In many instances there are as many as three or four, alternating in color.

The latest model for *robe de chambre* is the demit-trained skirt and long sacque overdress. The skirt is generally trimmed around the edge with one or more flounces. The overdress is usually made with a gauged yoke in the "Mother Hubbard" style, leaving the bodice of the garment loose; or again, the back is gauged down the middle and the front down each side. Bows are often placed at regular distances down the front, instead of buttons; the gaugings are not continued more than a few inches below the waist line. Sometimes a belt is worn by ladies who disapprove of too loose a style of dress.

A pretty bag to hold a handkerchief and wear with an evening dress, is formed of rows of lace run together one above the other, the pattern turned downwards, with the exception of that of the top row, which turns up the lace. The lace is not all fulled. The bag is unlined, and measures

about seven inches in width and eight inches in depth. It is attached to the waist by ribbon, to match that of the dress trimming, and should be fastened at the top and bottom to the dress by a small safety pin. Artificial flowers are much worn on the shoulders of high or semi-high dresses, and will be also much used on party dresses; a new mode of using them is to make them hang in a sort of fringe round the top of the arm of an almost sleeveless basque. Silver jewelry is still the most fashionable for young ladies; there is an endless variety of this kind of jewelry, and it is more simple and suitable to young ladies than gold.

Very full ruffs of white or of black lace, encircling the neck closely are the latest style of lingerie. Sometimes a barbe or scarf of similar lace is tied in front; in either case the ruff is simply fastened by a brooch. These are shown in Spanish and Breton laces, black and white alike. With black lace ruffs no white is worn next the skin, and this is also true of the black lace fichus that are now worn open very low at the throat.

The most fashionable trimmings are wide ruches of silk and satin, either ruffled or lace-edged, one of which is put at the bottom, or to divide the flounces on a skirt, colored laces, Swiss embroidery worked in silk upon cashmere or other soft materials, and jetted and beaded passementerie, the latter being used a great deal upon mantles. Velvet is very much used for walking and driving costumes, and is also used as a trimming, matching the cloth or cashmere. Colored and striped under-skirts are very popular, worn with overdresses of a neutral tint, with "Mother Hubbard" mantles of the same, and so are plain velvet skirts.

Brocaded materials continue to be very fashionable; they are elegant, but very expensive. If, however, our lady readers wish to have trimmings in handsome brocaded materials at very little expense, they need only exercise a little skill and patience. Let them procure some printed foulard upon a ground of some neutral tint, such as pink, dove, buff, or cream. Out of this foulard let them cut out revers, a collar, sleeves, and pockets. Then let them embroider all the patterns of the printed foulard with floss silks, combining the colors according to their own taste and fancy, and even introducing a certain quantity of gold thread into the pattern. Very pretty dinner and evening dresses can thus be trimmed, and made to look both rich and elegant.

Swiss belts are pretty additions to a dress, and are generally made of black silk, and embroidered with beads, having a satchel bag attached, trimmed to match. They require to be well cut, well made, and well whaleboned, or they are failures. Plush collarettes brighten up a winter dress; but charming little additions are the French mends or bows, which can be had in any color, and are pinned on to the sides of the bodice. They look natty, and enliven the most sombre costume. Artificial flowers are worn, when real are not attainable, on the left side just below the ear, and sometimes a necklace of tiny flowers is added to the lace ruche that encircles the throat.

Plush is used for everything. It is used for opera

cloaks—or rather scarfs of the half square form—trimmed with lace, plaited at the neck, and completed by a cape. These are very glossy and bright, and are well suited to the purpose.

If any of our lady readers are in possession of lace flounces for an evening dress, they can now make use of them, not, indeed, by putting them on, as in former years, in three flounces all around the skirt, but in a more fanciful manner. Thus, for instance, the first flounce, almost plain in front, gathered at the sides just at the edge of the bodice; the second, also plain in front, and fuller at the sides, should be four inches at least from the foot of the skirt. This space is filled up by a flounce or a puffing of the same material as the skirt, which flounce or puffing will be repeated in larger proportions between the first and second flounces. A pretty trimming for the bodice, to be made of lace, measures thirty inches in length, and is composed of two widths of lace run together at the heading. About three and a half yards of lace are needed; this is put into pleats at the top and bottom, and at intervals about five inches apart a rosette and loops of watered ribbon about two inches wide are put into the top pleating of lace, and a smaller rosette and long loops into the bottom pleats. The lace is attached to a length of ribbon, which falls carelessly under it. This trimming is put on close to the throat ruffle on the left side; it crosses the front of the dress, and is fastened below the waist on the right side. There is nothing softer or more becoming to ladies of all ages than lace; and never at any time has there been so great a variety of laces worn as at present. The machine-made French and English laces are now brought to such perfection that few, save good judges, can tell the difference between the real and imitation.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

At this season of the year, when parties of all kinds are at their height, it will probably not be amiss to give some hints upon conversation at dancing parties, and the different rules of etiquette in reference to them. The polite remarks that pass for conversation at parties where dancing is the one amusement are proverbially frivolous and inane; it would be easy to write a volume upon the frivolous talk of young people thus met together; but *que voulez-vous?* If the conversation is frivolous it is not to be wondered at, seeing that they go to the party or ball with the one intent to dance, and solid conversation in such surroundings is not to be expected. The young people are perfectly satisfied with each other, and those elderly maiden ladies who shake their heads over what they term the vapid and silly conversation heard in the ball-room, should endeavor to recall the days of their youth, and to recollect whether the active exercise of dancing was conclusive to anything but the most desultory of observations, disjointed sentences, questions and answers. A young lady when asked to dance, now seldom replies with "I shall be very happy." This phrase has disappeared in company with "May I have the pleasure." But a much

more practical answer is given, such as "Certainly, I am not engaged for this dance," or "I regret being unable to give you a dance until later in the evening, as my card is nearly full," or "I have the third dance from this disengaged," as the case may be. To the question of "Are you engaged for this dance?" some ladies foolishly reply that they do not think they are, at the same time being thoroughly aware that they are not; while a young lady with tact and aplomb escapes from this dilemma, by replying with readiness, "I am very glad to say I am not," which expression of pleasure puts her partner on good terms with herself and himself. Party dialogues seldom soar above polite commonplaces relative to the occasion. A ball-room is essentially the place where complimentary nothings are airily uttered and blandly received. Complimentary speeches and airy nothings differ from legitimate topics of conversation, and do not admit of much strain being put upon them; if continued beyond the moment, they come dangerously near the region of flirtation; and failing this, they become flat or insipid, all the sparkling effervescence having evaporated. If a lady discovers that her partner is a good waltzer, a neat way of complimenting him would be to throw out the suggestion that he had probably been much abroad. If, as is much more frequently the case, a lady finds that her partner's dancing does not realize her expectations, a polite way of making this opinion known to him so as to avoid wounding his *amour propre*, would be for her to say, "I am afraid I am not dancing your step; we do not seem to get on well, do we?" or "If you do not mind, I think I should like to sit down; I would rather not take another turn just yet;" or she might say, "What step do you dance? I do not seem to have fallen into your step yet." A young lady should be careful that her partner does not hold her right hand upright in the air when dancing, or hold it against his left side, or move it up and down in an ungainly fashion; neither should a young lady permit her partner to assist her in holding up her dress when dancing, if a trained dress is worn. A gentleman taking a young lady in to supper would re-conduct her to the room again, as a matter of course; the fact of friends joining her in the supper room would not relieve him from this obligation. And the same etiquette applies equally to a lady; she would return to the dancing room only with the gentleman who had taken her in to supper, unless she were engaged for the ensuing dance, when her partner might come in quest of her; she would then return to the room with him. When a friend or an acquaintance desires to make an introduction, it is usual to ascertain the wishes of the lady or the inclinations of the gentleman before doing so, unless aware that a lady is in want of a partner, or that a gentleman is anxious to dance with some one, and is indifferent as to whom she might be. Indiscriminately made introductions show great want of tact on the part of the person so making them. Hoping that our fair readers will have many gayeties at this season, and with wishes for a Happy New Year to all our readers old and young, near and far.

FASHION.

RECIPES.

RUSSIAN BLANC MANGE.

Ingredients.—One ounce of Russian isinglass,
Cup of new milk,
Twelve eggs,
One pound of white sugar,
Half a pint of cream,
Vanilla.

Dissolve the isinglass in the milk, beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together; whip to a froth the cream and the whites of the eggs, strain the isinglass into the yolks and sugar, add the cream, then the whites and vanilla, and beat it all together lightly. Pour in moulds and set it on the ice to stiffen; serve with sponge cake or any delicate cake.

FRENCH CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk,
Sugar,
Vanilla,
Eight eggs.

Sweeten the milk according to your taste and flavor with Vanilla extract (Vanilla bean boiled in the milk is better), and boil it in as flat a dish as possible; beat to a froth the whites of the eggs; when the milk boils lay on in little lumps the whites of the eggs; let them harden, then skim them off carefully and place on a dish. When all are cooked, beat up the yolks and stir in the boiling milk until it thickens; ornament the whites with bits of jelly, and turn the custard round them.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

Ingredients.—Two and a half cups of flour,
Two cups of sugar,
One cup of butter,
One cup of sweet milk,
Seven eggs (whites only),
Two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder,
One pound each of raisins, figs and almonds,
Quarter of a pound of citron.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add whites of eggs, then milk and flour, beat well, then add the fruit, which should have a sifting of flour over it, blanch the almonds, and cut the figs and citron in thin strips, cut and stone the raisins; bake slowly.

SHIN BONE SOUP.

Ingredients.—Beef bone, well cracked,
Five quarts of water,
Half of a white cabbage,
Two turnips,
Three carrots,
Three onions,
Pepper and salt.

It is better to boil the beef the day before the soup is needed, but if not convenient, boil it five or six hours in the water, skimming it often. Cut the vegetables fine and boil them in the soup two hours; half an hour before serving take out the bone and gristle, make small balls of raised dough, put them in the soup, and boil half an hour. Strain before serving.

VERMICELLI SOUP.

Ingredients.—Skin of veal,
One onion,
Two carrots,
Two turnips,
Four quarts of water,
Salt and vermicelli.

Cut the vegetables in small pieces and boil them with the veal in four quarts of water four hours, then add two cups of vermicelli, and boil it an hour and a half longer; before serving remove the bone and vegetables, or strain it through a coarse sieve. Serve with toasted bread cut in dice shape.

EVERTON TOFFEE.

Ingredients.—One pound of powdered sugar,
Teacupful of water,
Quarter of a pound of butter,
Lemon juice.

Dissolve the sugar in the water on the fire, beat the butter to a cream; when the sugar is dissolved, add the butter, and keep stirring the mixture over the fire until it sets; just before it is done add the lemon juice, or ten drops of lemon extract.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.

Ingredients.—Seven pounds of tomatoes,
One pint of vinegar,
Three and a half pounds of sugar,
One ounce each of cloves and allspice,
One ounce of cinnamon.

Scald and peel the tomatoes, drain them well; boil the vinegar and sugar together five minutes, then put in the tomatoes with the spices, which should be whole and tied in a muslin bag; boil all half an hour, put in a stone jar or large bottles and cork tight; keeps good a long time.

TOASTED CHEESE.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of cheese,
One gill of fresh milk,
Yolk of one egg.

Cut the cheese in thin slices, put it in a stew-pan, add the milk and simmer on the fire slowly till the cheese is quite dissolved; pour it in a shallow dish and when cooled a little, add the yolk of egg well beaten, then place it on the fire to brown. This is a delicious relish for tea or lunch; serve very hot.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of butter,
Quarter of a pound of sugar,
Six ounces of flour,
Teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon,
Mace,
One egg.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the well-beaten egg and spice, then stir in very gradually the flour; roll out the paste as thin as possible, and cut the cakes with a cookey cutter; a teaspoonful of cold water will prevent the mixture from adhering to the rolling-board; bake in a quick oven.

HUNTER'S PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of bread crumbs, One pound of raisins, currants, each, One pound of suet, Half a pound of sugar, Eight eggs, Tablespoonful of flour, Quarter of a pound of citron, Ten drops of almond extract, Nutmeg, Mace, Cloves.

Have the bread crumbs very fine, also the suet; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currants, pound the spices to powder, cut the citron in strips, mix these and the sugar well together, beat the eggs to a froth and drop the almond into them, stir all together, and add a little cider; tie the pudding firmly in a mould and boil or steam eight hours. Serve with sauce.

QUEEN PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of bread crumbs, One pint of milk, Eight eggs, One cup of sugar, Tablespoonful of butter, Lemon.

Soak the crumbs in the milk till soft, add sugar beaten with the yolks of the eggs and the whites of four of them, add butter in small bits and juice of the lemon, beat the whites of the four eggs left out with a cup of sugar, and when the pudding is baked spread it over the top and bake a delicate brown.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—One pound of cooked chicken, Half a teaspoonful of pepper, Half a tablespoonful of salt, Half a tablespoonful of butter, One egg, Half a pint of cream, Juice of half a lemon, Cracker crumbs.

Chop the chicken very fine, mix it with the salt, pepper, butter, egg and cream, have your moulding board well covered with cracker crumbs, form your croquettes in shape and roll them in the crumbs first covering them with well beaten egg, fry them in a croquette basket in boiling fat until a light brown. Veal and turkey may be used instead of chicken.

FISH CHOWDER.

Ingredients.—Four pounds of cod fish or haddock, Quarter of a pound of salt pork, Five potatoes, One onion, Salt, Pepper, One pint of milk, Six crackers.

Skin the fish, cut in pieces and wash in cold water, cut the pork in small pieces and fry brown in the kettle in which the chowder is to be made, pare and slice the potatoes and onion, put a layer in the kettle, then a layer of fish, a little salt, pepper and flour; repeat this till all the fish is used, cover with hot water and boil gently half an hour, then add milk and split crackers, boil ten minutes longer.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, Half a pint of milk, One teaspoonful of salt, Two cups of flour, Tart apples.

Beat the eggs well, stir in the milk, salt and flour till you have a light batter, then pare nice tart apples, core, and cut in pretty thick slices, dip them in the batter, being sure to have them well covered, fry in boiling lard. Serve with white sugar or any kind of sweet preserve.

MUTTON BROTH.

Ingredients.—Mutton stock, Half a cup of English split peas, One onion, Salt, Pepper, Celery seed.

Take three quarts of the liquor in which mutton has been boiled, let it get cold and remove all the fat, add the peas, which should be nicely washed, one small onion cut in slices, a little salt, pepper and celery seed; cook gently three hours, it may need a little water if it boils away too much; do not add seasoning till almost done.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Ingredients.—Fresh oysters, Cracker crumbs, Butter, Cider, Salt, Pepper, Mace.

Pound the crackers quite fine, butter your baking dish, sprinkle in some of the crumbs, then a layer of oysters, a few small bits of nice butter, a little pepper, and if the oysters are very fresh, a little salt. Repeat this till the dish is full, having plenty of cracker crumbs on top. Then add a little powdered mace, and a few spoonfuls of cider; bake in a moderate oven till brown.

SUET PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Corn meal, Beef suet, Salt, Molasses.

Sift the meal, chop the suet very fine, and put in the middle of the meal; strew over it a little salt, pour on boiling water, and mix it very stiff; then soften it by a half cup of molasses. Wet the bag in boiling water, put the pudding in, and tightly tie it. Have the water boiling when you put the pudding in, cook one hour and a half.

PRESERVED PUMPKIN.

Ingredients.—Yellow pumpkin, Sugar, Lemon juice.

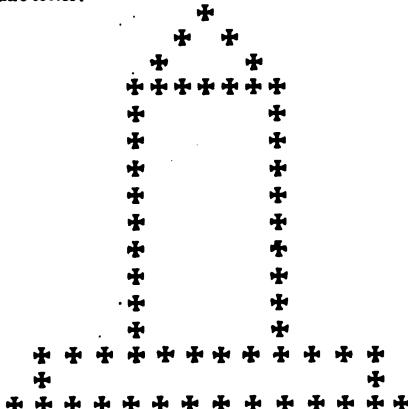
Cut the pumpkin into strips two inches wide and five or six long, put a pound of sugar to a pound of pumpkin, scatter it over it, and pour over it two wine-glasses of lemon juice. Next day put the parings of two or three lemons with the sugar and fruit, and boil till tender and clear without breaking; lay the pumpkin to cool, strain the syrup, and pour over it. This is very nice, even better than citron melon, and keeps well.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

PORTAL PUZZLE.

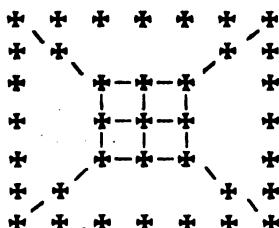
The accompanying doorway is formed of words, all of which begin and end with the same letter. The points of intersection are also formed by the same letter.



The lintel of the door is formed of a word of seven letters, meaning a wonder of the sky. The transom is formed of two words of four letters each, signifying comfort, and a border or brink. The posts represent an ancient manufacture made from the soil, and a modern invention most important to printers. The sill of thirteen letters expresses the condition of liquors when fermenting, and the base line describes the period when plants display their flowers. The steps are formed by an important member of the body, and the close of the day.

CASEMENT PUZZLE.

The window of four panes is formed by a word square, consisting of three words of three letters each, which mean: to entreat abjectly, sooner than, and to obtain.

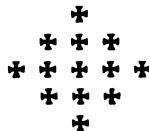


The four lines forming the frame contain seven letters each, beginning and ending with the same consonant. They mean: 1. A violent storm. 2. A rapid-flowing stream. 3. Severe pain. 4. A thickly planted grove. The lines forming the corners express: 1. An instrument used in playing ball. 2. A current slang term for dismissal. 3. A term for a fit of anger. 4. To acquire.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Reading across, the lines present:

1. A letter considered very unimportant in the old English dictionaries.
2. A river in Scotland.
3. A river in Virginia.
4. A large body of water.
5. The outside of sweetmeats.



Reading downwards: 1. A consonant. 2. A vessel for holding liquor. 3. A favorite name in the royal line of the Stuarts. 4. A solemn asseveration. 5. Is very important to Susan.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in joy, but not in sorrow;
Next in to-day, but not in to-morrow;
My third in New Year, though in Christmas missing;
My fourth in hugging, though not in kissing;
My fifth in bracelet, but not in ring;
My sixth in winter, but not in spring.
My seventh and last is seen always in May;
And my whole is a glorious time for play,
Reaching ever its end on the thirty-first day.

CHARADE.

My first in the face holds prominent place,
And my next ever lively appears;
My whole is a word whose old-fashioned grace
Is displaced by a French favorite queer.

A DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

— a — ai — w — wy — e — o — w — —
— y — i — io — o — o.

Supply the dashes by the correct consonants and find the name of a parish in Wales.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A morsel. 2. An image in the mind. 3. A common sign of sorrow. 4. To acquire by labor.

AN AGGREGATION.

Take a letter rarely found except in the English language. To it add a letter very frequently used, and find a word claimed as the exclusive property of the great. Repeat the last letter and find what cannot be great. Add another letter, and see an insignificant plant. Finally attach a letter at the head, and find something in which you can either drown yourself, or keep yourself dry.

A LITERAL RECIPE.

Take one each of a, e, f, g, n, r, u, y. Add two each of i and o; also three each of h, l and w; finally mix well into these four of the letter t. When properly combined they will form the title of a play in Shakespeare, which gained its name from the present season.

GAMES.

WHAT CAN IT DO?

The following game may be depended upon as furnishing a little social fun for a small party, as it provokes quickness of thought.

The players can stand or sit in a row like scholars on a bench, while the Leader stands fronting them as a teacher. He must begin by explaining that the game merely consists in adding to the proposed word, which is always a noun, some other word which as a verb expresses an action, yet combined with the noun forms another noun. Thus the Leader may say: "I have a cat. What can it do?" A clever scholar will answer instantly: "Nip! Cat-nip." Additions not thought of by the Leader may be offered, and he must accept them when worthy, allowing the pupil to keep his station, while he repeats the question to the next in order until his own chosen word is given. Any player failing to answer is sent immediately to the foot of the class. When the correct answer is furnished, the pupil and Leader exchange places. Several answers will often seem equally good; thus the bed can spread, cover, or tick; the pillow may slip or sham; the clock face or work; work can stand or box; and ink either stand or spot. Lamp-shade, coal-oil, shell-fish, and many others, will also serve on occasion.

THE TRAVELING MENAGERIE

Offers a variation upon the standard game of "Blind Man's Buff," and is a polite modern modification of the ancient frolic. Buff, securely blinded, takes his stand in the middle of the room, while the rest of the company joining hands form a ring and march around him. Buff is furnished with a wand, with which he strives to touch some member of the ring, and when he succeeds, the procession must instantly stop, while Buff inquires: "What creature is this?" The person touched immediately responds to the question by imitating the sound of some animal or bird, and if Buff guesses correctly the name of the mimic, they change places. When he fails, the game proceeds until he is successful.

GOING A-FISHING.

The following trifling amusement for children can follow immediately after the simple "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!"

The director of the play lays her open hand, palm downward, on her lap, or upon a table, pronouncing it to be number one, and asking the little playmates to do likewise, each counting the number as they pile up their hands in sequence. If there be three players, the last hand will count as six, and as this word is pronounced, all the hands beneath must be withdrawn as quickly as possible from the pile, while "six" endeavors to catch one of the hands, whose owner must either pay a forfeit, or be counted out of the game. Six has only been selected as being the last hand, because the game is best suited to a few players.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

A Holiday Cross.

A	C	T						
T	H	E						
A	R	K						
V	E	R	M	I	L	I	O	N
C	A	N	I	S	T	E	R	S
C	H	E	S	T	N	U	N	T
A	M	Y						
C	A	P						
A	S	A						
A	D	A						
N	A	P						
E	Y	E						

An American Heptagon.

A	L	A	B	A	M	A
I					I	
R					Z	
O					O	
T					N	
S					A	
A					U	
I					T	
N					A	
O					U	
S					G	
N					A	
A					L	
S						
O						
M						
A						
L						
N						
O						
T						
L						
A						

A Geographical Picture-Frame.

A	B	Y	S	S	I	N	I	A
U	V							
S	A	M	A	N	A	D		
T	K						R	A
R	I						I	L
A	T						C	U
S	A	L	B	I	A	S		
I	V						V	A
A	U	S	T	R	A	L	I	A

An Enigmatical Jingle.

December.

Riddle.

Yourself.

Accretion.

At, eat, heat, cheat.

Mélange.

Charles Dickens' Christmas Stories.

Wanted.

Greet.

Enigma.

Ink, kink, link, mink, pink, rink, sink, wink.

OUR ARM CHAIR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

OUR STEEL PLATE

Represents a thrilling scene in Sir Walter Scott's Quentin Durward. During De la Marck's assault upon the Castle of Schonwaldt, Quentin had forced his way in, not so much to assist the besieged garrison, as to secure the flight of the Countess Isabella to a place of safety. After much trouble, he discovered the lady in an upper room, the barricades of which he had to force before he could reach her. Whilst pursuing his mission the carnage raged without, and the castle was stormed and taken. De la Marck—the Wild Boar of the Ardennes—had massed his cohorts in the great hall of the Castle, and was in the midst of a revel, when Quentin and Isabella reached the courtyard. Here a quandary met them—whether to try and force their way through the gates to liberty, or take the bolder and perhaps more dangerous course of entering among the revelers, and demanding a safe transit for his companion by his right as envoy or servant of King Louis of France. The honest Burgoñaster, seen in the background, supported the latter view, and into the midst of the revelers they went. Once there, the brutal De la Marck demanded to know who were the new-comers, but for a moment gave up his interest in them to feed his wrath upon the Bishop of Liege—whose head pays the forfeit of his righteous denunciation of this Wild Boar of the Ardennes. As the good Bishop sank under the blow of the "butcher," the Flemish adherents of De la Marck, who expected the Bishop's life would be spared, were struck with horror and rose up in tumult against their leader. Weapons are raised on all sides and for a moment there is danger of mutiny in the victorious ranks. It is at this period Quentin makes a masterly stroke, by holding his dagger to the heart of the son of De la Marck, and threatens to strike home if a Flemish head is touched. De la Marck then demanding "Who is he that dares take hostages from us in our own lair—from us, who exact pledges, but yield them to none?"—in his reply he reveals his character, and by a judicious threat or two, as to the possible vengeance of Charles of Burgundy, appalls the ferocious De la Marck, who descends to the jocular, and grants a safe exit to Quentin and his companion. At their crossing of the courtyard, with these last scenes in their minds, amid the dead and dying, the artist has sketched the scene.

With the opening of the year we give a brilliant array of street, house, and evening dresses in our mammoth colored fashion plate, while the display of fashions comprises all the novelties of the season.

The work department is full of useful and pretty

designs for fancy work, among which the creeping-rug for child, and table-top of which the full working size is given, cannot fail to be popular.

The colored novelty page shows a design for window or door curtains, the most fashionable style of work now in use.

The diagram pattern is for a pretty house dress for little girl.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in nervousness, wakefulness, etc. Dr. Reuben A. Vance, of New York Institute and Bellevue Hospital, says: "The preparation on which I place the most reliance is Horsford's Acid Phosphate."

Pearl's White Glycerine penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

WORDS OF KINDLY GREETING.

The following letters, among a large number almost similar, are given to show the good will of our subscribers:

FT. MILLS, S. C.

Gentlemen:—I have been a subscriber for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK since the year 1840. I have thirty odd volumes bound to hand down to my children. I send \$2 in this letter for the year 1882. Address MRS. MARY E. MASSEY,

Fort Mills, S. C.

HOWARD, TEXAS.

Sirs:—Please find enclosed P. O. order for \$2, for one year's subscription to LADY'S BOOK. I have known it since I was a child, and in my estimation it stands foremost among all magazines I have read. Please forward at your earliest convenience, as I do not wish to lose a number.

MRS. JENNIE FORREST,
Howard, Texas.

FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON.

Our family have taken your book for 22 years, and now I have a home of my own away from them, I want it still.

I think the new departure just splendid, much better than the long continued stories.

MRS. FRANK GRAHAM.

→*OUR BOOK TABLE.*←

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through Porter & Coates, Philadelphia:—

THE FOUR-FOOTED LOVERS. By Frank Albertsen. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey.

Capital story for children, very gracefully told, in which the lesson of kindness as a rule of action is made conspicuous. Many little ones will follow the fortunes of Bunn with delight. It is a child's book—of a good pattern—all through.

RALEIGH; His Exploits and Voyages. By Geo. Makepeace Towle. Illustrated.

An instructive and entertaining book for young folks. Compressed into one volume, we have here the salient points in the life of a great man, who was

soldier, explorer, and statesman, told in a charming style. The author adopts a style of spelling Raleigh which few will think an improvement upon the long-recognized method of Raleigh.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CHINAMAN IN CHINA; from the French of Jules Verne. By Virginia Champlin. Illustrated.

Jules Verne has a gift of leaving a doubt in the mind of his readers, where romance ends and fact begins. He can most ingeniously weave the probable and improbable, the possible and impossible, so finely together that the reader, indeed, becomes loath to try a separation of these contrasts. In the present story, however, he sticks so closely to the actual, that the reader will follow the fortunes of Kin-Fo through his tribulations, and acquire a great deal of information about China. The translation is smoothly rendered.

BALLADS IN BLACK; A Series of Original Shadow Pantomimes. Illustrated. Ballads by F. E. Chase. Illustrations by J. F. Goodridge.

We cannot convey to the reader, in a brief notice, the amount of real pleasure a few people can make with this little book before them as a guide. It contains forty-eight full-page silhouette illustrations, and full directions for producing shadow pictures with novel effect. As a phase of parlor amusement it will be found of the highest merit. Although the ballads seem to be machine-made, they will prove enjoyable in connection with the shadow pictures.

From E. CLAXTON & CO., Philadelphia:—
LIKE A GENTLEMAN.

Why the author should withhold the name from a story like this, we do not see. It is clean and pure, and, as a love story, is equal to many that have received highest praise. The "temperance" feature in the story might have had even more prominence without detracting from its merits. The author shows a keen appreciation of the springs of human action.

THE DOUBLE-RUNNER CLUB; or, The Lively Boys of Rivertown. By B. P. Shillaber. This is No. 3 of "The Ike Partington Stories," and is as good as the rest of them. Boys will enjoy it, and want to finish it at one sitting, and older folks will read a little at a time, and fill in the interim with something better.

From D. APPLETON & CO., New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—
COME FOR ARBUTUS AND OTHER WILD BLOOM. By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer.

Mrs. Oberholtzer has been an occasional contributor to this magazine, and always a favorite one. This little book is full of gems, and through all of them is seen a glowing spirit in full harmony with the beauties of the floral kingdom. The book deserves success.

A WORLD OF WONDERS; or Marvels in Animate and Inanimate Nature, with three hundred and twenty-two illustrations.

A handsome "holiday" book for young people; but full of important information that will be relished by old folks as well. The general subjects embraced are Wonders of Marine Life, Curiosities of Vegetable Life, Curiosities of the Insect and Reptile World, Marvels of Bird and Beast Life, and Phenomenal Forces of Nature. A very sensible plan is pursued by avoiding technical terms, as far as possible, and making the descriptions easily re-

membered, by the copious use of wood-cut illustrations.

FLORIDA FOR TOURISTS, INVALIDS AND SETTLERS; by George M. Barbour, with Map and Illustrations.

We are fast rivaling the old countries in the production of guide books, health resorts, and sight-wonders. Florida has claimed a good deal of attention from invalids in search of health, and latterly her lands have been bought up by the million acres by speculators, who promise to turn the entire State into a Garden of Eden, or a veritable Arcadia. The book before us is the labor of one who has traveled over the greater part of the State; is full of interest; gives many interesting details of its actual condition, and on the whole is a valuable addition to State and climatic statistics. A valuable map of Florida is appended.

SAINTS AND SINNERS, from the French of Victor Cherbuliez, by Mary Neal Sherwood.

A love story of French life of various shades, in which the lovers are brought to a happy union.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Phila.:—
HELEN'S BABIES, by John Habberton.

THE INITIALS; by Baroness Tautphœus.

Both volumes have been noticed in these columns previously.

From GEO. W. HARLAN, New York:—
TUTTI-FRUTTI, a book of Child Songs. By Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters; designs by D. Clinton Peters.

A holiday book, elaborately gotten up in illuminated cover—full of striking illustrations and outlandish typography, which can be read by people fond of working out puzzles after a good deal of effort. The child who would work it out ought to have a medal.

From AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Phila.:—
TINY BOOKS; Casket of Jewels; The Picnic; Country Pets; The Cousins. By S. Annie Frost.

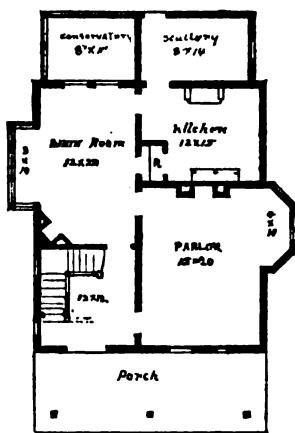
These tiny books—all four of them fit neatly in a box 3x4 inches—are from the pen of Mrs. S. A. Shields, for many years connected with the editorial department of this magazine. Mrs. Shields gives conscientious zeal to everything she does, and these little words of pleasure and instruction show as much painstaking as if they had been "library books" for the school-room.

From PRESLEY BLAKESTON, Philadelphia:—
WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW. By Edward Ellis, M. D.

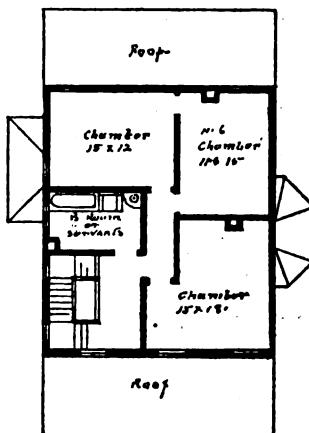
In plain and comprehensive language, the author gives valuable advice to mothers. This advice is "valuable" because it arises out of the experience of a wide-awake practitioner, who has acquired distinction in his profession through *success* in his practice, and, after all, this is the true test as to whether or not advice is valuable. The book is neatly gotten up, and sells at 75 cents.

From WM. S. GOTTESBERGER, New York, through Porter & Coates, Philadelphia:—
HIGHER THAN THE CHURCH; from the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern. By Mary J. Safford.

A pretty little story, possible only in German life, based on a legend connected with the venerable Breisach Cathedral, in which the hero wins his bride by accomplishing a feat in art, which was imposed upon him as a *sine qua non* by her father, who felt sure he was exacting an impossibility. The sequel proved the contrary, however and the story has a happy ending for the lovers.



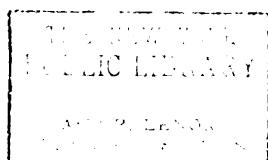
PLAN OF FIRST STORY.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

AN ECONOMICAL COTTAGE.

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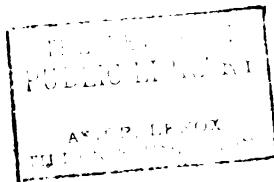


FOC Darley

John G. McRae

I see such Pot, who understand her well, and
will make sitting on a chair, and bearing go to him
in the house with his face resting on his hands. He
is too sick to travel, so fast him. Elizabeth





ASST. P. L. FOX

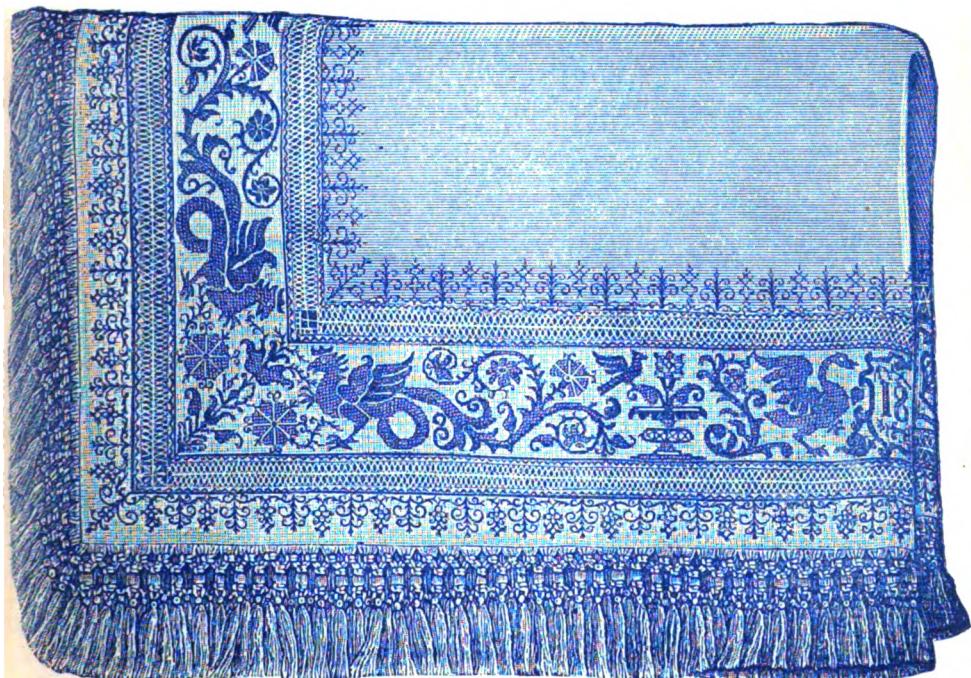
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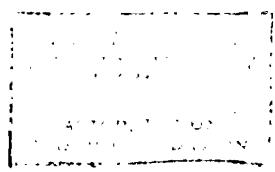


Fig. 1.

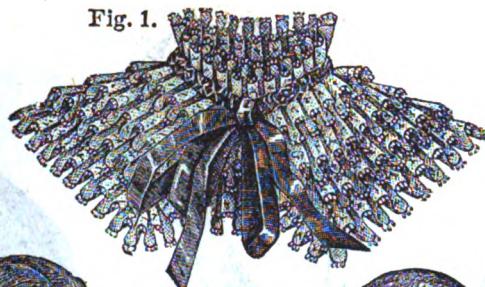


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

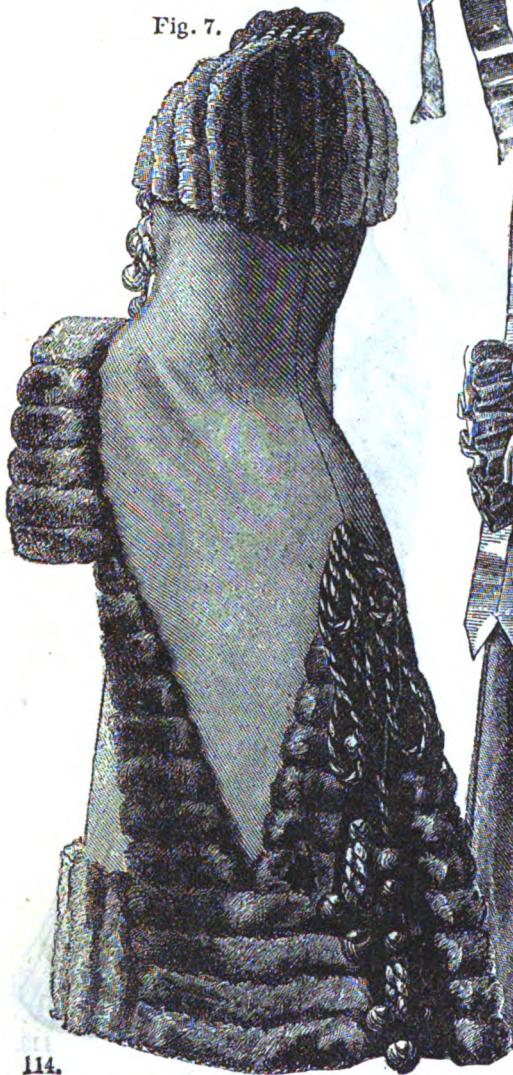


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

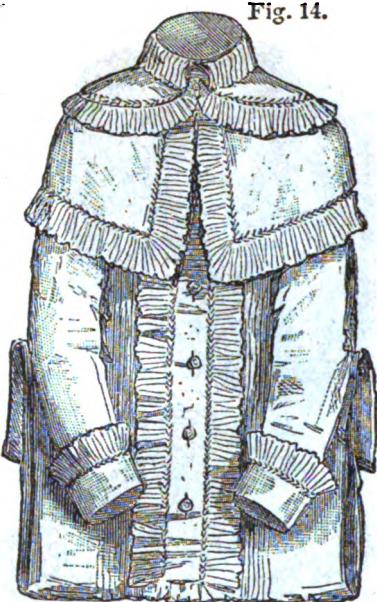


Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.

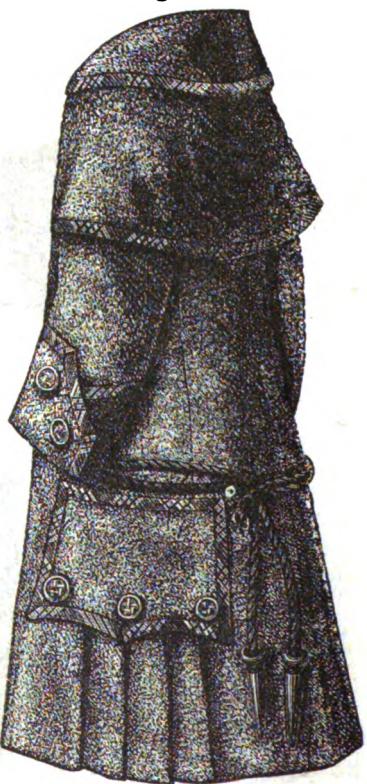


Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

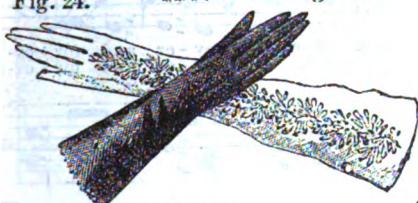
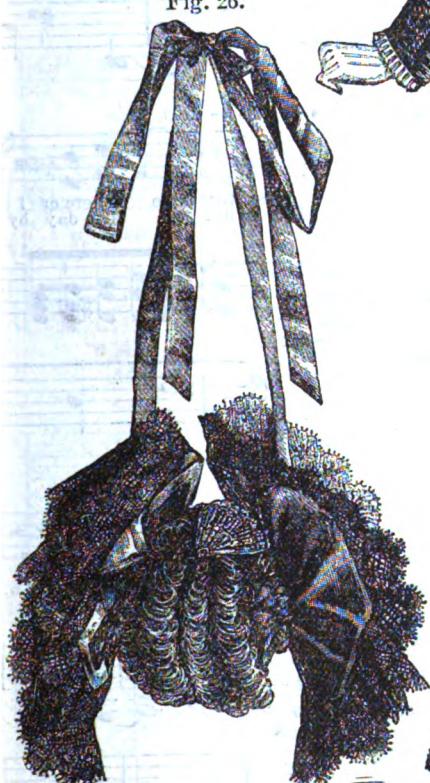


Fig. 25.



Fig. 27.



FOREVER AND FOREVER..

Words by VIOLET FANE.

Music by F. PAOLO TOSTI.

pp e assia legato.

1 I think of all thou art to me, I dream of what thou canst not
 2 Perchance if we had never met, I had been spared this mad re-

be; My life is cursed with thoughts of thee, For-ev-er and for-ev-
 gret; This end-less striv-ing to for-get, For-ev-er and for-ev-

p *p* *piu animato.* *cres - ceen - do.*
 er. My heart is full of grief and woe; I see thy face where'er I
 er. Perchance if thou wert far a-way, Did I not see thee day by

8va

a tempo. pp *p rit.*
 go; I would, a-las! it were not so, For-ev-er and for-ev-er! 3 Ah,
 day, I might a-gain be blithe and gay For-ev-er and for-ev-er!

pp *col canto.*

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

affrett.

no! I could not bear the pain Of nev-er see-ing thee a - gain! I

cres.

col canto.

cen - - - *do.*

cling to thee with might and main For - ev - er and for - ev - er! Ah, leave me *rit.*

colcanto. *lento.*

not! I love but thee! Bless - ing or curse, which - e'er thou be, Oh, be as

ppp leggerissimo.

cres.

ff e rit.

ten.

thou hast been to me, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

f

ff

col canto.

col canto.

Published in sheet form, price 35 cents, by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

FIG. 31.



122.

GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME CIV. No. 620.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY. 1882.

THE CHERRY SNOWS.*

BY CARRIE BEEBE CROCKER.

CHAPTER I.

"Pretty fancies of snow and moonlight; the counterpart in picture of so many feminine achievements in literature."

Cherryfield had put on its new spring dress of snowy white—"rather early," the old gardener said, shaking his head doubtfully, as the cold winds of later April beat the cherry-boughs bare of bloom, and whirled the soft, white leaf-flakes about the garden paths, sometimes rudely snapping a stem, and sending a whole flower, like a starry snow-crystal, among the smaller leaflets below. The garden beds were gay with tulips and hyacinths—the daffodils were but just past their prime—and topping the terrace in front was a hedge of Forsythia, the yellow blossoms shooting up like a fringe of flame from the pale, brown stalks, still bare of leaf.

Pro Randolph was swinging idly in a hammock under the trees, a little sleepy softness in her dark eyes, a scarlet wrap pulled carelessly about her shoulders. She rocked to and fro, speculating, as she watched the feather-like flakes float through the air, not as to whether the coming summer would bring a plentiful crop of cherries, but what joy or sorrow it might bring to her.

Altogether, the prospect appeared less inviting than did the promise of a supply of cherries to the anxious gardener. She finished school less than a year ago; but, so far, the dreams of unbounded liberty and happiness she was to realize when those days of her thralldom were over, remained unfulfilled. Throughout the long years of her school life, she had looked upon the seminary where her education was obtained as a dreary, detaining hall, or cold and cheerless reception-room, while society was the drawing-

room, into which she was to pass by and by. Through the partially closed doors she had obtained faint glimpses of this fairy realm, and, since distance always lends enchantment, she had drawn very erroneous ideas concerning it—filling it with people of her imagination, 'courtly gentlemen, and fair, low-voiced young ladies, all moving gracefully in an atmosphere of harmony. She learned her lessons at school with commendable patience; but she was very unwise in the ways of the world—poor little Pro—as indeed is every young girl who has lost her mother in childhood. A woman weaves her own experience into a useful lesson of life for her daughter—a precept here, with a practical illustration which can never be forgotten—there a hint which proves a sure stepping-stone in doubtful places. But a man blunders in his teachings to his child, though he has her welfare at heart, and strives to do what is right in the matter. So Pro, made motherless so early, that a new doll and plenty of nursery stories had almost healed the wound, stumbled along in an uncertain way, feeling a lack of rightful knowledge, yet all the more eager to solve the mysterious problem of living, or rather of life.

For Mr. Randolph was more reticent than fathers usually are, his whole mind being given to his business, and there was always a dreary dearth of incident even in Pro's earliest childhood. Her mother was born and reared in the city, and why she married her cold, grave husband no one ever knew; yet if she repented the act, she died and left no sign. One there was, who loved her dearly—Mr. Randolph's sister, Proserpine—and she, while she felt a certain respect and awe toward her brother, declared, after the young wife's death, that her life had been chilled and frozen by neglect. Nothing of this, however, reached Pro's ear. She only knew the cherry snows fell upon her mother when she came to the place a young bride, and that they

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drifted over her coffin when they carried her out to her grave. She scarcely remembered her, and missed her less than she did her Aunt Proserpine, who died two years later. She passed through her solemn childhood and her quiet school-days, and now was looking forward to some incident which should brighten her whole life, for it was unbearably dull even yet.

Her only brother had died before she knew his name; she was quite alone, except for a few girl friends, for her father, engrossed in business, and absent all day long, rose rather late in the morning, and retired early at night. He always answered her eager questions—which formed the burthen of their conversation at breakfast and supper—in an absent way that was very unsatisfactory to her. She read a great deal, mostly novels; she practiced her music, and blundered a trifle over fancy work, and was so tired of it all! She went out but little; the society at Burnham, except in summer, was frightfully dull, and not what she had pictured it at all. As yet she had had no lover; she dreaded to make this mortifying acknowledgment even to herself, for she never read of a corresponding case in any novel. Surely no girl ever neared her nineteenth year without an offer of marriage, except she died an old maid, and this Pro never thought of doing.

“Something always happens to me when the cherry snows are falling,” she said to herself, hopefully, as she kept up the swinging motion of the hammock, “and perhaps this time they may bring me a lover—who knows? Now imagine me the Sleeping Princess—for I’ve been almost as soundly asleep as she was, during it seems to me nearly as many years—why, surely some Prince must come to waken me at last. Or if I might have a fairy godmother, like young girls had years ago, and she would come and take me upon a long journey—though upon second thought, I would like the Prince the best.”

She fell to pondering over what she would wish this lover to be like, and had already decided upon blue eyes and light hair, when a horseman came in sight.

“There he comes!” she laughed, as he slowly neared the place. “Only he seems in no haste, and nothing could appear more unlike a fairy Prince than he.” And then, for she was really very shy, she dropped her eyes, waiting for him to pass.

But the picture of the old house with its many wings and balconies, set in the wilderness of cherry trees which drifted their snows over the smooth green lawn and brighter flower-beds, and especially the little figure draped in red, sitting demurely in the hammock, would have pleased the most careless eye, and the horseman could not let it pass too quickly. He drew in his rein, and, lifting his hat, addressed a question to Pro. Looking up, she saw that though he was neither

very young nor very handsome, he had a certain distinguished air and ease of manner, which commanded her admiration.

“Your pardon, nymph Proserpine,” he said, lifting his hat with a deferential air, “but I fear I have lost my way. Can you tell me, please, if I am on the right road to Burnham?”

“Oh, yes,” she answered, drawing near the street, so she need not lift her voice to an unlady-like pitch. “Only for the trees, you could see the church-spires from where you stand.”

“Thanks!” he said, with another polite bow, and a smile which lighted his rather plain face wonderfully. “I see, however, that I have made a mistake. The place is not Hades, as the hedge of fire around its borders seems to indicate, but Paradise; and the burning hedge is merely a guard set about it, like the flaming sword of old.”

“The place is not Hades,” Pro answered, somewhat perplexed, “nor yet Paradise. And I, though nymph of neither, am certainly Proserpine, my name being usually abbreviated to Pro. I see,” she added, “you are certainly my father’s friend, for otherwise you would never have guessed my outlandish name.”

“Have I guessed it, then?” he asked, perplexed in turn, and not knowing whether she were in jest or earnest.

“Did you not call me Proserpine?” she queried, in answer.

“In jest only,” he replied. “The whole place appears unearthly with its cloud of falling cherry blooms, and the bright yellow flowers seem to hedge it in with flame. This suggested the name to me.”

“A strange coincidence,” she answered, growing very much interested, and showing it in her brightening face. “The place is Cherryfield, and my name is really Proserpine. I was called this in honor of a maiden aunt, who was devoted to mamma, and to me after, when I was a motherless baby, and no comfort to any one but her.”

The idea of being a comfort to any one was somewhat new to the man who listened to her words, or perhaps it had occurred to him before, and he had forgotten it. He looked down upon the young, wistful, eager face, thinking there was more in it than he usually saw in girl-faces, albeit he had seen many beautiful ones in his life. This was a fair face, too, with clear dark eyes, softly flushed cheeks, and lips inviting and red. She drew her scarlet wrap more closely about her with her white, ringless hands, as a sudden gust of wind brought the mimic snow-flakes over her in a thick shower. They fell upon her dark hair, they clung to every fold of her dress, they seemed to linger caressingly near her cheeks in falling; and he, thinking the picture fresh and lovely and pure, was loth to leave.

Pro, with the lack of conventionality common

to youth, saw nothing amiss in this interview with a stranger, though it was a trifle embarrassing to stand so long under his searching gaze, and she was wondering how she could gracefully draw the interview to a close. For his part, he desired to make her acquaintance, and knowing he must have something more substantial to base it upon than a few chance words, under pretense of asking concerning her father, learned her name. Then, thinking the rest might be easily managed, and feeling that he had made a favorable impression, he thanked her, bowed still more deferentially, and rode away.

She paced rather restlessly up and down the garden paths after he was gone. He was very unlike the hero she had pictured, but he seemed a hero, nevertheless, and appeared to be greatly interested in her. Besides, his manner was impressive, almost courtly in its ceremonious grace, and his voice was gentle and low. How strange for him to ride up just as she was thinking it would be so delightfully charming for some one to come. Would she ever see him again? It was too early for city visitors to appear in Burnham—perhaps he only came upon business, and would not remain long. Still, it was something to think of in her monotonous life, and it filled her thoughts the whole afternoon. But when, absent-minded and taciturn, her father came home to his supper, she resolved that it was best not to mention the subject. She was not afraid of a reprimand, but she dreaded to repeat the story to an unsympathetic listener. When the meal was over, and they had adjourned to the library, she spoke.

"Papa," she said, as she stole behind the old man's chair and kissed him upon the cheek, "I think I will change my room. I like the corner one, which overlooks the town, better; it is so much more—well, I think it pleasanter upon the whole, than the one I call mine. You don't care, papa?"

"No, my child," he replied, returning the kiss somewhat absently, as he congratulated himself that Judge Wayne, a man of almost unlimited means, had made some heavy purchases in their bank stock that day—an excellent thing for the bank; for Mr. Randolph was president of the First National Bank of Burnham. "Consult your own wishes in the matter," he continued, "it makes no difference to me; and, really, when I come to think of it, the balcony is much pleasanter upon the side nearest the town. Good night, dear."

Thus dismissed, for her father had evidently taken this little advance upon her part for the usual good-night kiss, Pro sought her room, though it was early, and from sheer loneliness fell again to thinking of the stranger who had dropped so suddenly into her life that was so dull and uneventful before—wondering whether

his visit would bring joy or sorrow, or if it were doomed to shrink into insignificance as time passed, as only the event of a day that was a trifle brighter than the dull ones which came before and after.

CHAPTER II.

"Hearts may be broken by light words spoken—
Only for something to say."

Thane Arnold, who called unannounced upon Pro that afternoon, came from the city to spend the summer in Burnham, with his married sister, Mrs. Steele, who had just recovered from lung fever, and was ordered into the country for dry mountain air. Burnham was not a noted country resort, but it was elevated and breezy, somewhat famed as a cool and healthy locality, and a favorite spot with many city people of quiet tastes. There was no one at home who could come with Mrs. Steele but Thane; and as he chanced to be in the city at the time, with, as usual, nothing profitable upon his hands, he consented to accompany her, at least for so long a period as he could content himself in this quiet country town. He had wealth enough to keep him in idleness, and long ago formed a habit of drifting about wherever his fancy led him. So it chanced that long before the time for usual summer visitors, Mrs. Hunt, proprietress of the most fashionable boarding-house in Burnham, was notified that Mr. Arnold and Mrs. Steele would become her guests by the middle of April, if the weather proved mild.

Thane found the country very dull at this season of the year. True, it was looking its loveliest, with the first delicate green of the grass and the bright early flowers; but Thane had traveled the world over, and he was tired of these—tired even of himself. "For the weariness which comes of living," he had not found a cure. But to-day, while looking upon Pro's fresh young face, he became fully convinced that here was material enough to interest him, and he could not let it slip from his grasp. There was nothing further in his mind than the desire to amuse himself; to study, in a sort of selfish, philosophical way, wherein this girl's ideas of life differed from those of people who had grown very tired of this same life in one sense, and yet were eager to grasp it all the more closely because of this very weariness. And then, too, a flirtation with Pro would be charming, provided it proved worth the trouble to flirt with her; and it would be, if she were half as interesting upon further acquaintance as now.

He was so quiet and thoughtful during the evening, his sister dreaded lest he had decided to return to the city and leave her to amuse herself during the summer. They were not especially

devoted to each other, but she wished him to drive with her about the country upon pleasant days, to read the news to her each morning, and to see that her wants were supplied.

"What is it, Thane?" she asked at last. "You seem so silent to-night, as though absorbed in thought. Are you blue?"

"Not at all," he replied. "I saw something to-day which really interested me, as I was riding past the place you admired so much on Saturday—Cherryfield, it is called. The cherry-blossoms are drifting all about, the air is white with them, and the Forsythia hedge is all aflame. Behind it I saw a young girl, whose acquaintance I wish to make."

"Oh!"—feeling greatly relieved, and thinking it would be the very thing to encourage as it might prove the means of keeping him with her through the season. "I remember. I'll ask Mrs. Hunt about her to-morrow, and we must manage to meet her and see if she bears acquaintance well. A really good idea, for it will be a lovely place to visit, and there will be, no doubt, an abundance of cherries by and by. Burnham is really a lively place in summer, Mrs. Hunt says. Picnics, rides, drives, excursions to Lake Lahore, and garden parties and afternoon teas without number. And then it is so healthy, it will do you good as well as me. I do wish cherries were ripe now. I'd risk a call."

Thane smiled at his sister's suggestion in regard to the cherries, knowing how selfish she was, and glad that she had every inducement to encourage him and assist in carrying out his plan. Neither gave a moment's thought as to whether their scheme would affect Pro in any unpleasant manner; they only considered their own pleasure.

Mrs. Hunt was a matronly woman, uneducated, and so far as mere dress was concerned, extremely unfashionable. But her boarders from the city made her place quite stirring during the summer, and she was an object of interest to mothers with match-making tendencies, to young girls who liked the gayety her house afforded, and to young men who sought the privilege of dancing attendance upon the lady boarders, supplying them with fruit and flowers—being rewarded, year after year, with bright smiles while the season lasted, and utter forgetfulness when it was over. Mrs. Hunt knew all about Pro Randolph, and was not averse to giving her history. Her mother was a most beautiful woman, who died leaving Pro no end of money. Besides, her father was extremely wealthy, and, though reserved and quiet, belonged to one of the best families in the country round. He had kept Pro in great seclusion, but recently had allowed her to go out a trifle. Still, the young gentlemen were afraid of him, especially as Pro gave them no encouragement.

"But to me," Mrs. Hunt said, in conclusion, "she is the affablest girl I ever knew. She ain't a mite stuck up, and the reason she don't give the young men no encouragement is because there ain't one within ten miles that's wuth a-havin'."

Mrs. Steele opened her eyes a trifle when Mrs. Hunt mentioned that Pro had a fortune in her own right. She was not fond of cultivating poor people under any pretense whatever; poverty had such an unpleasant way of obtruding itself upon all occasions. Things were better than she expected. Thane must have something with which to amuse himself, or he would never remain in Burnham; and if the girl was educated and companionable, it would make it more pleasant for her. Thane was present when his sister quietly and systematically propounded her queries to Mrs. Hunt concerning Pro, in much the same manner as she would have examined into the antecedents and capacity of a cook she was about to take into her service. Mrs. Hunt, willing to do all in her power to keep Mrs. Steele and her brother through the summer, gave a sort of garden party and afternoon tea combined, a few days later, for the weather was mild, and Pro was invited. As Mrs. Hunt met Mr. Randolph and asked his consent, Pro attended the party. She was driven down in a pretty phaeton, and appeared in a simple but most becoming toilet. When introduced to Thane, she blushed and seemed slightly embarrassed, for she did not know where he was stopping, or, indeed, that he was still in town. Mrs. Steele made a movement as if to take her under her especial protection, affecting an interest which she did not at first feel. But Pro carried herself, after the first surprise, with self-possession and dignity, and Mrs. Steele could find no fault with her. Later, they rambled through the garden, a little apart from the remainder of the guests, and Mrs. Steele, plucking a flower, gave it to Pro, playfully bidding her to fasten it in the lapel of her brother's coat. Pro, taking the flower in her hand, glanced irresolutely toward Thane.

"I cannot do it," she said.

He smiled strangely; Mrs. Steele afterward declared he even blushed.

"Am I so formidable?" he asked.

"I cannot tell; I only know I cannot bring myself to do it," she answered.

Mrs. Steele laughed, took the flower and placed it in Thane's buttonhole. And then, for they were in a secluded arbor, she turned to Pro, and taking her pretty, blushing face in her hands, she kissed it.

"Why I kissed the child, I don't know," she said to her brother that evening, when they were alone; I don't believe in kissing people generally. But I could love that girl without an effort, she is so unaffectedly shy and sweet."

"And why I didn't kiss her, is quite as hard to explain," Thane said in reply.

Mrs. Hunt insisted that Pro should remain after the other guests had gone, and have Mr. Randolph call for her in the evening. His permission gained, Pro staid, and played and sang charmingly, besides conversing for a long time with Thane and his sister. When Mr. Randolph called for her, he was beguiled into remaining for an hour, discussing the financial question with Thane, if discussion it might be called when both advanced the same ideas. Mrs. Steele then made an effort to capture Mr. Randolph's good opinion, and succeeded. She managed to impress upon him that "her lonely invalid life" was sad, and how much she would prize the society of her dear little friend Miss Pro. Mr. Randolph, for once drawn out of the business channel in which his thoughts were wont to flow, began to consider what a help to Pro this engaging woman, too ill to follow after all the follies of fashion, might prove. He invited her to call often at Cherryfield, with or without her brother; and, having done this, he took Pro home, his mind reverting to bank shares and similar abominations as soon as he said good-night.

Pro rode home thoughtfully and silently. The cherry-blooms had all fallen, and lay brown and withered about the garden paths; but the moonlight shone whitely over the flowers, and she would gladly have thrown herself into the hammock for a quiet hour, but this her father forbade. So, bidding him good-night, she went up to her room—the room whose windows overlooked the town.

May came in warm and sultry, and a few other early visitors arrived in Burnham. The place grew quite lively; Pro wondered she had ever thought it dull. She had made a conquest, people said; Thane Arnold, an incorrigible bachelor, had met his fate at last. Scarcely a day passed that she did not see him; both he and his sister were constantly at Cherryfield. Pro never seemed vain of his attentions, or to appear conscious in regard to them as many a young girl might have done. She received them quietly, as though they were her due, yet with a gentle appreciation very gratifying to the man who seemed to have no thought but for her. At his approach her clear brown eyes would light up, and grow softer under the influence of his low words.

The cherries were ripe at last, beginning with the golden yellow varieties with rosy cheeks, passing on in regular succession through the pale, blood red and dark red sorts, to the rich black ones which came last. Mrs. Steele enjoyed them all—enjoyed Burnham, Cherryfield, and the summer altogether as she had not done in years before; and there was no one in the vicinity for whom she cared, aside from herself, but Thane and Pro. She had never been especially fond of

her brother before, perhaps because she had never before spent so much time in his society. They began the summer plotting to have Pro render them amusement for the season. She had interested them, it is true, but in a far different manner from the way they had planned. Somehow they seemed to have gone backward over many years, and taken up simple, childish pleasures once more. Again and again they had partaken of Pro's gentle hospitality, and they came to take delight in what pleased her. Mrs. Steele practiced duets with her upon the piano, they sang together both new and time-worn songs, Thane sometimes humming the air with Pro, or idly turning the leaves of the music. They rode together, they all went out into the fields under the pretense of sketching, and, though they sketched little usually, they talked much, and enjoyed themselves more. They sat upon some shaded balcony, or under the cherry trees in the afternoons, and ate thin slices of bread and butter, drank tea which Pro poured out in queer old china cups that had been her great-grandmother's, ate strawberries and cream, and, indeed, all kinds of fruit which Cherryfield afforded, and relished it as though they had been children, with childish appetites.

For a time they went on in this way, feeling as if they had renewed their youth. Mrs. Steele had always seemed a cold-hearted, fashionable woman of the world; even in childhood she was calculating. But for the time she gave up scheming and enjoyed the present, though in a selfish way; for she knew in her heart they were doing Pro a wrong—that all the advantages of their friendship were on their own side, and Pro would gain nothing except a heartache after. But she quieted her conscience—for once it seemed necessary to do so—by saying she would invite the girl to spend a portion of the winter with her, bring her out in society, and marry her to some man who was worthy of her, if one could be found. That Thane would care to marry her never once suggested itself to her mind.

CHAPTER III.

"The winds of Fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss."

In mid-summer, Mr. Steele, who was quite as devoted to business as Mr. Randolph, came up to Burnham for a week's vacation, all he ever allowed himself. Though he visited Cherryfield occasionally during his stay, and expressed himself charmed with the place, with Pro, and everything about it, he had a fancy for driving around the country, and as his wife always accompanied him, Thane was, for the first time, left to visit Pro alone. Since his first idea of flirting with the child, if he found her as interesting as she

seemed at a glance, he had not analyzed his feelings toward her, further than to declare to himself that they were new to him. He was a man of the world, and his past life was not free from blame, but it was a new thing for him to care so much for a woman: he could not bear her out of his sight. It was no sudden passion; he began in a spirit of trifling because she pleased him at sight, but it grew more and more absorbing each day. Even his sister had no idea how this love for Pro had taken possession of him; she only thought he had set himself to win the child's heart, and, though she did not believe in broken hearts, she looked forward to the time when Pro's would be sorely shaken, and she was to apply the soothing balm of fashionable life to work a cure. The first day Mr. Steele spent in the country was passed at Cherryfield. Upon the morning of the second he proposed a drive of nearly twenty miles; and, as Thane excused himself from going, Mr. and Mrs. Steele set out together. An hour later, Thane presented himself at Cherryfield alone. Miss Pro was at home, certainly, the servant told him; she was probably in the garden, however, as she was not in the house. Thane went to seek her, and found her climbed up on a trellis that supported a wistena vine. There was a single late cluster of blooms at the very top, and Pro was struggling to reach this, knife in hand, as he approached. She gave a little nervous start, as she made one last effort to sever the stem, and succeeded not only in cutting the flower, but in making a gash in the forefinger of her left hand. Then she dropped knife, flower, and one slipper, simultaneously, and tumbled, all fright and confusion, into Thane's arms. The climax was entirely unforeseen and unpremeditated upon her part; to Thane it was less a surprise. She was so very reserved he had never more than an opportunity to touch her hand, and that rarely. So he made the most of this occasion, though she extricated herself as soon as possible from his arms, but not before he had clasped her closely for the space of a moment.

"My dear child!" he exclaimed, seeming scarcely less agitated than she, "I did not know there was so much rashness in your composition. You might have harmed yourself seriously. Are you sure you are not hurt?"

He brought her a garden chair, brought her slipper, and the dearly-earned flowers. The knife had a suspicion of blood at the point, and this was slyly put in his pocket. Then he tore a strip from his handkerchief and bound up her finger, making a mountain out of the cut though it was less than a mole-hill, to give him an opportunity to pet her and sympathize with her a little; not in a cold-blooded, cold-hearted way, for he was too much in love with her to help it. It seemed strange to him, when he thought about it, how little she had given him in the way of

encouragement after all. Only a few gentle glances, a few occasional blushes—these were all he could remember, aside from her seeming to show a partiality for his society. But, then, she had shown it to his sister in a far greater degree, and she was so modest and shy, she always blushed easily.

They came and sat under the cherry trees later, and Thane talked of what a rest the summer had been to him—though what he was resting from no one could tell. His idle life, however, was not altogether his fault. His father, a successful banker, fearing his son might not possess his own ability in financial affairs, had left him a large fortune, provided he never engaged in business. The income was more than any one short of a prodigal would be likely to spend, and Thane resolved to let well enough alone. So far as happiness went, however, he had seen little that was pure and unmixed with pain since his early youth, until this summer. He had been happy as a child, for weeks past; but now, when an occasion presented itself, one usually hailed with delight by most lovers—seeing the object of his affection alone—he could not bring himself to speak of the subject of love, though it was uppermost in his heart. Even after the event of the morning, when he had said much in a caressing way, there was nothing which could be interpreted as a declaration of love. To Pro's mind there was nothing lacking in her lover's demeanor; in truth, she considered him almost over-bold. She had no faith in sudden avowals of affection; his manner was a constant reminder that she was dear to him, and she asked no more. She would have been content to have this life go on forever, just as it was; it seemed complete—she wished for nothing more.

That night Mr. Steele returned from his ride in a talkative humor; his wife was very tired, and she lay upon the lounge while her husband endeavored to get up a discussion with Thane upon first one subject and then another; but Thane was unusually taciturn. He answered in monosyllables for a time, and then, excusing himself, put on his hat and went out. It was a bright, moonlit night, and Mrs. Steele rose and looked out after him. She saw him take a path which led up to a hill which was topped with a grove of maples, and greatly used as a picnic-ground. It overlooked Cherryfield and the town.

"What can be the matter with Thane, Harriet?" asked Mr. Steele, when she returned. "He behaves precisely as one would expect a boy of eighteen to do, who had fallen in love for the first time. It cannot be that a man of his age, who has been an incorrigible cynic for years, and, though not exactly a woman-hater, has often sneered the sex down, has turned love-sick at last!"

"I don't think Thane is feeling well to-night,"

Mrs. Steele answered, evasively; for she never thought of confiding anything to her husband's keeping, in the way of family secrets at any time.

"And another thing I don't understand," continued Mr. Steele. "What is there in this dull place to keep you so contented? So long as your health was delicate there was nothing wonderful about your remaining here, for the air is delightfully invigorating. But how you, who have never before been able to exist out of fashionable society, can literally bury yourself alive, even for one summer, surpasses my comprehension. I wondered before I came, and I marvel all the more since I find there is absolutely nothing in the way of what you might call worldly attractions."

"You forget," and Mrs. Steele laughed, "that I am not as young as I once was. Last winter I was very gay, and I was worn out before my illness came. And when I began to recover, I vowed that I would never let late hours and fashionable follies undermine my health in the future. And when I came here, and found the air agreed with me, that my appetite came back of its own accord, that, in short, I felt almost young again, I determined to stay the entire summer and renew my youth."

"The most sensible thing you could do," replied her husband, beginning to believe her. "And what you save in expense by this course, you shall have to add to the price of the diamonds I have promised you next winter."

"Thanks," she said; "I did think of the expense, too, for I know I spent much more than I should last winter. It costs next to nothing to remain here; and then, little Miss Randolph's friendship has been worth the name. Her father's house has been at our disposal—the horses, gardens, fruit—indeed, though at first it did not occur to me, it has been a great saving in every way. I don't mean to remain in debt to her, and next winter I intend to write her to visit me. She will be quite an attraction, and really she is a very lovable girl."

Mr. Steele was satisfied, and, after a few days more of alternate driving and visiting Cherryfield, he left for the city, and the old quiet days began again, when Mrs. Steele and Thane went to Cherryfield together, and talked, sketched and sang with Pro. Yet, were they quite like the old days after all? To Pro—yes. But with Thane and his sister the old glamour was gone. They knew the change was in themselves, knew that Pro was as sweet and entertaining as ever, and her home never seemed fairer. But conscience whispered loudly to Thane, who had forgotten he possessed one at all, and the same influence was at work in his sister's breast.

"My head aches," Thane said one day, "and I feel like being amused. Read something to me, please, Miss Pro—a short poem, as I do not

feel like following the plot of a four-volume novel. Not 'Again to the battle, Achaians!' nor yet 'The shades of night came rolling down,' but something soothing and quiet."

"I know," returned Pro, laughing, as she rose and took up a volume of poems. "I'll read something I have always skipped before, and if stupid, it will put you to sleep. If not—and I usually find such things brighter than those I have conned over and over—you will be edified, and I enlightened."

She began, and Mrs. Steele, who had read the poem and half forgotten it, felt that Pro had made a mistake in selecting it, from the moment she came to the line, "My heart is bitter, lilies, at your sweet." But the fair reader went on, all undisturbed, until she read :

"My daughter, there is nothing held so dear
As love, if only it be hard to win."

The idea seemed new to her, and she appeared to ponder over it, even while she finished the poem; and then a silence fell over them all, which Mrs. Steele, rising, sought to break. She selected a volume of poems, with the idea of reading something amusing. It opened at the title page, and over it she read a name which made her start.

"Why, Pro," she said, "did you ever know Thalia Wentworth? And was she anything to you?"

Pro looked up in a sort of sorrowful surprise.

"It has been the one grief of my life," she said, "that I have not known her all these years. She was my mother."

"Your mother!" in greater surprise. "And yet I might have guessed it before, for you are like her, Pro, though less in looks than manner."

"You knew her, then," Pro said. "Was she your friend? And can you tell me what she was like?"

"Pro, I am called a cold-hearted woman; I was never very gentle and lovable, even as a girl. The only things in my life which have seemed in any degree romantic, are my feelings toward your mother and yourself. She was older than I, but we attended the same school together. We were not intimate, and I doubt if she ever knew my feelings toward her; but I regarded her with something which was akin to adoration. She was beautiful and gifted, said to be a great heiress in her own right, and, though praised and sought after to an extent that would have turned a less sensible head, she was very gentle and gracious to all. I knew she married and left the city later, but that she should have married your father—and," recollecting herself, "especially that she should be your mother, is very strange!"

Mrs. Steele seemed really much affected by the discovery, and she embraced Pro again and again. Thane watched the two, and sighed.

The summer was almost over; the end was near—but what would it be?

"Now I know why I was drawn to you irresistibly from the first," Mrs. Steele continued. "Why, I loved you even before I knew your own worth and loveliness of character."

"But," interposed Thane, "does that account for the feeling with which I regarded Miss Pro from the beginning?"

"Don't be rude, Thane," his sister answered, snappishly. Since her discovery, she could not bear that he should speak to the child.

He said no more, but looked rather gloomy for the next few moments, while Mrs. Steele was busy with remembrances of Pro's young mother, and talked to the girl of her in a low tone, almost an aside. But before they went, when Mrs. Steele was plucking a few flowers for her vases at home, Pro brought one, a blood-red rose, and timidly offered it to Thane, as if to show she did not resent his words, or, perhaps, in sympathy, because his sister had spoken sharply to him. He thanked her, and then, seeing the short scarlet mark across her finger tip, where the knife-wound still slightly showed, asked if it were nearly well. It was nothing, she told him; and then, she never knew how, he had gained possession of the hand, and kissed the scar, the pink palm, and the dimpled finger, before he released it or she could recover it from his close grasp. She turned first pale, and then scarlet with shame and fear; but Mrs. Steele was bending over a rare new rose, and, a moment later, called Pro to give its name.

She had not seen the rash act, nor heard the low whispered words that set Pro's heart to throbbing; but it suddenly occurred to her to call the child, that Thane might not have an opportunity of speaking with her alone. For some days a slow resolve had been forming in her mind, and this discovery of the afternoon had fixed it so firmly, she determined to carry it out without delay. It was cruel enough, in any case, to break the heart of a trusting, lovely child; but when this same child turned out to be the daughter of the beauty and heiress Thalia Wentworth, the divinity of her own childhood, it made the matter a great deal worse. How unfortunate that she had not known the whole truth from the beginning! True, all Burnham joined in praising Pro's mother; but how could she know their praise was different from that people are wont to give as a tribute to those that are dead and gone, whatever their living virtues may have been?

"I'll never again deny the existence of Fate," she said, as she hastily arranged her flowers, "or that it fails to take delight in making us do the very things we wish to avoid. Pro," speaking aloud, "I want a long, quiet talk with you, my dear, and I think I'll come alone to-morrow and spend the day."

"Do," answered Pro; "and if it interferes

with no plan of yours, may not Mr. Arnold come for you in the evening?"

"Perhaps; but I can decide best to-morrow. If anything prevents my coming, I'll send you word." And then they drove away.

CHAPTER IV.

"I am but free as sorrow is
To dry her tears, to laugh, to talk;
And free as sick men are, I wis,
To rise and walk.
"And free as poor men are, to buy
If they have naught wherewith to pay,
Nor hope the debt before they die
To wipe away."

Little was said between the brother and sister during the homeward drive; and, indeed, until tea was over and they sat together in Mrs. Steele's room—then she spoke.

"Thane," she said, "where is this summer's amusement to end?"

"I have ceased to regard it merely in the light of an amusement," he replied, looking in her face a moment, as if he wished to say more, and then turning moodily away.

They had never exchanged confidences, this brother and sister, with the exception of one family secret which they held in common, until the present summer, during which Pro seemed to bring them together. Now, the same cause bade fair to send them drifting apart again. Mrs. Steele evidently expected him to say something further, and was vexed that he did not.

"Are you pleased with your summer's work?" she said, coldly, at last.

"*My* summer's work!" hotly. "Why not speak the truth and say *our* work, Harriet? for you have gone with me from the first, hand in hand—I for my own amusement, and you for my pleasure, too; not for love of me, remember, but because you did not wish me to leave you alone."

It was the truth; but like all of us, Mrs. Steele found it bitter, and not at all to her taste.

"If we have," she said angrily, "we part hands to-night. And, for aught I care, you may leave to-morrow."

"Ah," he returned; "you are growing tired of the place, then, and have no further use for me. You have so many to do your bidding at home, you have no need to conciliate me to gain your ends."

"I have no thought of going home, as yet," she said. "I shall have quite enough to occupy my time for some weeks in striving to undo your work."

"It does not please you, then," he retorted. "But remember, it could never have reached the state of perfection it has attained, without your countenance and aid. If our summer's work is a thing of which we should be proud, let us con-

gratulate each other; if something we should contemplate with regret, each must bear the blame. For myself, I feel it worthy of both. It is what one might be led to expect of us, after reviewing each of our lives. The only thing which astonishes me in the whole proceeding, is that you could view anything you had helped to accomplish with displeasure, or that I have a conscience left to upbraid me. It does, however. After sleeping for almost twenty years, it suddenly wakes and cries."

It was so unlike Thane, this bitter, reproachful mood, it softened his sister's anger.

"You are right," she said, after a moment's pause. "I have helped you from the first. We have broken the child's heart together. If I could go away and hide myself when she comes to know how false we have been, so I might never see a reproachful look upon her face, I would be glad; but, mean as I am, I am not coward enough for that. Come, let us quarrel no more; the deed should bind us together. Sit down and let us discuss the matter quietly. Your conscience reproaches you now, but you are a man; you will go away and forget when the summer is over; but how will it be with Pro? For she loves you, Thane—you know this—and she trusts you as her own soul. Will not her quiet life become unbearable when the excitement of your love and this happy summer are taken from her? It has been the talk of the country round—your devotion to Pro. All will say you have trifled with her love; and she, sensitive and shrinking as she is, will be ready to die with shame at what a girl versed in coquetry would assume to be a conquest. Pro is no ordinary, silly girl. Her love for you has taken deep root in her heart, so deep as to cause me strange misgivings; I believe, if any one ever could die of a broken heart, it might be she."

Her words cut Thane to the quick, like a two-edged sword. His face looked haggard and white as she glanced toward him, and he trembled from head to foot. She watched him in astonishment, forgetting, in her deep surprise, her sympathy for Pro.

"I cannot bear to think of it!" he cried. "Harriet, sometimes I think I could commit suicide, cheerfully, if she would never know it, only to have her think me true to her. Don't speak of my leaving her; don't speak of her dying of a broken heart. I cannot leave her, that is simply impossible. "Sister," more gently, "does not Fate always take delight in showing us what pitiful mistakes we make after it is too late to mend them?"

"I don't know," thoughtfully, "from personal experience, I mean." No love had ever come to her in her cold, heartless life, though she was married happily, people said. Looking at Thane to-night, she confessed she had never known

what love was; but her heart softened with pity toward her brother, his emotion was so great, and he was usually so calm and cold. "Thane," she continued, in a voice which invited his confidence—"you love Pro."

"Yes," he said, in a strange voice, hard one moment and the next tremulous and full of tears, "I do love Pro. I have seen fair and brilliant women, yes, loving ones, too, and I have dreamed that I cared for each at different times. But never one so touched my heart to its very core, as this little Pro—this little, earnest child-woman has done. I have thought I loved before, but I never knew what it was to have my thoughts centre upon one object to the exclusion of everything else. I have danced a half-earnest, half-playful attendance to the whims of various beauties, but I never before felt that I must have any woman for my own at all times, down to the end of my days. To be able to do the least trifles that will give her pleasure, is to make me supremely happy; the touch of her hand thrills me to my very soul. Why, I am ready to do anything that sounds silly and absurd—things I have fancied only half-witted boys would think of doing. Many a night I have gone out and walked past Cherryfield for no other reason than to watch the windows where my darling sleeps. I have done this—I, a man who, six months ago, thought I was tired of the whole world—I, a man past my first youth, who have grown selfish of my own ease and comfort, whom the world calls, and justly, too, heartless, cynical and cold."

She could not answer him; she felt too well the truth of all he said. His former life had been a source of trouble to all his friends who knew its worst phases; she herself had fancied he would never settle down rationally, as he might have done had his early life been differently spent. Now she knew if anything in this world could make him the man he should be, bringing out his noble impulses, and stifling his coarser nature, it was this fair young girl, who held the key of his heart, and swayed him with an influence as powerful as it was gentle. The tears came to her eyes as she thought of this, and in all her lifetime she had known few tears. But the coldest of us all have hearts, and some one, sooner or later, must find them. And this lonely, motherless girl, with her earnest, conscientious life, had found her way to the hearts of these two people, which art and fashion and the glitter of wealth had never been able to touch.

"Thane," Mrs. Steele said at last, "we have always consulted our own pleasure in life, regardless of the consequences it might bring to others; perhaps because we never loved earnestly and truly before, for I have heard that even selfish people are good to their own. But in this matter our duty is very plain. I thought, at first, it was best to send you away, and tell the truth to Pro

myself. But I did not know, when I thought this, how dear she is to you. You will not be content to go without speaking to her yourself, that I see; and it is better so, for perhaps the truth, coming to her from your lips, would be less bitter than from mine. Tell her everything, not sparing yourself, but as gently as possible, and then go and leave her to me. I will do what I can, though I am sick at heart whenever I think of how we have deceived her."

"But, Harriet, when I have told her all, what if she bids me stay? And perhaps—indeed, I am quite sure—"

"You are sure of nothing, Thane, except that it is your duty to go to Pro and tell her the whole truth. Don't go rashly, desperately, but think it all over to-night, and to-morrow, too, if need be."

"If she loves me truly—as well as you believe—surely she will consent, even if she sends me away for a time, to my return."

"If she bids you return, I have nothing to say. You are your own master; I have no control over your actions; and besides, you well know, there is no one in this wide world I would welcome as a sister so warmly as I could welcome Pro. But she will bid you go, and will never call you back; for she has an acute sense of right and wrong, and is very strict in the performance of what she deems her duty. And I charge you, Thane, to remember there are other things in this world besides your inclinations. I know the fault is mine, too—don't be angry—but recollect Pro's family is no less respectable than our own, and there must not be even a whisper of scandal. The secret of your past life is safe with Pro—it is due her, in fact; but you must do nothing to drag it up to public gaze."

"Don't fear, Harriet, that I will do anything to mortify your family pride; and as for compromising Pro in the slightest degree, she can safely stake her darling little life against it. And yet I tell you truly, so far as my own feelings are concerned, I would rather shout the secrets of my past upon the house-tops, or cry them through the most fashionable streets of the city, than tell them in the slightest whisper to Pro. What care I though the world despise me? I would rather brave its deepest scorn throughout my lifetime, than suffer one reproachful glance from Pro's shocked face, simply because to me the world is nothing, and Pro is all the world. The thought that she will despise me is, after her suffering, the bitterest of all."

"If you go of your own accord, and tell her the whole truth, she will not despise you. If you went away in silence she might, for a woman always hates cowardice in the man who strives to win her love. She cannot help blaming you—no true woman could do that; but she will forgive much for love's sake. I know Pro well,

and I can promise you no more. She will blame you, and send you away from her, but she will forgive you, and love you still. She will suffer much, but I shall remain with her, and soothe and comfort her all I can. This I promise—for love of her, chiefly, I confess; partly, too, in sympathy for your remorse, and in shame for mine."

"Thanks," he said, briefly—he could say no more; and he sat for some moments in silence, looking out into the night.

"When will you see Pro?" his sister asked, at length.

"To-morrow evening," he answered. "I could never tell her in the daylight—the night is better. But I beg of you, Harriet, if you see her to-morrow, as you suggested to-day, do not undertake to prepare her by a word, hint, or look even, for what is to come. Let me look into her face once more while it is happy. I want another glance into her innocent, childish eyes, before they are shadowed by doubt and care. Strange that I, who love her so, should be the means of darkening her life! Perhaps you are wrong, sister; perhaps she loves me less than I think—less than you fear."

"Trust a woman to read a woman," Mrs. Steele said. "You know she loves you, Thane, and have known it for months. I do not think I will see her to-morrow—I scarcely feel equal to the task. I will send her a note and excuse myself, and hint that we may drop around in the evening, just to make sure of her being at home. And now you had better go, for I am quite worn out, and must retire."

Thane kissed her—an unusual thing—and went to his room for the night.

CHAPTER V.

"I cannot tell whence came my power,
I do not know to-day.
Perhaps some saint in that still hour
For tempted souls did pray;
For though his proffered love was sweet,
I turned in strength away."

Cherryfield put on brighter colors as the year grew older. It had worn the cherry snows like a bridal veil, and later, the snows of winter would wrap it like a shroud; meantime, it wore the brightest of flowers. The annuals were gay with blossoms in the garden-beds; there was more sun upon them since the cherries had gone, for the foliage thinned slightly after the fruit fell. Pro sat swinging in a hammock—her favorite position when alone—musing happily by herself. She had not seen Mr. Arnold or his sister that day, but she held a note from Mrs. Steele in her hand, saying it was impossible for her to come, but her brother would run out for an hour or two in the evening, if Pro were disengaged. She was, and she returned by the mes-

senger who brought the note a verbal message to that effect, though she wondered why Mr. Arnold did not bring the note himself. But he was coming that evening, and her heart throbbed a trifle faster, as she remembered her father would be absent until very late, and she should be obliged to receive her visitor quite alone.

Pro's face had brightened during the summer, which had been so happy—divinely so, in comparison with the dull, grave summers she had known before. What Mrs. Steele regarded as the perfection of restfulness had been to her a season of intense excitement. Scarcely a day had passed without leaving something pleasant to remember; she reviewed it all, as she sat slowly swinging to and fro. Years afterward the recollection of that day came back to her. The sunlight was bright, the flowers gay, the skies soft, and her own heart supremely happy. From the first there had been something in Thane's manner which was restful and soothing and calm, and he interested her strangely. This day he had held her hand for a moment longer than usual, relinquishing it regretfully; that, he asked her if fond of viewing her face in a mirror, and when she turned a trifle she found he was holding a pure white lily before her. When she blushed at this, he drew the lily aside and substituted a dainty blush rose. She was so confused by the delicate compliment and the look which accompanied it, she could scarcely speak a word for the next half hour. Then she puzzled over his face when he caught her in his arms as she fell from the wisteria trellis—it was white and passionate, and grave and tender, too. And yesterday—oh, sweetest of all days!—he kissed her hand again and again, whispering, "My darling!" under his breath; but not so low she failed to hear.

"Surely he loves me!" she thought, blushing at the sweet conviction, though all alone. Then the afternoon she saw him first come back to her—she sitting in the hammock, he upon his horse outside the hedge, and the cherry snows falling between. Alas! if the cherry snows were all that divided them! Though this was not her thought as she sat and mused in a quiet, dreamy way. "The summer brought a plentiful supply of cherries, in spite of the gardener's prophesy," she said, "and oh! what has it not brought to me!"

The shadows grew longer, slanting more sharply toward the east, and seeing them, at length, Pro rose from her reverie and went up to her room to dress for the evening. She had one dress composed of puffs of white with frost-like lace between, and she put it on, with a bunch of blood-red roses at her belt, and a smaller cluster fastening the lace about her neck. She had no jewels of her own, and she seldom wore any, but to-night she was not satisfied; so, looking over

some that were her mother's, she brought out a pair of ear-rings, large glowing carbuncles with strings of pearls about them, and no gold showing in the setting. She put them on, thinking how well they matched the roses, and then ran down to meet her father, who had just alighted from his carriage at the gate.

"Why, Pro!" he said, as she met him in the hall,—"why, Pro!"

"What is it, papa!" she asked, wondering at his show of interest.

"You are like your mother," he said. "Strange," musingly, "the likeness is so strong to-night. Only, my daughter, you will never be so beautiful as she." Then, without a moment's pause between the sentences, he asked for supper, saying he was in haste, as he must go out to-night.

Pro wondered, as she rang the bell to have tea served, if her father had been so cold to her mother, whom all joined in calling so beautiful and sweet.

"Poor little mother!" she sighed. "I'm almost sure he never kissed your hand, or—"

"Iced tea to-night, my dear," Mr. Randolph said, never dreaming he was interrupting a thought disloyal to himself in his daughter's mind. A few moments later, Mr. Billings, cashier of the bank, called for him, and hastening out without a word of adieu, he was driven away.

Pro went out upon the porch and waited awhile, then she came in and seated herself at the piano. It was growing dark, and the pot of night jessamine, which, filled with pale green bloom, stood within the hall, was giving out a world of sweet perfume. Pro loved it, not for its sweetness alone, but because Thane had said it was sweeter than an orange-grove, and like the exquisite breath of a thousand orange-flowers. She soon left the piano; she was so happy even the music seemed discordant to-night.

Thane did not come early; but he was there at last, and Pro met him with a smile of welcome upon her face and in her soft dark eyes. He tried to stand in the shadow, and so hide his face while he looked in hers, but she could not be so deceived; her smile vanished, and she gave a little start of surprise, for he was pale and haggard and worn.

"You are not well," she said, gently.

"I am remorseful and sad," he answered, introducing his confession abruptly; for if he had waited, he could never have found heart to tell her all. "Come into the garden, little Pro, and let me tell you something which will make you despise me forevermore."

He spoke wildly and hurriedly, and then he took her unresisting hands in his and begged her not to blame him, in a way that went straight to Pro's heart, though it was filled with the dread of what was to come.

"I will not judge you harshly," she answered; "tell me what has disturbed you so."

"I cannot bear the light," he said. "Come into the garden—it was there I met you first—and besides, the moon is so much kinder than this glare."

Without a word Pro turned and led the way, he still holding her hand. The servants were evidently having a reception, and their laughter came out to where they stood, jarring the air discordantly. Pro paused, but Thane led her father away, out of the sound, to a secluded corner of the garden, where they might talk undisturbed. A leopard-skin rug hung across the lower limb of a cherry tree, obstructing their path; and Thane tossed it over his arm, as they went, spreading it carefully over the damp grass at last when they reached a low side terrace, where the moon shone whitely down, its light unbroken by foliage or branch of tree. Having made every preparation for her comfort during the interview, he stepped back a pace or two to note her strange beauty—for either her dress, the excitement, the flattering moonlight, or his fear of losing her, perhaps all combined, made her unusually beautiful even to him.

"What is it?" she said, lifting her face to his at last; but the look in her eyes struck him like a blow.

"I shall shock you, Pro," he exclaimed, as he came and sat upon the edge of the terrace by her side. "But promise me you will not despise me utterly for what I have to say."

"I can never despise you," she answered, "unless you deceive me. I think I can bear anything but that."

"My darling," he said, still more earnestly, "I have, indirectly, already deceived you. But I will tell you the truth-to-night; the hard, stern truth, and then you shall judge whether or not you can trust me in the future."

"I am waiting," she answered, patiently.

She looked up into his face without a shadow of reproach in her clear eyes; they were tender and loving still, only filled with deep earnestness and sorrowful surprise. From the first her eyes had impressed him; they were so honest, so trusting, so strangely beautiful. Perhaps what he had to tell her would take that child-look away from them forever; they might grow dim with weeping, or hard and cold from distrust and doubt. He felt himself a heartless, calculating villain, a murderer in friendly guise; yet his act caused him as much pain as it could possibly inflict upon her. Only, first sorrows are keener in some respects than those of later years; they are a shock and a surprise.

"You will forgive me?" he asked once more, forgetting, in his own agony, that he was keeping her in suspense.

"Tell me," she said, leaning forward and lay-

ing her hands in his of her own accord. "Then I can sooner say if I forgive you."

"Many years ago, dear little Pro," he began, "I was ill of a malignant fever. I recovered slowly; and as soon as I was able to leave home, I was sent to a little town upon the southern coast for the winter. Being old enough to take care of myself, as my family supposed, my father accompanied me upon my journey, settled me in a small cottage where I was promised every care, and left me alone. The place has since become something of a resort for invalids, but at that time it was a very small town, with no society; the people living near being of the poorer class. I was weak, and confined to the house during the greater portion of my stay; I was sad, and lonely too; and at length I began to fancy myself in love with the daughter of my landlady, a girl of sixteen, who was my nurse. She was large for her age, rather coarse and masculine in appearance, but she had a fresh, rosy complexion, and was not devoid of beauty. She had a clear, though uncultivated voice, and she used often to sing me to sleep. She knew an endless variety of negro melodies; and her songs amused me when I was dull and blue and tired. At that time I was just twenty years of age, and had strong faith in my own opinions. I knew she belonged to an obscure family, but, fortunately, she had but one living relative—her mother. I fancied a proper education would develop the girl into a very attractive woman, and that cultivation would make her voice something wonderful. Her mother was an unscrupulous woman; she saw I was greatly interested in the girl, and knew I belonged to a wealthy family of New York. This was enough for her. She burst into the room one day, a perfect whirlwind of grief. The neighbors were all of the opinion that I was trifling with her daughter's affections. They were pointing the finger of scorn at her; and I was the cause. The girl sobbed, I don't know why; but I was touched at sight of her grief, and, as I did care for her in some degree, I married her."

Pro's eyes opened very widely now, and her face was ghastly in its whiteness. Her lips moved twice without sound, then she spoke.

"And she is living still?"

"She is living still."

For a short space Pro sat motionless; then she made a movement as if to regain her feet.

"Let us go in, for surely there is nothing further to be said," she faltered.

"Hear me out, Pro," he pleaded, detaining her; "hear all I have to say."

She sat down again, a troubled, brooding look upon her face, but there were no tears in her eyes; they were hard and dry, with a look in them which said she would listen, since he could tell her nothing worse.

"I went home," he continued, "and sent